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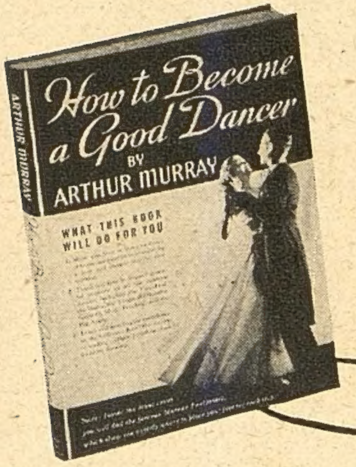

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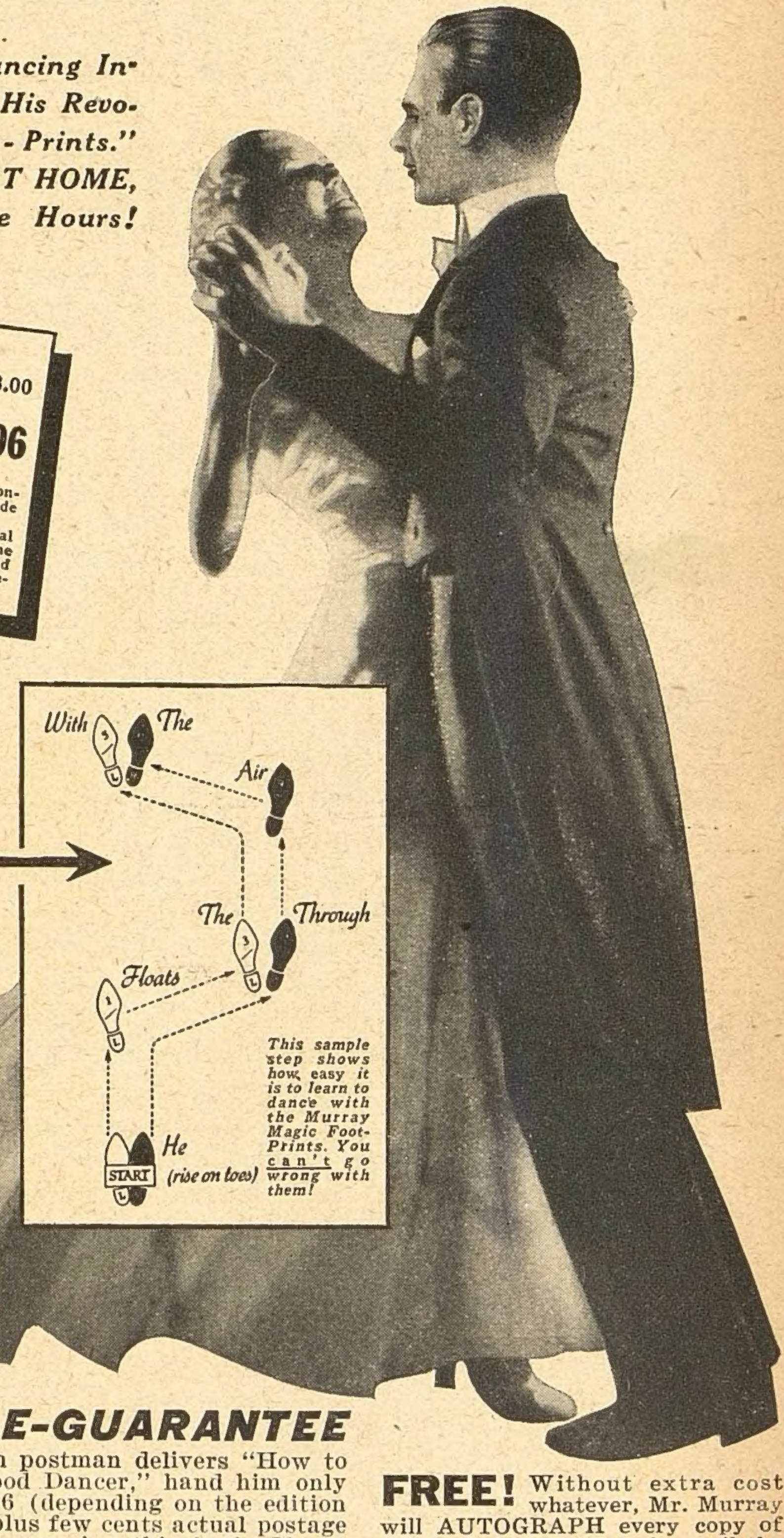

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OCTOBER 15, 1938 **Liberty** VOL. 15, NO. 42

BERNARR MACFADDEN
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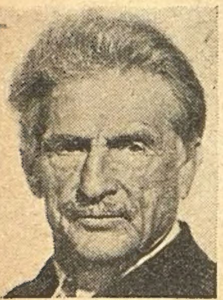
LABOR AND CAPITAL JOIN HANDS AGAINST THE ENEMY-*GOVERNMENT*



BERNARR MACFADDEN

The administration must have the support of labor, but the interests of labor and government are not necessarily identical.

But the interests of capital and labor are always identical. They are natural partners. They have been divided on many occasions to their disadvantage. They always lose by such a division, and this administration has made special efforts to separate them into two fighting units.

We must admit that capital is grasping and greedy in some instances when it possesses an overabundance of power, and labor often makes similar mistakes when it has an employer in its power.

An editorial appeared on this page some time ago with the query, Is Labor Walking into a Trap?

This administration has used labor very effectively to carry out many of its Socialistic plans. It has used labor against its own interest in the attack on business which has been conducted by this administration from every possible angle.

And labor has been the principal loser.

We cannot repeat too often the results of investigations made by the New Deal's Department of Commerce which showed that the cost of business was divided in the following manner—16 cents to the employers and 84 cents to the employees.

It is doubtless desirable to repeat that the loss to labor actually engaged in handling the product in which a strike occurs might be but a small part of this 84 cents. The greater part of the loss might occur to the labor which handled the product before and after it passed through the hands of the striking workmen.

It is about time for labor to recognize its real enemies. This administration is not a friend of labor. It is simply using labor to carry out the Socialistic plans which lead directly toward a dictatorship.

Labor is used as a tool to accomplish this purpose.

The administration wants support for its colossal Washington bureaucracy that is costing this country billions of dollars every year. The several hundred thousand Washington employees naturally want to hold their jobs indefinitely, and the support of the workers of this country is needed to serve that purpose.

As has been stated before in these columns, exactly the same procedure was used by Mussolini in Italy, Hitler in Germany, and Stalin in Russia.

In Italy, the government gave labor a share of the financial control of the industrial establishments, and later union dues were placed under the supervision of the government. Strikes and walkouts were prohibited.

In Germany, the old government abetted unions in establishing policies. The unions became all-powerful. Employers were legally compelled to recognize unions. But Hitler banned class warfare. Labor unions were abolished and strikes forbidden.

In Russia, immediately after the revolution, the workers were supposed to constitute the government. But the original plan of the Communists who conducted the revolution has been replaced. The bureaucrats in Russia are now a privileged class, more autocratic in their policies than kings. Labor is regimented and directed through governmental bureaus.

If the workers can see this situation as it is, and turn to capital as their natural partner for a fair and friendly understanding, then there might be a chance of slowly but surely remedying our disastrous unemployment record.

The real enemy of the workers is the New Deal government. The workers are being used for a selfish purpose. The attitude of this administration toward business has cost millions of jobs. Previous administrations may have had their faults, but the unparalleled lawlessness—10 per cent increase in New York State alone in the last year—and the appalling unemployment record—ten to twelve millions—is ghastly evidence of the New Deal's reckless incompetence.

Bernarr Macfadden

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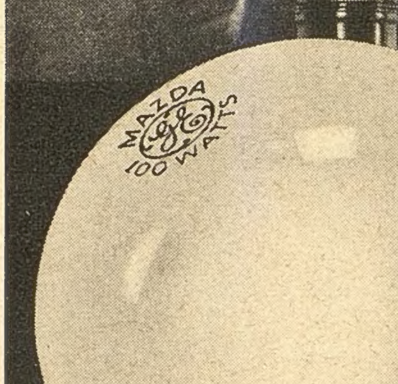
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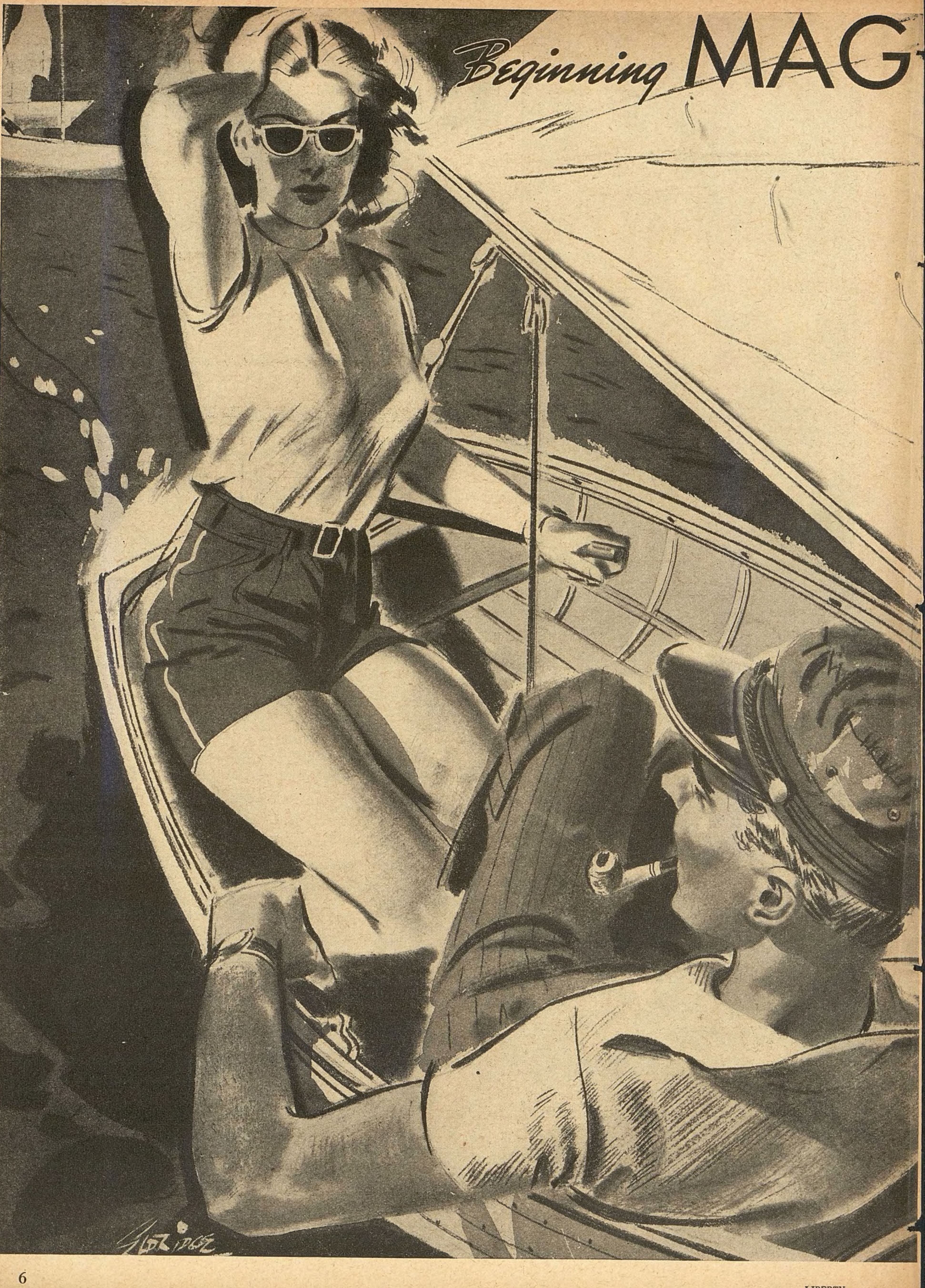

NIFICENT FOOL

BY WALTON GREEN

A brilliant, exciting new novel of men, medicine, and marriage—The story of a modern girl who fought against love

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PART ONE—A CHEMIST . . . AND A KISS

PATIENCE CARMICHAEL spat out a mouthful of sea water and swam around to the stern of her capsized dinghy. She was swearing softly and methodically. The small outboard rudder had fouled a rope that trailed from the anchored schooner yacht under whose stern she had sailed too close. Patience stopped swearing and began to laugh. Served her right for being so nosy. Some one laughed back at her. She shook the water from her hair and eyes and frowned—not very effectively, as she still had on her big black sun-goggles. She looked up at the stern of the yacht.

"If you kept your old ropes on your boat people wouldn't capsize on them," yelled Patsy furiously.

The tousle-headed man on deck took his pipe out of his mouth.

"You're a beautiful swimmer," he returned gravely. "But not very strong on seamanship, I gather."

"I can't get this rope out," sputtered Patsy.

"Just a minute," he called. "I've sent a sailor."

A tow-haired Scandinavian sailor had dropped into a tender from the port boat boom and paddled himself alongside Patsy's overturned skiff. His white work blouse bore the name SETSU across the breast. He paid no attention to the girl in the water. Skillfully, imperturbably, he cleared the rudder. Then he cast off the halyard of the little marconi and pushed the sail along the surface of the water and into the dinghy. He lifted the tip of the small mast to the gunwale of his own boat and slowly righted it. Then he produced a canvas bucket. When he had the dinghy half bailed out, Patsy clambered in over the stern and helped finish the bailing. The sailor hoisted the wet sail.

"I want to find the Biological Laboratory. I'm looking for some old girl who works up there," he explained. "Female called Tabitha Winterbottom."

"Thanks," said Patsy, taking command again; "I can do very well now."

"Da rutter?" suggested the sailor tonelessly.

Wrathfully Pat shipped the rudder. She heard a short laugh from the stern of the big boat.

"Would you care to come aboard and dry out a bit? I'd suggest the gangway for a change."

"Thank you," snapped Miss Carmichael, "but I'm going back to the dock."

"Oh," said the tousle-headed man. And then, "You don't want to set me ashore, do you? Just for saving your life and all that?"

Patsy glowered. But she could not very well refuse.

"Oh, all right," she said ungraciously.

The sailor towed her up to the starboard ladder. The man, having put a cap on his head, stood on the grille waiting for them. He looked very tall as he stepped into the dinghy.

They bore away across the small harbor of Woods Hole toward the train dock. The breeze was very light, which was as well, with the sodden sail.

Patsy sat on the stern thwart with the tiller in her lap and her longish legs pulled up and rather primly together. Her legs were leanly muscled in the calf, and very sunburned up to her khaki shorts—legs that could obviously do things as well as superb to look at.

"Mind if I ease your mainsheet a bit?" asked the tall man gently. "There; I think she'll do better. Haven't sailed much, have you?"

"No," answered Pat shortly. She was irritated. "I presume you were laughing at me all the time I was sailing around the boat."

"Not at all," he said elaborately.

"Where do you want to land?" she asked less combatively.

"I've never been ashore in Woods Hole. I want to find the Biological Laboratory."

"Oh," said Patsy, her eyes narrowing suspiciously behind the smoked lenses. "I'll drop you at the Fish Commission wharf. They'll direct you."

"I'm looking for some old girl that works up there," he explained. "Square-toed female called Tabitha Winterbottom or some such name. I've got it about me somewhere."

He fished in his pockets. There was a megaphone hail from the Setsu a few hundred yards behind them.

"They're hailing us from the boat." He cupped both hands behind his ears.

Faintly—but quite distinctly down the wind—came the hail: "On—board—dinghy—take—off—those—goggles!"

The tall young man looked uncomfortable.

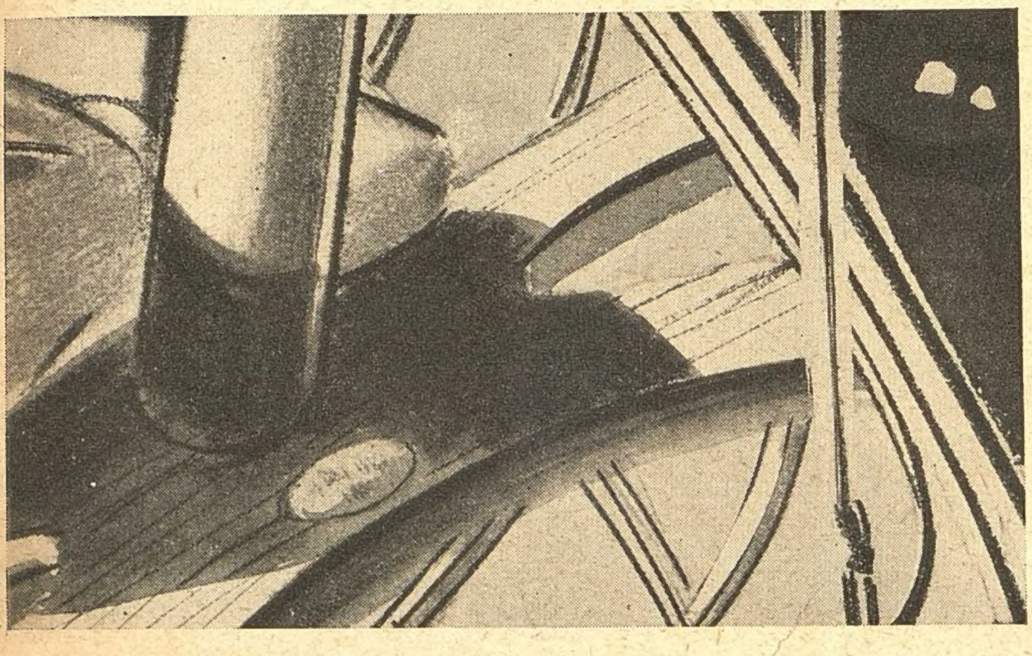
"They must have been watching us through glasses," he explained. "It's Judith David and that smart-aleck doctor being funny."

"Which makes it unanimous," said Patience tartly. "Here's the Fish Commission. Hope you find your square-toed female."

Back on the Setsu, Miss Judith David and Dr. Minoreas Brown were sitting in deck chairs. Dr. Brown was bellowing through the megaphone and Miss David had a pair of field glasses to her eyes.

"It's a girl," she repeated. "So far as I can see, she has nothing on but sun-goggles. I can't tell what she looks like. But how did Prescott get there?"

"One of the sailors said a girl tipped over in a boat



ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD ELDRIDGE

and that Prescott took her ashore." He lowered the megaphone. "Of course she won't take off the goggles. No self-respecting woman will do what she's told over a speaking trumpet."

"You know all about women, don't you, doctor," said Judith sharply.

"Women are my business," he said, and stood up. He had a long thin nose and changeable gray-green eyes that looked at people with a mixture of honesty and insolence.

"And you chase them," added Judith more sharply.

"Perhaps that's my business too," he said carelessly. "I'm not chasing you, but the cruise is young yet."

"Is that a warning?" The words rushed out of her before she could bite them off.

"Certainly not. My first duty is to my patient," he said with a mocking smile. "I'm going below now and read a book."

She watched him as he started down the companionway—faultlessly flanneled and yachting-capped—with his predaceous nose and thinly contemptuous lips. She laid the glasses in the deck chair and walked off. Prescott Cheney's mother was sitting under the stern awning, quietly fanning herself. Mrs. Cheney was a middle-aged widow with gray hair and an aristocratically hooked nose. She had never got over being a beautiful woman. She cultivated a neo-Edwardian obeisance to good form.

Judith drew up a chair.

"I've been talking to Dr. Brown. He's a—queer sort of man, isn't he, Mrs. Cheney?"

"He is a great psychiatrist," said Mrs Cheney, with the placid finality of the woman who has never grown up. "I am fortunate in having him take an interest in my case. He has made me understand my own neuroses. Tell me, Judith, has Prescott seen the scientist woman yet?"

"He went ashore some time ago, Mrs. Cheney. He's probably with her now."

"I'm sure I hope so. Did you speak to him again? About the business, I mean? He gets so impatient when I mention it, you know."

"I did indeed," said Judith forcefully. "I repeated to him what you said about wanting more dividends—that you'd practically pledged yourself for that enormous sum for Dr. Brown's sanitarium—"

"Yes, yes. And what did he say?"

"I'd hate to repeat it," said Judith dryly. "I don't think Prescott wholly approves of Dr. Minorcas Brown."

"And why not, pray?"

"Well—for one thing, he thinks Dr. Brown is playing you for your money!"

MRS. CHENEY made a whinnying sound of well-bred distress. Judith reached out a contrite hand.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Cheney. I shouldn't have said that. Because Prescott went on to say that he supposed you had as much right to throw the money away on racy doctors as he had on racing schooners. Oh, dear—there I go again! Anyway, he took it very well. Said he knew perfectly well that a business that wasn't going ahead was going behind. Said he was going ashore and find the chemist girl and buy her influenza serum formula, if he had to outbid every manufacturing chemist in the country."

"Splendid," murmured Mrs. Cheney.

"You know—Scott's really a terribly able business man, Mrs. Cheney. But Mr. Usher—he's senior partner of our advertising firm, you know—Mr. Usher thinks Cheney Chemical Company is too conservative. It needs something new to keep it in the public eye. We've got to jazz things up, Mrs. Cheney, if Scott wants to keep racing boats and you want to keep tame doc—"

Mrs. Cheney stopped her with a frosty Victorian stare.

"So I hope he gets somewhere with Patsy Carmichael," finished Judith lamely. "She's got famous overnight, and of course it may have turned her head, with the reporters and scientists and every one chasing after her. She's a queer girl, though. I was four years at school with her. She cares literally nothing about men. And the men fall all over themselves for her. She does the most unaccountable things. We've asked her aboard for dinner tonight, you know. I sent a note ashore this morning. Probably she won't come. Not if she guesses what we're up to. She's pure science!"

"I cannot understand a lady engaging in work of that nature," said Mrs. Cheney. "It seems indelicate."

PATIENCE landed Prescott Cheney at the Fish Commission wharf. Through with that, she sailed on to the flat where she kept her own dinghy. Then Patsy walked briskly up the street and past Eel Pond.

It was a bright August day, but the breeze made her wet clothes feel clammy. Five minutes more on the dirt road brought her to the wood path that ran down to her bungalow. The bungalow was set among scrub oak and pine and faced out on the placid reaches of Buzzards Bay. Patience shared the cabin with two sprightly spinsterish sisters who painted—Mary and Helen Ellis. The Misses Ellis had spent twelve seasons at Woods Hole. They held the record for the number of times they had painted Nobska Light.

A young man with a citified hat was sitting on the steps as Patsy came down the path. As he stood up she noted a suspicious bulge in his coat pocket. A week of reporter hounding had made her camera-shy.

"How d'ya do, Miss Carmichael?" He reached for his pocket. She ran past him up the steps.

"Miss Carmichael's down at the laboratory. I just left her there," said Patience as she closed and bolted the door. The young man laughed and walked away.

"No use, Mike," called Helen from the kitchenette. "We've told him all about you—since your earliest childhood, when Mme. Curie dandled you on her knee and you determined to become a great scientist. How'd the vermifuge work today?"

"Centrifuge," corrected Pat tartly. "And stop being funny. I haven't been near the lab all morning. This publicity is getting on my nerves. I went for a sail and tipped over. I'm cold and I want a drink."

"Bacardi bottle on the shelf here," called Helen.

Pat walked out and poured herself a drink and stood by the oilstove. She drained her glass, then walked back into the living room. "Any mail today?"

"Some letters and telegrams for you," murmured Miss Mary, preoccupied. She was spraying fixative on a charcoal sketch of a clam digger. "A sailor brought a note just after you left."

Patsy ran through the pile on the center table. Mostly letters from pharmaceutical companies requesting interviews and telegrams from newspapers demanding photographs. One letter, from the great Stullman Foundation, suggesting that she drop in at the laboratories the next time she was in town, gave her real gratification: the bigwigs of science were taking notice. She put it aside. The rest she swept into the scrap basket. She was hanged if she would even answer them. She was a scientist and her work wasn't either for sale or exploitation. It was ghastly that word of it should have leaked out prematurely. With things only half finished. Made a fool of her—in the eyes of all real researchers.

"Where's the love letter from the sailor?" she demanded. "Nothing in this pile, Mary."

"Chair by the door," murmured Miss Mary, still busy with her atomizer.

Patience opened the letter. It had a club flag and private signal crossed, and the name Setsu beneath. Patsy let out a squeal of surprise. It was from Judith David—of all people—asking her to dinner that night on the schooner. She began to laugh.

"Sailor love you?" asked Miss Mary absently.

"He wouldn't jump overboard for me," laughed Pat. She looked down at her shorts. Then she walked to the window and stared out across the shimmering bay.

"It's such a beautiful big black thing," she murmured. "I'd love to be really on it." And then, "I'm fed up with test tubes and centrifuges! Mary—I'm going to hand myself a time. I'm going to drink champagne—and—and everything. Read this."

"What's that about champagne?" called Helen from the kitchen.

"Something about handing herself a time with a beautiful big black thing," answered Mary, intent on her sketch and scarcely glancing at the note.

“Nonsense!” exclaimed Helen. “Mike's a man-hater.”

“I'm no such thing. I'm just too busy to think about 'em one way or another.”

“More fool you,” snorted Helen.

“Mike's gone out,” Mary called back.

“Gone where?”

“How'd I know?”

An hour later Patience was back. She carried a large box under her arm. She was flushed and her fine gray eyes shone with amusement.

“Had to try four different girls before I could find a dress long enough for me. This is Cissie Fitzgerald's white crepe. *Very* alluring.” She undid the box. “Ducky, isn't it? And gold slippers!” Sudden doubt clouded her eyes. “I got them on all right, but I don't know if I can walk in 'em.”

Miss Helen snorted. “Wearing sneakers and sandals all summer, 'twould be a wonder if she could get into rubber boots.”

“I'm going to wear them anyway,” burbled Pat.

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When she came from her bedroom a few minutes later, the garrulous sisters were silent for once.

“Oh, my dear, my dear,” breathed Mary finally. “If I could only paint—really paint! Turn around, child—turn slowly.”

PATSY wheeled and posed, with her small majestic head turned over her lithe shoulders. The dark brown of her skin set off the lustrous straw-blonde of her hair and picked up the deeper brown of her strong straight eyebrows above the clear gray eyes and piquant nose. The white crepe sheathed her slimness as a flower sheathes its dark petal. But the unquenchable Helen wasn't licked.

“Not a bad-looking gal,” she conceded, “even with the white slice down her back where she isn't sunburned.”

“Isn't it a trifle daring?” objected Mary faintly.

“Daring? It's positively abandoned,” chuckled Helen. “That's the best of it. Here's old Mike been going around two years dressed like a plowboy—and it's about time she showed she could look like a woman. Mike—I never knew what a lovely figure you had—till you covered it up.”

“Go to blazes,” said Patsy amiably. “But it is a little tight, at that. I had to use my old girdle.”

“How about the slippers?” demanded Helen abruptly.

“Don't speak of them,” said Patsy darkly, and stalked back to her bedroom.

That evening she drove herself down to the harbor. She left the flivver at the head of the wharf and walked down on to the float. It was a few minutes after seven and the launch from the Setsu was awaiting her. She had forgotten about an evening wrap, and a dingy painters' cape of Helen's covered her borrowed finery.

They put-putted out across the little harbor. The sun was just dropping behind the low verdure of Long Neck, silhouetting the sleek length of the big schooner and sharply etching the towering grace of its great pole masts. The boat was very beautiful, thought Patsy—more beautiful even than in the morning light.

They were almost alongside before she thought about the tousle-headed man. Then it occurred to her that she knew his name and everything, from Judith's note—but that he didn't know who she was, or that the girl in the water was the Patsy Carmichael who was coming to dinner. The thought gave her confidence. She hadn't been to parties for a long time: since the year she came out, really.

On the deck of the Setsu, Judith David and Prescott Cheney watched the approach of the launch. As it rounded the stern, they arose and walked over to the head of the starboard ladder.

“Now, remember,” Judith warned him. “Don't try to talk any business to her tonight. Make a good impression—before she finds out you're after her precious formula. Don't try to flirt with her. She's a queer girl and men mean absolutely nothing to her. She's pure science—don't forget that.”

“Tabitha Winterbottom!” groaned Cheney. “Wish I'd found the old hyena this morning—and got it over with.”

“It's probably better you didn't. And stop calling her Tabitha Winterbottom. She's a blamed pretty girl, I tell you.”

“Pat Carmichael's just as bad,” said Cheney morosely. “And no pretty girl would be a chemist—or no chemist could be a pretty girl. I know. I've hired dozens of 'em.”

“You talk just like your mother,” snapped Judith. “Here's the launch now.”

They moved to the side. Patsy's crisp blonde head appeared at the top of the ladder. She stepped on deck. One side of the disreputable cape fell back as she reached out a superb brown arm to embrace Judith David. She turned and held out her hand to Prescott.

“How do you do, Mr. Cheney?”

Mr. Prescott Cheney was an extremely self-possessed young man. Ordinarily, that is. But at the moment he was trying to wrench his mind from its Tabitha Winterbottom preconception and refocus it on this glamorous and sylphlike creature in white. Next, he was trying to reconcile the aforesaid sylphlike creature with the drowned-rat girl in the goggles. His obvious dismay was very pleasing to Patsy.

“This morning you asked me aboard,” she said easily; “but you don't seem happy about it now, Mr. Cheney.”

Prescott made a manful if belated recovery.

“One more illusion destroyed,” he grinned. “Where are the sun-goggles?”

“Where's the sweat shirt?” she returned, looking pointedly at his faultlessly cut mess jacket.

“Sweat shirt? Goggles?” gasped Judith. “What's it all about? Are you two long lost lovers or something?” She looked from one to the other. Comprehension dawned. “Oh—how sweet! Pat's the fisherman's beautiful daughter that Scott rescued this morning!”

“Er—humph,” said Cheney doubtfully.

“Rescued!” said Patsy cryptically.

They walked aft to where Mrs. Cheney and Dr. Minorcas Brown were sitting. A steward was serving cocktails. When Dr. Brown was introduced, he flicked an appraising eye.

“So you finally did take off the goggles,” he remarked casually. “I told you to—this morning.”

“Oh,” said Patience coldly. She didn't like his manner. And she was sick of the goggles talk. She sat down by Mrs. Cheney.

Prescott Cheney had dropped back with Judith.

“Why didn't you tell me?” he demanded.

“Tell you? For ten days I've been telling you. But when you once get an idea in your bullheaded mind—”

“All right, Jude. Don't rub it in. What do I do now?”

“Give her a good time. Don't talk about her work, unless she does. Talk sailing. She's crazy on boats.”

“I'll say she is!” grunted Scott, with memories of the morning. He glanced over at the other group. Dr. Brown, twirling the stem of an empty cocktail glass in his long strong fingers, was saying something that was making Patsy listen with an odd mixture of disapproval and interest. Cheney frowned.

“He's not her sort,” said Judy carelessly. “Absolutely not. Come—they're going down to dinner.”

HALFWAY through dinner, in a lull of conversation, Patsy leaned back. She watched the amber bubbles rising in the hollow stem of her old-fashioned glass. It was very nice; much nicer than she had anticipated.

Scott Cheney, with his unruly hair and boyish grin, was attractive. When she'd got him off on the subject of boats, he had dropped his banter and talked with a serious enthusiasm that had quite carried her away.

Even Dr. Minorcas Brown, once you got used to his abruptness, was quite interesting. He said the most personal things in the most impersonal way. Patsy was amused rather than nettled. She supposed these psychologists cultivated the superior know-it-all attitude just as an ordinary doctor cultivated a bedside manner—sort of a headside manner, she mused, to inspire confidence.

She had wanted to talk more with Cheney, about cruising and ocean racing. But no sooner was he well launched than the doctor would interject some sardonic remark that focused the attention of the table on him. Then he would deftly switch Patsy back to him. It irritated Pat, and it excited her interest. It plainly irritated her host. After a time he turned sulkily and devoted himself to Judith for the rest of the meal.

Only one untoward incident was there. It was in a lull of her own talk that Patsy distinctly heard Mrs. Cheney say something to Judith about "Cheney Chemical Company." Were the Cheneys in chemicals? Patsy wondered. And did that have any connection with her invitation to dinner?

The thought was disquieting.

WALTON GREEN

needs no introduction to our readers. His Little Brown Nurse, Corsair, Dangerous Woman, and Wise Virgin have won him lasting popularity. Since his graduation at Harvard he has had a varied and distinguished career—soldier, lawyer, prohibition agent. He is married and lives in Sharon, Connecticut.

THEY had coffee on deck. There were liqueurs, and vintage cognac in saucer-wide bouquet-retaining goblets. Patience, after the unaccustomed champagne, decided that discretion was the better part of brandy. She had to work the next day.

Dr. Brown, refilling her coffeecup, permitted himself the ghost of a smile.

"It is a mistake to carry the scientific spirit into one's hours of relaxation," he said in a low voice. "That is Napoleon brandy. It is worth a headache."

"I'm thinking of tomorrow," smiled Pat. She felt more at ease with him now.

Mrs. Cheney spoke across the deck:

"I think I'll go down. It's getting chilly. Don't you want a wrap, Miss Carmichael?"

"Oh, thank you," said Pat. "I left my cape downstairs."

Prescott Cheney jumped up and started for the companionway. Dr. Brown made no move. Judith, frowning slightly, followed Prescott and his mother. When Prescott returned, he laid the cape over Pat's shoulders. He hesitated an instant, then turned and went below. Pat was furious. Did Judith think that she welcomed being maneuvered into a tête-à-tête with Dr. Brown?

"That's your trouble," continued Minorcas Brown, as though there had not been a five-minute hiatus in their conversation. "Always thinking of tomorrow. If you can't separate your work mind from your emotional mind, you'll be burned out as a scientist before you're forty."

"I put my emotional mind, as you call it, into my work. Tell me, Dr. Brown, are the Cheneys in the chemical business?"

"Yes." He frowned. "As I was saying, it is a great mistake to put emotion into your work. Use your brains for work, your emotions for pleasure. Use your head in the laboratory—your body outside. Keep 'em both fresh and up to the mark. Stop taking your pulse. Don't examine your emotions: feel 'em."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Patsy. "I suppose next you'll be telling me I'm inhibited—that I must free my libido, and all that psychoanalysis bunk. And why do you assume I'm that way, anyway?"

Dr. Minorcas Brown looked almost bored.

"You refuse brandy like an anemic spinster. You meet two men who are obviously attracted by you, and you stand them off like a gawky schoolgirl."

"I'm not interested in men—as men. And why should I discuss it with you?"

"Because it amuses me. Titillates me, if you like."

"I don't like," snapped Patsy.

"As for your not being interested in men, that is either a pose, or else you have deliberately and harmfully suppressed the normal sex impulses that ought to make you interested in men."

"I have no sex impulses," Pat said inanely—and was instantly sorry.

"Nonsense," he returned good-humoredly.

"I'm very angry. I—"

"Frightened. Not angry. If you were angry, you'd really get up and go away. It's your sex impulse that makes you want to run away, and your scientific impulse that keeps you here. You want to see what's going to happen next in the little test tube you and I are in."

Patience looked at him in bewilderment. Then her sense of the ludicrous overcame her. She began to laugh. Even as she laughed, she saw the gleam of satisfaction in his curiously changeable eyes. Patsy was a trained observer—of almost everything except herself.

"Very well," she said more composedly. She felt now quite competent to handle him. "Just what *does* happen next?"

"That depends on you. I never make advances to a reluctant woman. If you wish to, you may do so. I shall confine myself to pointing out that it is a lovely night, that there is no one on deck, that the champagne and the moon have put us in the right mood—"

"There's no moon," said Patsy weakly.

"—that a little love-making would be the best counterirritant in the world for you personally, and lastly, that I very much wish to make love to you."

"But why pick on me?" demanded Patsy.

Dr. Brown stood up. He moved a few feet away, and stood leaning against the tarpaulin-covered wheel, with his arms extended.

"The white wedge on your back," he explained.

"White wedge!" exclaimed the girl.

"Yes. The V-shaped patch where you are not sunburned. The juxtaposition of brown skin and white skin is always very suggestive to me. It makes the white skin seem peculiarly naked by contrast. Especially with you."

Patience got to her feet.

"I'm going away," she said. "You're really crazy."

He made not the slightest move to detain her.

"Without even trying it out?" he suggested sardonically. "The trial-and-error technique of your laboratory?"

"Without even trying it out," she repeated angrily. "If you think I'm going to be a piece of litmus paper for your—your—"

"Libido?" he supplied derisively. "Why not say it—if that's what you think?"

"I DON'T think anything. Except that you're a beast." A slow cold rage mounted in her. She walked close to him. She could barely see him in the dim light.

"Very well," she said harshly. "You may kiss me. I'll show you how wrong you are. If I feel the slightest thing—" She raised her slim brown arms and laid them on his shoulders. "Go ahead," she commanded angrily.

"No," he said quietly. "You must kiss me. That is part of the cure."

She raised her head. Then she put her mouth firmly and fully on his. She shivered, tensely, willing herself to go through with it. His arms came off the wheel spokes and encircled her. His hands met on her bare back.

"The white patch," he said indistinctly. She shivered again. The tenseness left her, and her head drooped sideways on his shoulder.

At this moment Prescott Cheney came up the main companionway. He stared at the faintly silhouetted figures. Then he turned and went quietly down again.

"Pure science—hell!" he said with bitter contempt.

What has the girl who was called "pure science" let herself in for? Is the doctor a new variety of Don Juan? Will she forget her high aim in life under his strange influence? Or will Prescott interfere? Next week's Liberty will reveal an exciting sequel to the situation.

WHY WE NEED 4,000 AIRPLANES *right away*

Is our isolation a myth?— An eminent army man gives you a candid, frightening answer

READING TIME 10 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

BY LIEUTENANT GENERAL ROBERT LEE BULLARD

I AM speaking for the section of Liberty's National Defense Program which reads: " Double the size of our air force. Give us the protection of 4,000 modern fighting planes."

Why?

" The German Air Force is the *sharpest war instrument* we have been able to forge." So spoke War Lord Hermann Goering on March 1. " I openly confess that terrible will be the results when the command to attack comes. Then, we swear to the German people, we shall become the terror of our enemy. All obstacles will be overcome. *Nothing shall halt us from unreserved recklessness.*"

That was Germany speaking. Germany, builder of history's greatest fighting machine. The war maker who was able to stand off many nations.

The above quotation is expert testimony. There will be no leash upon the airplanes. As there was none on the U-boat. Or upon shock-troop offensives, which so nearly brought the world to its knees. Or, recently, upon the " divine mission " which marched Hitler into Austria.

But Goering was not speaking merely German truth. In war, now, *any* nation having air power will use it *ruthlessly*. Because it is the sharpest weapon. And Heaven help any nation which is slow to believe; which does not prepare adequate defense in the air!

Through many anxious weeks we watched Europe's frenzied war preparations. And the rising hysteria there. Millions were mobilized, while thousands of planes zoomed in vivid threat.

Frantically Europe reached everywhere, including the United States and Canada, for more planes.

In Germany, Hitler made warlike speeches. And in Germany it was conceded that the " new war " would be so terrible that women would have to join in air defense!

There were jolts for us in this. We must think in new terms about air defense. What can the war Powers teach us?

Napoleon grumbled that the British lose every battle but the last one. Believing in their fleet, they've been slow again—but were startled into frenzied air-defense preparations. Out of these preparations there emerges further grim and shocking realism.

Britain concludes that, in war as it can be fought today, industrial centers, or *" target cities,"* cannot be safeguarded. The defense now proposed, according to Home Secretary Sir Samuel Hoare, " sets the clock back thousands of years." Like cave men of old, city populations must hunt shelter in remote districts. Plans for large-scale evacuation of cities are being made.

After experimentation with air nets, mystery planes for defense, bomb shelters and gas protection, civilization has only an " aboriginal " defense for humanity in the face of the New War!

Return to Berlin. All north Germany, from Kiel to the Polish Corridor, was " blacked out " in the greatest land, sea, and air maneuvers of all time. Ten millions were *in* this " war," whose greatest test was in the air. But, scorning the protection of night, the Red invaders sped by daylight for Berlin and other objectives.

Officially, this battle was recorded as a victory for the Blue defenders; because it was estimated that balloon-and-kite barriers, pursuit ships, and anti-aircraft guns stopped four fifths of the invaders. Nonsense! If in war 200 planes —out of a 1,000-plane enemy force—reached Berlin and devastated its vital industrial suburbs, that would be defeat! Bombs dropped almost at Goering's feet, " destroying " a department store across the street while he watched from the Air Ministry roof.

Privately, Goering read this correctly. Though German factories were turning out 250 warplanes monthly, he pleaded in March for yet more overtime from the workers, to " create the sword of the nation."

Turn to France. She emerged from the World War, and long remained, the first military and air Power. She spent billions of francs on an impregnable Maginot Line.

Germans said years ago that that could be "outflanked vertically" via the air, and France seemed to dismiss the idea. Now her faith in land defense seems shaken: she hurries to enlarge her air force and make it a separate unit.

In Russia foreign observers have been permitted to witness the descent by parachutes of 4,000 soldiers who had been flown hundreds of miles. They quickly formed powerful machine-gun units for attack upon vital transport and supply bases far behind the "front." Small tanks, light artillery, and armored cars also have been carried by air. Perhaps no one can say with accuracy how this technique "rewrites" the problem of defense. But certainly, using more transport planes, or by shuttle trips, it has become possible to invade with powerful mechanized forces, of division size or even larger, at points far beyond any fortified areas designed to stop any enemy's passage. Or, far inland, beyond naval and coastal defense.

In Russia also we find Commissar Voroshiloff saying warningly that if an enemy resorts to gas and bacteria, the Soviet is prepared to use these and every weapon at its command, fighting with them "tenfold" on the enemy's own soil. Is new barbarity, then, assured? Germany has perfected a method for war use of germs which is "safe." Safe for the user but not for the civilian population of an enemy nation.

LET'S journey onward to Italy. Mussolini's air aide, General Valle, blandly assumes that the airplane *already* has made of the Mediterranean *an Italian inland sea.* Dominated by wings, not by battleships. And surely England seemed to confirm this estimate of dominant air power when she decided against naval interference during the conquest of Ethiopia. The "mistress of the seas" took her fleet home and began building planes!

Mussolini's aide speaks blunt truth also about the use of planes over land. There, air fleets "will wear out the armed forces and destroy the morale of military and civil populations." For such purposes, Italy plans to have 4,100 first-class fighting planes in about two years.

Everywhere, and with a mounting intensity within the last year, there is a new conviction about air power.

Everywhere, within a few months, Great Powers have been speaking about this with brutal candor.

But *we* seem to regard what we read or hear about air war as if it were something written by H. G. Wells, forecast of a safely distant future. Note that the experts testifying above are not dealing in "futures": *they are talking about war TODAY!*

We seem to cherish—and let our defense program be retarded by—certain controversies. Has the frail craft which took flight at Kitty Hawk grown until it now can challenge a 35,000-ton floating fortress? Most of us assume that the answer to that is no, and that we can feel secure behind the protection of our fleet. But we do not *know* that. Suppose such a battle is fought and the airplane wins. *That would instantly alter our entire national-defense problem.*

Looking at overland operations, some argue that airplanes are "overrated": that ground forces must still win wars. But ground forces having inferior aviation, or none, do not win; as has been proved repeatedly in Ethiopia, Spain, and China. Now it appears, further, that another land force, air-borne, may cut off an army's food and munition supplies from behind. Thus the most powerful land force may be unable to fight at all unless backed by far more aviation—for defense against this new technique—than we are now able to provide.

Some say reassuringly that the frightening alarums about air attacks against civilians are overstressed. They predict that such attacks will be avoided because they would only stiffen resistance. But do we *know* that? The Chinese are a stoic people, inured to hardships and to wholesale deaths in famine and disaster. Yet millions of them were scattered in frantic flight by planes. If an enemy thinks that a gigantic bomb which will crash through eight or ten floors of a skyscraper, *then* explode, will help cripple us or weaken our will to fight, he will drop such a bomb. *If* we let him get near enough.

And *only more and better planes can stop him.*

Again, it is contended that we are safely isolated by distance; we can wait. Are we? Can we? Russians flew over the North Pole to California, equal to a crossing of the Atlantic and return. True, the plane carried only its crew. But an army giant of our own, now being tested, probably has at least a 4,000-mile flying range. A builder offers to construct a commercial plane which can fly 5,000 miles with 120 passengers. And there are island and other potential bases from which attack over less than transoceanic distances would be possible. We'd better assume that our isolation is ended *now.*

Finally, into the controversy which befuddles straight thinking about defense there recurs this note: We can be in no great danger, because any enemy—Japan often is mentioned—would have so much to lose, so little chance of gain.

But think back to the Holy Wars—to the many wars launched in the name of Christianity. The motive, the war aim, the cause was not then determined by loss or gain as measurable in gold. We have a similar situation today.

Hitler moves on a "divine mission." Mussolini marches with "destiny"—a deified idea. Stalin represents a fanatical cause. As for Japan, her Emperor is regarded as a god; death for him brings reward; his people are children of heaven; Japan's mission, holy. Our democratic logic helps us little in trying to decide why or *when* "holy wars" will be launched by such as these.

Further, for the guidance of the god-Emperor of Japan, it is alleged that an Elder Statesman drew up, about two decades ago, a document known as the Tanaka Memorial. It outlined a program of conquest, first, of Asia; then, of the whole world! This was "unbelievable"—and discredited. But conquests of Korea, Formosa, Manchuria, and China now seem to be steps along the route march of the Tanaka program.

Significantly and correctly, our military, naval, and air forces concentrate on the problems of defense against attack from the west. There lies our greatest danger.

A look at the world lessons readable today, and a survey of the controversial discussion which has led many to believe we are safe, seem to me *not* to be reassuring.

OUR Air Force has the job of defending our coast lines. These are long enough, certainly; but, to be adequate, the coastal defense areas must be considered as extending 500 to 1,000 miles beyond the northern and southern ends of our coast lines. We must be able to control areas where enemy bases may be established. Only with many and long-range planes can we do that.

We are *not* going to build a two-fleet navy, for simultaneous defense in two oceans if necessary. It seems to me imperative, therefore, that we have an Air Force capable of action from both coasts.

We *cannot,* after war starts, build up an adequate defense force in modern fighting planes. First, their building takes too long. Second, in war today plane losses will be so heavy that any nation will be fortunate which is able to maintain in the air as many fighters as were available when hostilities started. Third, adequate skilled personnel cannot be provided in time after war starts: General Westover has pointed out that it takes as long to train the captain of a "flying fortress" as to educate a doctor or a lawyer.

On all counts, logic and common sense dictate that we *have and maintain* an adequate Air Force. Since the World War we have had in Washington *nineteen* investigations into the question of aviation strength. Always the decision is that we need it. The most distinguished of these studies, by the Morrow Board in 1926, set our needs at 1,800 planes. On January 1, 1939, according to Secretary of War Woodring, we finally will have 1,800 modern serviceable planes. Thirteen years later!

Look at the world today. Remember that air power has become the sharpest war instrument. Consider how an enemy will use it.

We need no more "probes." No need to study this question again.

The Liberty program, for 4,000 modern fighting planes, should have the widest popular support.

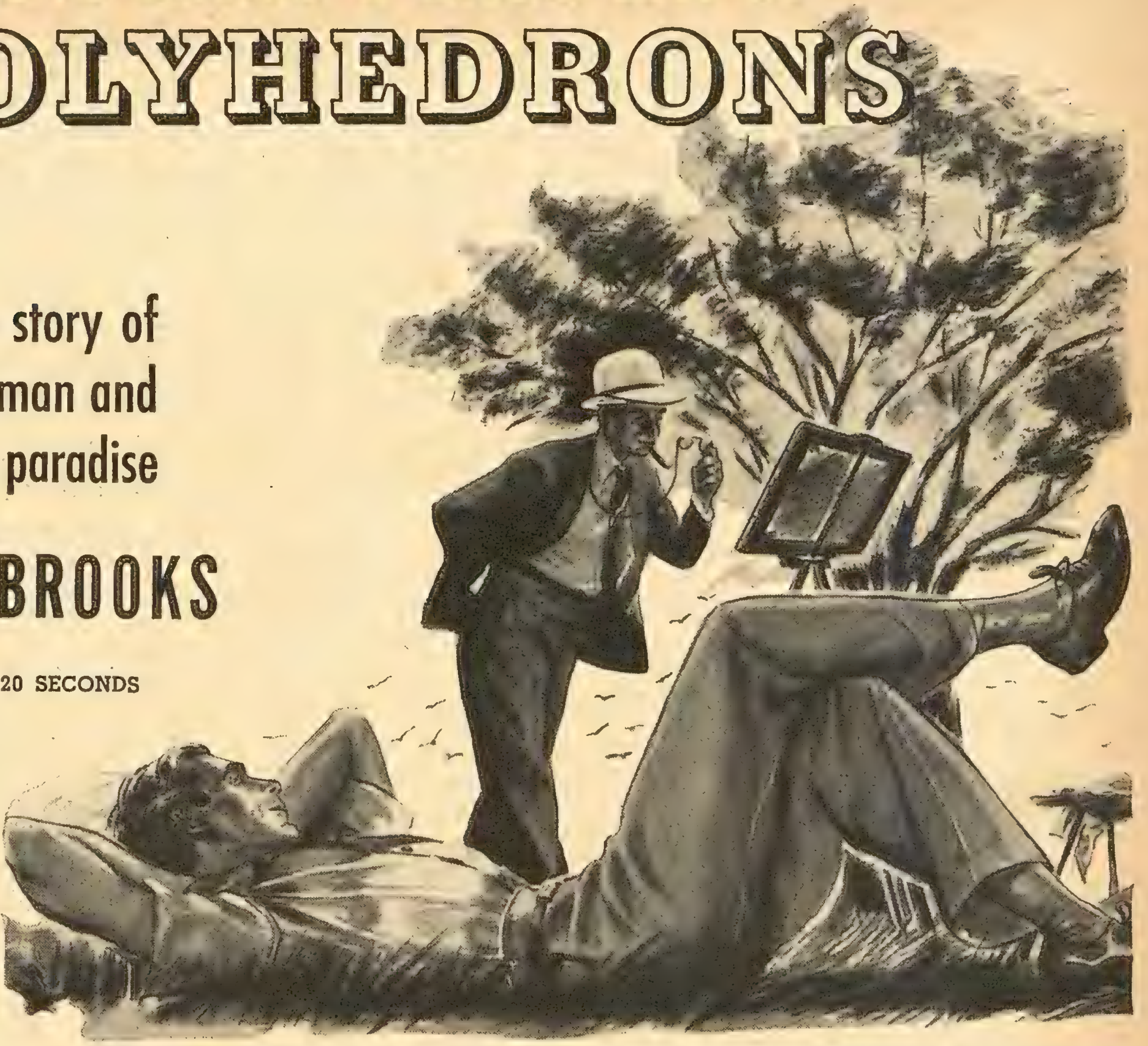
THE END

Love Sends a Little Gift of POLYHEDRONS

The gay, sparkling story of a very rash young man and a lie that led to paradise

BY WALTER BROOKS

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 20 SECONDS



He opened his eyes to see a man before his picture in an attitude of contemplation.

THE canvas board was blank except for a small green oblong just northeast of the middle. Barry Kendall took a fresh brush and painted a red oblong just below the green one. He stuck his tongue out as he worked.

Presently he got up from his canvas stool, stood back and squinted at his effort through half-shut eyes as he had seen Bill Winsted do. It didn't look any better that way. He laid down his palette, lit a cigarette, and glanced first at the sunlit lake in front, then with theatrical indifference at the big house whose grounds were separated by a low stone wall from the meadow in which he was. He sighed and sat down.

After all, he had accomplished quite a lot since he had found her by the roadside yesterday, struggling to change a tire. He knew she was Marcia Aylesworth, daughter of James Aylesworth, the button king. He had learned that from the boy at the filling station where she had dropped him. He knew that this was the button king's palace and that it was full of priceless paintings. They had told him about that at the hotel at the head of the lake where he and Bill were staying. What, therefore, shorter route to the button king's heart than art? He had borrowed Bill's other easel and sketch box.

After a while he got tired of oblongs. So he began turning the oblongs into boxes with different colored sides, some behind others. He worked on happily for another hour, then threw down the brush. He brought beer and sandwiches from his car and lay down under a tree beside the wall and ate his lunch. Art was trying; he fell into a doze.

He opened his eyes to see a man standing before his picture in an attitude of contemplation. A smallish man in tweeds, a gray mustache, and a pince-nez. Barry got up and went over to him.

" Ah." The man bowed slightly, then turned his eyes back to the picture. " An abstraction? "

" Not exactly," said Barry. " Abstracted, of course, in a sense—from this. . . ." He waved a hand toward the lake. " The effort is to subdue the emotion, spiritualize it by a metaphysical resynthesis. You see . . ." He made a few vague swipes in the air with his hand as he had seen painters do.

The other nodded solemnly several times, then turned. " May I introduce myself? I am James Aylesworth. This is my home." He indicated the house.

" Really? " said Barry. " I've heard of you, of course. Your collection. . . ." He named himself. " I'm afraid I'm trespassing—"

The button king assured him that he was free to paint there as often as he wished. " In fact," he said, " it is a pleasant coincidence that you happened to stop here just today. I have recently acquired a few new canvases—modern work entirely—and we are having a little showing this afternoon. A few friends. I would be happy to have you join us. Wilson Laurie is to give a little talk. He has a place across the lake. And Milton Barnes will be there."

" The painter? " Barry asked cautiously.

" Painter? Heavens, no. What Barnes doesn't know about painting—" He stopped with a growl, then chuckled suddenly. " So you haven't heard of Barnes? Well, well! " The fact seemed to please him a good deal.

" But I must get back," he said. " They'll come early, and it's nearly three. Pack up your things and come along. And if you don't mind—don't pack that picture. I'd like another look at it."

THERE were a great many pictures in the big hall into which Mr. Aylesworth led his guest. Barry, who, although he knew all the jargon of art, knew none of the facts, supposed they must be good ones.

" A marvelous collection," he said at last. " Really, I feel—" He held out his own daub. " It's almost sacrilege to bring this—"

" Not at all," the other interrupted. He took the picture and propped it on the mantel. " The old masters were young once, and none the less masters for that. There's something in this picture of yours that—" He broke off. " Here is my daughter."

Barry's admiring expression became sincere as she came toward them. Yesterday she had been a trifle gamine in sports clothes; today she wore something long and trailing; she was taller than he had thought, and older, and far more poised. She fitted the setting, and Barry began to be a little nervous. But as she held out her hand to him he caught the same gleam of mockery in the slanting dark eyes.

"So you're a painter?" she said, after Mr. Aylesworth had excused himself. "Too bad. I don't care for art." She nodded toward his masterpiece. "Is father going to buy it?"

Barry said firmly: "It's not for sale. It's—well, it's really the best thing I've done. I shouldn't care to part with it."

"I wouldn't think you'd be able to. Still, I imagine you're a good salesman."

"I couldn't make much of a sale to you yesterday," said Barry. "I couldn't even give myself away."

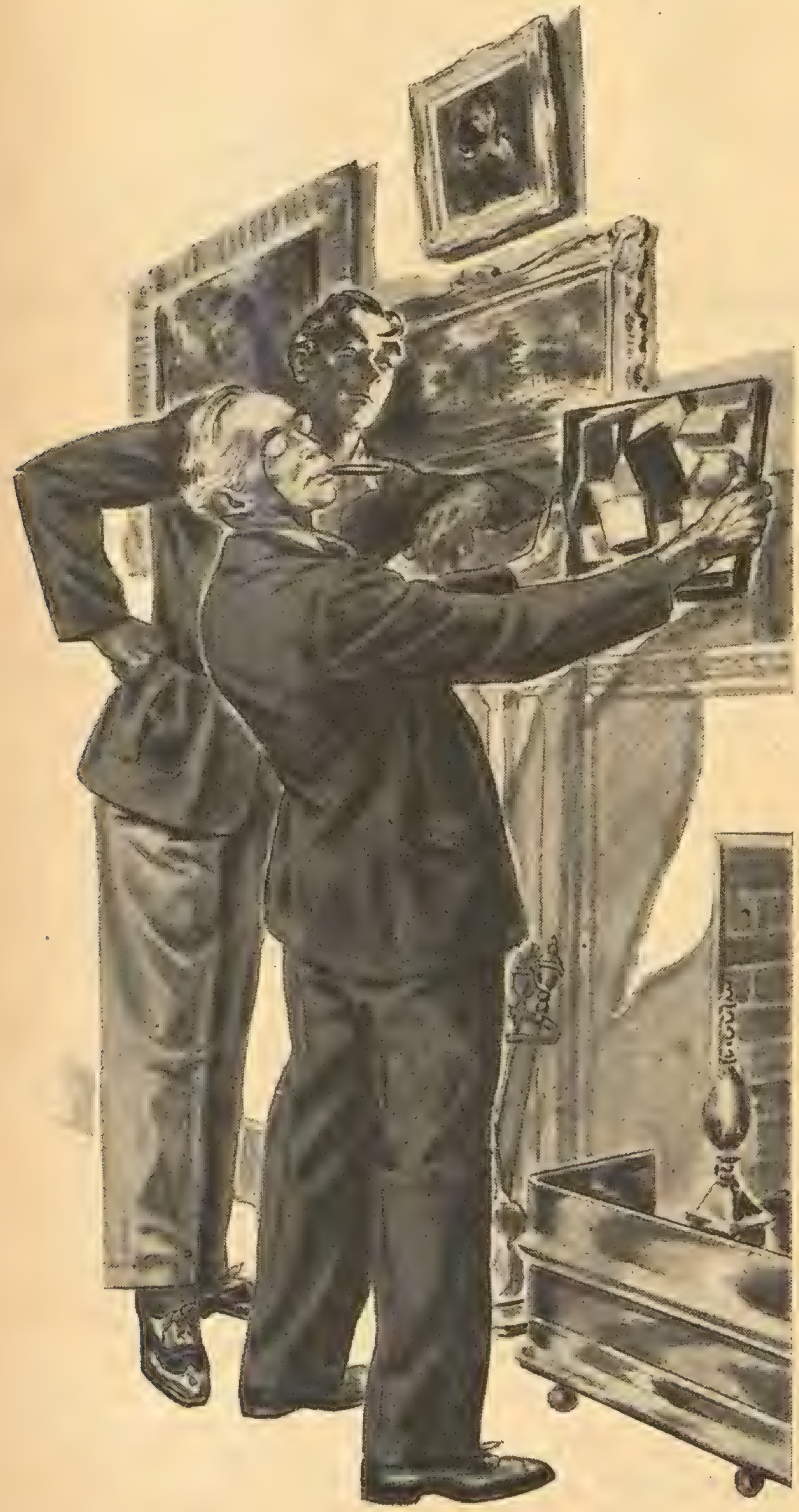
"You don't think you've given yourself away?"

"I don't think so." He looked at her speculatively. "But at least you aren't in any doubt as to why I'm here?"

She shrugged. "I wouldn't know. Artists are so unpredictable."

"I wanted to see you again. I found out who you were, that your father was interested in art. So I set up my easel down by the lake, in the hope . . . And it was justified, wasn't it? I know you said I mustn't call. But you can't go against fate, can you?"

"I can't go against father."



He propped it on the mantel. "There's something in this picture of yours—" He broke off. "Here is my daughter."

MARCIA'S duties as hostess kept her busy, and Barry, stalking her, was hampered by the interest which his presence aroused. After all, he was the only live artist on the premises. For Wilson Laurie had phoned that he couldn't come.

The new paintings were mounted on sand-colored burlap screens at the end of the hall. Barry had seen such things before, but they never failed to give him a slight ringing in the ears. Every one was ecstatic but a tall thin elderly man who seemed to be putting on a struggle between laughter and boredom. Directly in front of Barry was perhaps the oddest painting of the lot, a rural scene complete with cows and distant hills. But in the grass of the foreground reclined a blue nude who had just burst into flames.

"How he gets the mood, the emotion!" said a voice behind him. "Don't you *feel* it, Mr. Kendall?"

"I feel some emotion certainly." Barry turned. It was a Mrs. Tweedie whom he had escaped from before. She was stout, wore a floppy hat, and believed that dogs had souls. "Although," he said, "these things seem to me to bear the same relation to art that wood alcohol does to Napoleon brandy."

"How true! But tell me, Mr. Kendall, how do you feel about Chagall?"

"Chagall has such tenderness!" said a thin dark woman with soulful eyes. "But don't you feel that he derives almost directly from Redon?"

They were all looking at him. "Why, yes," he said. "That is true in a sense. And yet . . . you see, we—that is the group to which I belong—feel . . . Well, you've heard of Saucisse, of course?"

Oh, yes, yes.

"Then of course you know his theory that a more immediate and direct approach to the subject is necessary in painting if the art is not to die of inanition?"

"Of course," said Mrs. Tweedie. "But—oh, Mr. Kendall!" She clasped her hands. "This new approach—couldn't you explain it to us? Just a short explanation, you know, from one who really practices—"

Marcia's cool voice cut across the babble. She had come up with her father. "Perhaps, since Mr. Laurie couldn't come, Mr. Kendall will be willing to give us a little informal talk in his place. There is an example of his work at the other end of the room. Perhaps he will tell us how he approaches a—a subject."

Barry met the challenge squarely. In the course of his biological research work at the university he had often, in lecturing to students, found it dangerously easy to build theories as he went along. It was now, he felt, the easiest way out. "Thank you, Miss Aylesworth. If your father wishes—"

"Of course, my dear fellow. I shall be delighted."

So, taking his position by the fireplace, with his dreadful painting beside him, he addressed them. Saucisse was a Polyhedrist, he told them. There were also Winkwine and Schluchzer and Gavrutz. And himself. Saucisse, of course, was the greatest of them all. He had added a fourth dimension to art by breaking down his subjects into polyhedrons and then resynthesizing them abstractly on canvas. He used only primary colors and painted usually with a small whisk broom. Perhaps his best known work was his portrait of an egg, in which he had succeeded in presenting on a plane surface a three-dimensional portrait which also included and fused both past and future. You might say that the whole history of the egg . . .

It was a sort of mad garland of all the phrases he had heard in the course of many years' association with painters, strung on a thread of insane logic. He analyzed his own painting, showing that the little colored boxes were the abstract essence of an element in the scene which he wished to portray. This was the important thing—the approach.

The tall thin man—Mr. Barnes—seemed indeed intensely interested and continued to eye him fixedly even after he had finished.

Marcia drew him aside. "I want to congratulate you," she said. "You never used the word 'nuances' once. And I was interested in hearing about Saucisse. Odd name."

"A pen name," said Barry. "Rather, a brush name. You see, his first picture was an arrangement of sausages and . . . dear me, sauerkraut, I think. Polyhedrically, of course."

"Polyhedral sausages. Causing a sort of mental indigestion. Yes, I can understand that. And these"—she pointed at his canvas—"these little blobs of color—"

"Polyhedrons to you," he put in. "Stop riding me, will you? Look, there comes that Mrs. Tweedie."

Marcia smiled mockingly and vanished, and Mrs. Tweedie said: "Oh, Mr. Kendall, I would like so much to see some of the Polyhedrist work."

Wedged in front of the fireplace, Barry answered to the best of his imagination the questions they moaned and simpered at him. There was a lull when Mr. Aylesworth came up, thanked him, and asked him to dinner the following Thursday. Then the heckling went on. He was rescued at last by Marcia.

She took him down to the boathouse. On a little balcony overlooking the lake she curled up in a long chair. "If you feel that you won't disintegrate into polyhedrons," she said, "I suggest that you relax."

"What *are* polyhedrons?" said Barry. "Look. Can't we talk about something else?"

She looked at him steadily. "I wonder," she said, "if you know how I loathe all that art talk."

"In other words," said Barry, "I'm just another artist?"

"Are you?"

"Well, I haven't been one very long. Just taking the first toddling steps, you know. I could give it up, under the right conditions. Tell me, who is that Mr. Barnes your father thought I ought to know?"

"He's father's chief rival. As a collector, I mean. They buy against each other, you know. If he buys a painting, father buys a bigger one."

"That explains his gloom today," said Barry. "Your father is one up. Perhaps I ought to sell him my *chef d'œuvre.*"

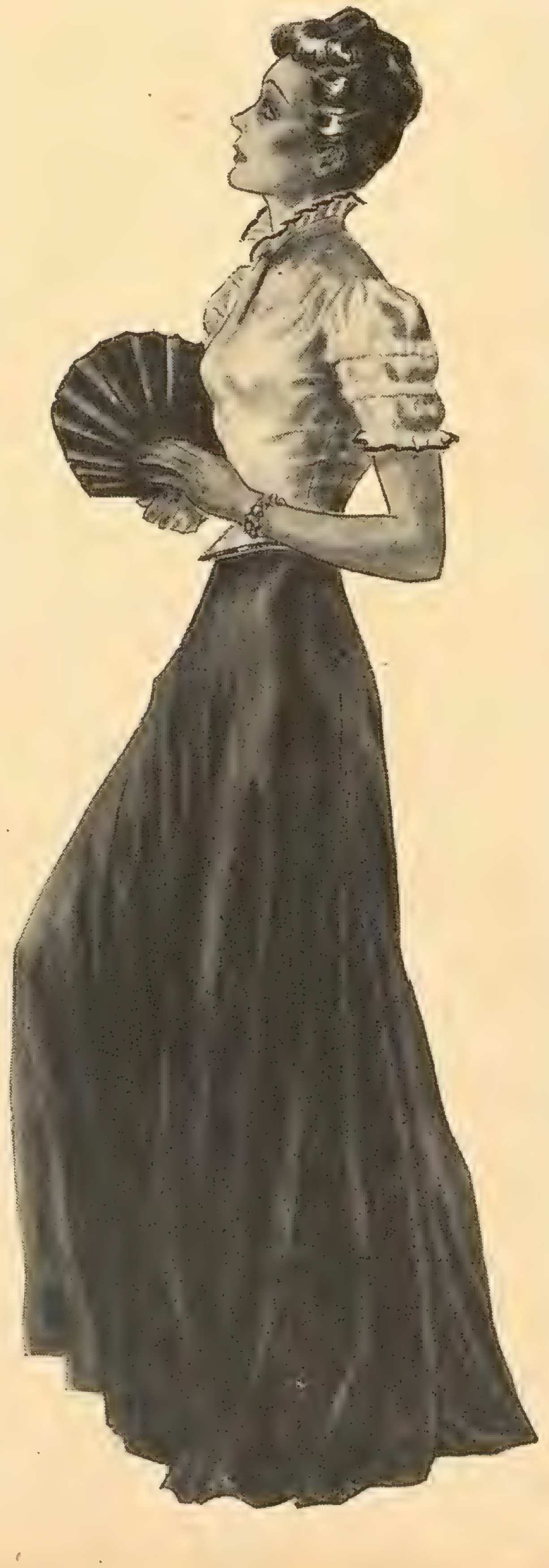
"You always come back to art, don't you?"

"I'm sorry," said Barry. "Listen. I'll tell you about when I was little."

BILL was charmed with the story of Barry's afternoon. "But you'll have to keep it up, you know. The girl's bothering you, I suppose. You feel an urge to cast yourself at her feet and tell all. But you'll just get thrown out if you confess. One doesn't start a new school of art with impunity."

"With insanity," Barry growled.

"I guess it's a good thing I'm going back to New York tomorrow," said Bill. "But I'll leave you the materials. You'll have to turn out some more Polyhedrisme. See here. Come up to my room after dinner and I'll show you a couple of tricks."



She was taller than he had thought, and older, and far more poised.

The result of their evening was a half dozen small Polyhedrist canvases. Bill brushed in a small "Saucisse" in the the corners of three of them. "You ought to have some examples of the master's work," he said. "Since you're such pals."

"I'm afraid I'm getting into something, Bill," said Barry doubtfully.

DURING the next few days Marcia drove and swam and sailed with him, and Barry began to feel that he was making some headway. Once, when they were walking along the dock, she slipped and fell against him. Her nearness was too much for him; he put his arms around her and kissed her. She didn't draw away; she kissed him back, but when he released her she looked at him levelly and said: "That was nice, Barry. But—don't do it again." He felt that he probably ought to do it again right away. But he didn't dare.

On the third day the bane of the Aylesworths was waiting on the hotel veranda when he came back to dinner.

"Ah, Mr. Kendall," he said. "I'm Barnes, Milton Barnes. I was much impressed by your work the other day, and by what you said about Polyhedrisme. Thought I'd run up and have a look at some of your things."

Barry could think of no excuse. He led Mr. Barnes up to his room and exposed the masterpieces.

"Saucisses!" exclaimed Barnes. "Didn't know you had any of his work here."

"Yes—" Barry stammered. "I—I act as his agent."

"Ah! Yes, I can see. Remarkable, remarkable!" He clucked and mumbled over them.

Presently it became apparent that he wished to buy. Barry was horrified. To confess was impossible. Barnes would then have the laugh on Aylesworth for sponsoring a hoax. And he, Barry, would never see Marcia again.

"Come, come, Mr. Kendall," said Barnes finally, drawing out his checkbook. "If you won't name a price . . . well, I don't haggle." He wrote hurriedly, then handed the check over.

The size of it sickened Barry. But there was nothing to do but accept. He could tear the accursed thing up afterward, of course. The laugh, since there must be a laugh, *had* to be on Barnes.

"You don't seem very happy about it," Barnes said.

"Well, sir," Barry said, "I hate to part with them, and that's the truth."

"I quite understand, my boy," said the other, gathering up the canvases. "But, after all . . . Well, well, you'll be here for a while? Good. I'll get in touch with you soon." And with another cackle he vanished.

The next morning a large parcel and a letter came. "I'm sending you some Saucisses," Bill wrote, "in case you need them. Joubert's class did abstractions one year and the janitor saved those they left here."

Barry kicked the parcel under the bed.

That afternoon, without comment, Marcia handed him an engraved card. It was from Mr. Barnes—an invitation to "the first showing of Polyhedrisme in this country." A number of examples, recently acquired by Mr. Milton Barnes, of the work of Saucisse, and his pupils.

ILLUSTRATED
BY
MARTHE
MOORE

"Father thinks you should have worked it so he could have had first chance. He's a bit hot about it."

"But, Marcia, I'm not trying to sell stuff. Anyway, it has nothing to do with—I mean, I'm off art. Sick of it. I shall probably never—"

Marcia said: "Don't explain to me. Explain to father."

TWO days later Marcia's little brown sports car swished into the hotel drive just as Barry was coming down the steps. He ran across to her.

"Marcia. I was just coming to get you—"

"You needn't bother." Her face was white. "I just came to tell you you'd better get away. Your little confidence game has gone pop."

Barry stared. "You mean—you've found out I'm not a painter? Well, but you knew that anyway, didn't you?"

"Yes, I knew it. But I didn't know you were crooked. I thought . . . Oh, that doesn't matter. Wilson Laurie found out. He saw those pictures you sold Mr. Barnes and thought something was wrong. He phoned several people, a friend of your friend Winsted among others. He found there was no such thing as Polyhedrisme, no such person as Saucisse—"

"But, Marcia, the whole thing was a joke. I—"

"A joke! A cheap confidence trick to make fools of us. To make money out of us—"

"No!" said Barry. "I did make the whole thing up. But there was no scheme, no idea of selling anything. I had to take his check, but I—"

Marcia's lip twisted contemptuously. She tugged at the gearshift lever, and the car leaped away, nearly throwing Barry to the ground.

BARRY'S first impulse had been to go after Marcia. But the facts, the facts were against him. No, even if he called up Barnes . . . It was only his word against her accusation, and if she wouldn't believe that . . . In an hour his bags were packed. Then he went down to the lobby, where he ran into Mr. Aylesworth.

"My dear boy! I was looking for you. Not leaving?"

Barry looked his astonishment. Why all the geniality, he wondered. The man radiated it. He was obviously excited about something, too.

Barry said: "Why, naturally. After . . . I suppose Mr. Laurie told you?"

"Told me all about it," interrupted the button king. He seized Barry's hand and operated it like a pump. "It was marvelous, my boy, marvelous! Ha, you put it across Milton Barnes that time. I haven't had such news in years. Got the laugh on him at last, and what a laugh!"

"Yes, but just a minute," said Barry. "I *must* explain to you about the thing. Marcia wouldn't let me, and after all, I don't blame her. I—"

"Pah!" said Mr. Aylesworth. "Women don't understand business. She'll come round. I'd like to see Barnes' face. Wilson has gone round there now."

"Yes," said Barry. "But—sit down a minute, won't you?"

Mr. Aylesworth listened attentively to his story. When he described Barnes' visit to the hotel he shouted with laughter. "Poor old Milton. He's really losing his grip. To think of him being taken in by such stuff. Polyhedrisme! My dear boy, I knew of course all the time. Your speech—I could hardly keep my face straight. And how they all swallowed it!"

Barry changed ground quickly. "I was sure you saw through it. But I was rather on the spot. I'd said I was an artist. And I've been meaning to make a clean breast of it and apologize. But how could I after Mr. Barnes took a hand? He might have asserted, don't you see, that you . . ."

Mr. Aylesworth said more soberly: "Yes, I see your point. But you don't know what it's worth to me to—" He broke off. "By Jove, I must call up Barnes and condole with him. Excuse me a moment, won't you?"

Barry waited, wondered what Marcia would say.

When Mr. Aylesworth came back he dropped into a chair. Barry thought he was going to cry.

"Barnes says he don't believe me," he said. "Says he's going to show the pictures anyway. Says nobody'll believe me, and if Wilson Laurie peeps, he'll never buy another canvas from him."

There was a moment's silence.

"I've got it!" Barry shouted suddenly. "Wait here."

He dashed up the stairs and pulled Bill's forgotten parcel from under the bed. He spread out the dozen canvases it contained on the floor. Beside them, his own canvas was almost academic. These things were simply diseased.

He gathered them up and ran down to the lobby.

MR. MILTON BARNES dwelt in a castle on a hill overlooking the lake. Had he lived in medieval times, he could from his battlements have shot flaming arrows down on to the roof of the Palazzo Aylesworth and reduced it to smoking and smelly ruins.

On the day of his Polyhedrist show his cup was brimming over. Enthusiastic friends and neighbors, among them a real Polish baron and two bogus countesses, milled about in the great hall under the carefully tattered battle flags that had never been borne in the hands of any one more militant than an interior decorator.

At the height of the rejoicing, Mr. Aylesworth and Marcia appeared. The button king looked around to assure himself that Barry was within hail. Then he said cheerfully: "Very nice, Milton. Very nice. But of course . . ." He smiled thoughtfully.

"Of course what?" There was irritation in Mr. Barnes' eyebrows. Then he laughed. "Of course they aren't yours. Is that it, Jim? Well, we can't all have the judgment to recognize the vitality in a new style, in a still practically unknown man. I admit it took some courage to buy these," he said modestly, "even though Wilson Laurie admired them so heartily. But look at them, Jim—they've got power, sweep—"

The others had gathered around. Only Marcia had slipped away and was nowhere to be seen.

"I should be the last to deny their importance," said Mr. Aylesworth. "But—courage . . . Well, I bought some of them myself, so as to that . . ."

"What?" exclaimed Mr. Barnes. "You have some Saucisses? But how . . . I don't believe it!"

"I'm sorry," said Mr. Aylesworth. "I have fourteen of them. I didn't want to tell you yet, because," he said hypocritically, "I didn't want you to feel that I was perhaps trying to outdo you. But I have had them some time. Been holding them, because I felt that he was not well enough established yet to make them of special value. But now, of course, his sudden death—"

"His death!"

"He died last week," put in Barry. "Very sudden. Very shocking. Mr. Aylesworth bought up all his remaining work. He is a great loss to art."

Mr. Barnes said nothing for a moment. Then he chose his course. "My dear Jim!" he said with a torture-chamber smile. "I can't tell you how pleased I am to find that your judgment bears me out."

Half an hour later the guests were electrified to hear that Messrs. Aylesworth and Barnes, acting for the first time in their lives in accord, were endowing a small art museum in Otesaraga, where various of their treasures would from time to time be exposed, and where the complete works of Saucisse would remain on permanent exhibition.

ON a terrace overlooking the moat Barry found Marcia. She turned. "Oh, Barry, I'm so ashamed of having—"

"Please, Marcia. I had it coming to me. But there's something much more important that I came out to say. I've been thinking about it ever since I saw you swearing at that tire."

"I thought about it then, too," she said. "Only, when I thought you were an artist . . ."

Barry, who had both arms around her, drew back his head and looked at her.

"Well, I thought the best way of stopping would be to see a lot more of you. So when I saw you from the window, I sent father to invite you in."

After that they said nothing of any particular interest.

THE END

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

ON a private estate in Connecticut I strolled recently through another museum village that testifies—like Henry Ford's famous village at Greenfield, Michigan—to the reverence with which workmanship of long ago is loved and preserved by modern people whose own work deals with the newest, most up-to-date of industrial products. . . . This thought came to me at Milestone Village as I talked with its proprietress, Louise Guild, wife and professional helpmate of Lurelle V. A. Guild, who style-designs streamlined Pullman cars, automatic refrigerators, all sorts of electrical household appliances in ultra-progressive patterns of chromium and steel. . . . Feeling a timeless bond of kinship with artisans of the past, Mr. and Mrs. Guild have assembled the workaday units of an early New England town—drugstore, blacksmith shop, loom house, school, fire-engine house, etc.—bringing the genuine old buildings together from various New England states, wherever they found the best preserved examples. . . . "Neighborhood children who ordinarily hate going to school," said Louise Guild, "love to learn their lessons—or, at least, to play at doing so —in our little old schoolhouse." . . . The old drugstore is stocked with antique drugs, tonics, cure-alls. One mysterious little flask defies the knowledge of local druggists. It is marked, "Double extract of night-blooming cereus." Was it a medicament, a perfume, or a poison? Undoubtedly some pharmaceutical scholar can tell; and if so, the Guild family would like to know.

☆ Let's not mention names, because the heroine of this true-life romance happens to be an important business girl whose good graces I cherish. She is smart and handsome, though running somewhat toward overweight. A few months ago she said to her friends: "It's high time I got married. I'm going to take one of those ocean cruises and grab myself a husband." . . . On the cruise she attached herself rather forcibly to a bachelor business man. He summoned mutual acquaintances to his rescue. "Please ask her to lay off me," he said. "She waddles like a duck." . . . His words were reported to her *verbatim*, and she left the ship at the next port of call. But thereafter he found a live duck waiting for him at every port, delivered with her compliments. All across Europe she pursued him with ducks. Arriving back home, he was greeted by a crateful of ducks with her name attached. . . . Of course he married her. She was such a good sport!

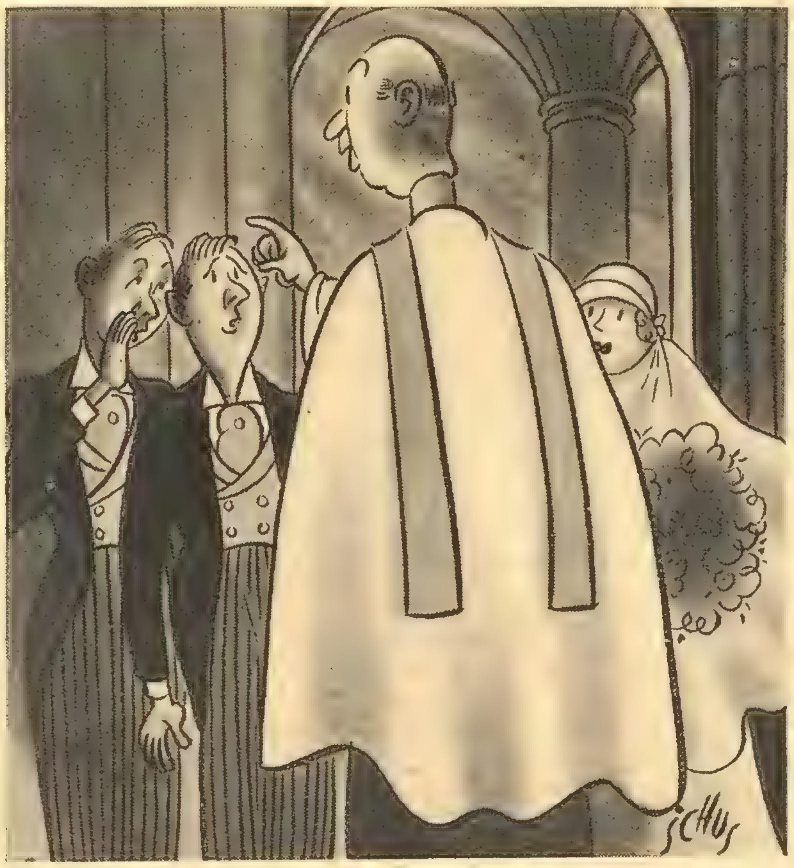
☆ *Three new tricks worth a tryout:* . . . For party hostesses: attractive ash trays of aluminum foil, inexpensive enough to be used just once, then thrown away like paper napkins. . . . For tender insteps: the small crescent-shaped "pumpad," invented lately by an Oklahoma benefactress to spare us the awful torture of wearing pumps that cut. . . . For fingernail fashion: the odd new "strawberry" tint, a purplish metallic rose made originally for movie stars working in technicolor pictures.

☆ Jitterbugs, attention! . . . Dance the new *Lambeth Walk* with your hats on. The lady wears her gent's hat, and he wears hers. . . . That's how the costermongers and their girls always used to dance it in the Lambeth district of London—not far from where I grew up.

☆ A young friend who motored through England this summer was impressed by the prevalence of red-headed girls in Cornwall; and by the shrewd fancy they have for wearing *white combs* in their red hair. Herself a redhead, my young friend has put the Cornish style to handsome use. She looks marvelous in a white evening gown, with a big white mantilla comb. With white daytime dresses she wears two little plain white combs.

☆ One hundred and ten well known men tell about their favorite dishes in Marian Squire's clever book, The Stag at Ease (published by the Caxton Printers, Ltd.); and, as you may imagine, the bill of fare takes in practically everything from hog jowl with turnip greens to lemon ice cream. For autumn I recommend this sausage-and-hominy combine offered by humorist Ted Cook. . . . Lightly fry 1 pound sausages in pan together with 1 minced onion and 2½ cups cooked hominy. Put in baking dish, adding 1 cup tomato sauce. On top sprinkle 4 tablespoons bread crumbs and 2 tablespoons butter. Bake 30 minutes in moderate oven. . . . As an accompaniment, I suggest serving my editor's specialty —yellow tomato preserves— recipe for which is given in The Stag at Ease.

☆ "Stand up and be a woman!" . . . That doesn't seem very familiar, does it? We are more accustomed to "Stand up and be a man." . . . Yet there was a time when we were rigidly required to *stand up* and be women. "In ancient Greece," Professor Harrison Coffin tells me, "where female beauty had its obligations as well as its rewards, women of freeborn families were discouraged from too much sitting down. They were expected to stand up, and walk, and keep their figures and their dignity. Sitting down was considered suitable only for old women and slaves."



"No coaching, please!"

DO YOU WANT TO BE A SCENARIO WRITER?

It's nice work if you can get it, BUT! Here's a revealing behind-the-scenes look at some of Hollywood's hazards

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

I AM a writer of scenarios. In the past fourteen years my name has been flashed on the screen as the author or partial author of some sixty major releases. Fourteen years! It doesn't seem five. Fourteen years of California sunshine, black-widow spiders, moonlight bathing at Malibu, story conferences, tennis every day in the year, writing, the blessed desert at Palm Springs, more writing, previews, dancing with glamour girls, rewriting, silverfish in the bathroom, re-rewriting—

A hard life—on a thousand bucks a week! No wonder that, as Rupert Hughes told me the other day, one out of every three persons over ten years of age in this country wants to be a screen-play writer. But before you errant fifty millions decide that you're just wasting time at your present jobs, let's get a close-up of the situation and see what it's all about.

It is true that some screen-play writers in major studios get a thousand dollars a week. Some get two thousand; a few might come close to three. But only major studios can and do pay such salaries. And how many major studios exist? There's Twentieth Century-Fox, there's M-G-M, Paramount, Radio, Universal, Warner Brothers, and Columbia. These studios employ, say, from twenty to seventy-five writers each who may get fifty dollars a week or that rare and almost legendary three thousand. And not every week. Many a thousand-dollar-a-week writer works six weeks at a studio and then retires to his Beverly Hills lawn for ten weeks at exactly nothing per. A certain number, it is true, are under contract and are assured of a salary fifty-two weeks out of the year. Others can count on forty weeks, since some studios reserve the right to lay off writers twelve weeks during each year.

I suppose there are possibly between sixty and a hundred writers in Hollywood who are, either by contract or present desirability, assured of incomes in the higher brackets for the next year or two. For the rest the gamble is a precarious and heartbreaking one.

Let's see. Let's see if one out of three Americans can be wrong in thinking they should be screen writers with Beverly Hills mansions, fat bank accounts, and dates with movie stars.

In the first place, not one person in a thousand outside the film industry knows what a screen play is. The studio uses two forms of material in its production of motion pictures. One is the original source of story material itself. It may be a play hot from the New York stage; it may be a novel fresh from the publishers, or an ancient classic from the public domain of literature. It may be a story written especially for the screen, always in this instance called the "original."

The second form is the screen play, familiarly called the "script," which is prepared from the original material in order to adapt, conform, edit, or embellish (or all of these and more) that original source of material into the exact technical and structure elements of scenes, location of scenes, action, and dialogue which are to be photographed and recorded on the celluloid.

Many writers do both types. A recent assignment of mine was to cook up an original yarn for a certain trio of stars. The screen play was to be written later by another writer. The original story as I completed it was practically a rough-written novelette, told in narrative form in about ninety typewritten pages. This took fourteen weeks of solid work, often day-and-night work.

Completing this tasty little trifle and receiving the producer's approval at eight forty one evening, I was sneaking out the studio gate with the hope that everybody'd forget my existence for a day or so, when I was paged rather hectically, dragged into another producer's office, and informed that for home and dear old Siwash Pictures I had to get a story in scenario form and deliver the complete script in forty-eight hours. The producer, the director, another writer who specialized in gay dialogue, and I spent most of the night talking it over. Next morning I arranged three batteries of stenographers and dictated a 116-page screen play in exactly forty-six hours and thirty-one cups of black coffee. It made a pretty good picture too. About five million of you must have seen it.

These two instances should segregate the two forms in your mind. If you insist on writing as an amateur for the screen, confine yourself to writing the tale only, paying no attention to the technical structure. If the studios should like your story they might possibly be able to dig up a writer who knows what a script is. I can name a couple who are right now "between pictures."

And what are the chances of your story being accepted for production by one of the studios? Practically none. For most studios will not even read material submitted unless it comes through authorized or recognized sources. Long experience has proved that the chances of finding

BY CAREY WILSON

HOLLYWOOD STAR AUTHOR

a dramatic gem are exceedingly remote, and—note well—the refusal to open an envelope has avoided many an unwarranted suit for plagiarism.

How, then, you ask, does an outsider break in?

I don't know. There is practically no chance of a studio engaging a writer who has not had some actual studio experience in writing, and practically no chance for a writer to get studio experience without getting a job in a studio. This sounds like a stymie, but it isn't exactly one. New writers *are* brought into studios from outside, and not infrequently. Almost always this is because the writer has achieved some distinction—perhaps only a small one—in some other writing field.

Several studios have indulged in schools of "junior writers." Youngsters without experience but with definite promise were placed on salary and encouraged and advised. The experiment has not, to my mind, yet justified itself, possibly because the scenario writer must possess, above all things, adaptability. And adaptability is likely only to come from a considerable amount of writing experience.

On the whole, the only real chance is to call attention to yourself in some other field of writing. I can think of many a now established scenario writer who banged in vain on the California stucco walls of the studios, went away defeated, and was brought back triumphantly after his story was published, his play produced, his novel on the bookstands. Inexperience and inefficiency are so expensive in the high-pressure methods of film production that a studio would rather wait longer and pay more for a finished artisan.

So there you are! If you want to break into the movies as a screen playwright, devote your literary talents to some other and more accessible medium. Then you may wake up some morning to find your agent waving a telegram from Hollywood under your nose.

Until that fortunate day you can satisfy your frustrated longings by writing—and writing—and writing. The more you write and the harder you write, the better you'll be able to write. But if you ever "get a simply magnificent idea for a movie story," remember that your yarn will go into competition with every story or play that has ever been written in a translatable language. All studios maintain organized reading departments that scour the books, the plays, the magazines, and even the newspapers of the entire world. Your "idea" must stand comparison, as concerns its desirability for the screen, with such little trifles of dramatic import as A Tale of Two Cities, or such titbits from history as The Life of Marie Antoinette. *And* it must match up with the potential achievements of almost a thousand men and women who are right here on the ground, who know the workings of their craft.

I was lucky enough to sell an astonishing proportion of my first three years' work. I *wrote* eighty-seven stories. I *sold* four. I was sleeping on a nice bench in Central Park, New York City.

Hi-ho! That was fifteen years ago. I wonder if Garbo's doing anything tonight!

THE END

ONE WHIZZER WHITE

BY
BERNARD F. "BUNNY" OAKES

Football Coach,
University of Colorado

Whizzer: "I'm always troubled by the fear of being afraid."

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

EVERY play in football should be a scoring play. "It doesn't take a Whizzer White to score a touchdown on every play," I tell my boys, "if each blocker takes out his man . . . or men."

Is that a Bronx cheer I hear? Or some one rising to remark: "Oh, yeah? It's easy for you to sound off, when you've had an all-America flash like Byron 'Whizzer' White in your backfield! But how about *our* team?"

Wait a minute. Wa-ait a minute! I confess to the belief Byron White is everything the newspaper lads have made him out to be. And more. But the Whiz would admit—and repeatedly has admitted—it takes eleven men to make a football team, not to mention a few dozen reserves and even a coaching staff.

Touchdowns aren't where you find 'em. They're where you make 'em. I'm considered a nut on the fundamentals of line play. If I'm known chiefly as the coach who developed one of the outstanding running backs of all time, perhaps there exists a relationship between cause and effect.

A good offense is the best defense, but a coach must modify his master-minding to suit his material. Give him the seven "granite blocks" of Fordham and he'll develop a team utterly unlike the scoring machine that may be built about a fast, shifty triple-threat backfield ace like Whizzer White.

Let's shoot a close-up of the most sensational college player of 1937, who may prove the most outstanding back in pro football this year; the lad officially credited with the longest punt, the longest punt return, the most points after touchdown last season; the boy who was voted the season's outstanding back by every individual player on every opposing team—the straight-A, Phi Beta Kappa student, and winner of a coveted Rhodes scholarship.

He tops six feet in his mud cleats and is 189 pounds of bone and muscle. And his hands—what exquisite football hands! The size of hams; big enough to wrap clear around a ball and rifle it fifty yards without half trying. And the most lovely feet. Gunboats built for booting!

He has worn an elastic bandage on one knee ever since incurring an injury in the Oklahoma game in 1935. Ask him, and he'll grin and point out the location of what he calls his "rabbit's foot"—the little felt pad under the tape to keep the cartilage from slipping out of place again.

His left arm has been broken close to the shoulder, in high-school football. The muscles bulge beneath his jersey even when he isn't flexing it, and it can deliver a stiff-arm jolt like the kick of a French .75.

His eyes are small and green. His cheekbones are high. His mouth is big and wide.

So much for the physical Whiz. You're wondering, of course, what's behind that poker mug; what spark of character fires the explosive charge of those touchdown-hungry legs and drives him on toward his scholarship goal at Oxford. Well, why not ask him yourself?

"Pride," he answers, a bit self-consciously, with just a touch of boyish bashfulness. "And environment. We all have the desire to excel. We all hate to take a licking. In my case environment enhanced these qualities. I found myself on the spot, both in the classroom and on the athletic field. I had to deliver or feel mighty foolish."

Byron came to the University of Colorado from a small high school at Wellington, Colorado, where he starred in basketball but failed to make much of an impression in football. Some of the boys kidded him about trying to ride through college on the coattails of his brother Sam, an outstanding student and athlete who'd just won a Rhodes scholarship.

"It made me pretty darned sore," he confesses. "I made up my mind I was going to be Byron White, not merely Sam White's brother."

Pride made him a candidate for freshman football. He started on the fourth freshman team. Within ten days he had won a place on the first.

"That showed me I could hold my own with the other boys," he'll tell you. "But the first time the coach called, 'Fresh meat for the varsity,' I was scared stiff. What I mean—and I'm not ashamed of it now—is actual physical fear. About the third time the freshmen scrimmaged the varsity I licked this fear by telling myself, The other players have taken what you're taking, and they lived through it. I've never experienced this physical fear since, but I'm always troubled by another kind of fear—the fear of being afraid."

So much for Byron's self-analysis. Let's get back to our theme of every play a scoring play. His knee injury had benched the Whiz during the 1935 season. In 1936 he'd shown himself to be of all-conference but not all-America caliber.

He was a good line smasher, a beautiful open-field runner, a remarkable punter and placement kicker, an excellent forward-passer, and a cool and conservative field general. Any coach would have designed his attack to take advantage of such a combination.

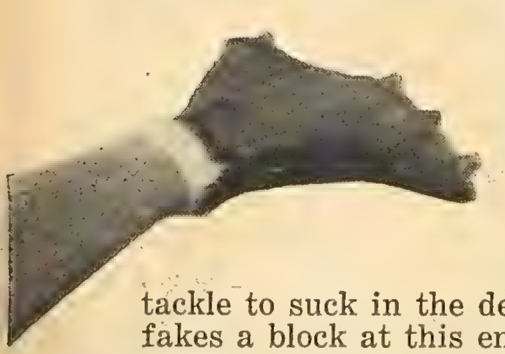
A single wing-back formation or a modified punt formation is best suited to cash in on the abilities of a triple-threat back. We used 'em both in 1937.

One good back doesn't make a football team. If we expected to shake White loose and approach our ideal of making every play a scoring play, we must have almost

Does Not Make a Winning Team

perfect blocking—especially downfield blocking. Successful football is nine tenths blocking. Tackling is merely a form of blocking in which the tackler may use his hands.

Let's take one of our simplest plays and analyze it, see what makes it click for a touchdown under certain circumstances; what sometimes gums the works; how we may correct its weaknesses and build other plays upon it.



Imagine us in a modified punt formation with a balanced line and White in the tailback position. The fullback plays a few yards ahead of White and slightly to his right; the halves two yards behind our tackles. Our opponents are in the standard 6-2-2-1 defense, with the center pulled back out of the line and playing behind the right tackle, and the fullback behind his left tackle. The play is an in-and-out play around right end.

As the ball is snapped to White he charges straight for our right tackle to suck in the defensive left end. Our right half fakes a block at this end, but lets him pass and streaks through to nail the defensive left half. Our fullback blocks the end to the inside as White veers to the outside around the flank.

Our right end blocks the opposing tackle. As our guards pull out of the line our right tackle and center gang up on the defensive left guard, our left tackle takes the defensive right guard, and our left end momentarily checks his tackle and speeds downfield to take the safety man. Our right guard takes the defensive fullback, leaving the other guard and the left half as interferers for the ball carrier, under orders to block out any players the other blockers miss. The defensive right end, right half, and center are usually too far from the play to be dangerous.

The coach of a famous star tells all—Those touchdowns aren't where you find 'em!

Except for White's preliminary feint at the line, the play lacks deception. It depends almost altogether on perfect blocking. Mix it with straight end runs and out-and-in tackle smashes, and it works reasonably well in the early stages of the game. But it is easily piled up if the defense slides its guards in the direction the play is headed. But when the guards slide out a gap is left inside the defensive tackle. So we must build a new play from the old, to take advantage of this weakness.

The play starts in the same manner, but White, instead of veering to the right, cuts sharply to the left and whizzes through the gap. From the second play we build a third, with more deception. As White charges toward right tackle he passes the ball to the fullback, who spins and reverses inside left end. So we keep on building, adding another pass and achieving a double reverse with more deception—and considerably more chance of gumming up our own play with too many passes.

ANY play can be a scoring play—on paper. But all the dipsy-doo plays ever invented are useless without good hard aggressive blocking.

There's no reason certain defense plays can't be scoring plays. Consequently the course of our safety man in returning punts is never left to chance.

With a safety man like White, whose average punt return is thirty-one yards, there's not much point in trying to block the kick. We gain more ground by letting 'em punt safely and concentrating on blocking their tacklers as they come down under the ball.

We assign only one blocker to their stronger end, but our entire secondary gangs up on the end our scouts have reported to be the weaker. White is instructed always to return the punt around this end. The plan was designed to break the Whiz away for a score.

In 1936 we pointed for Utah University as our toughest foe. Before the game was many minutes old White booted out of bounds on the one-yard line and then returned the Utah punt forty-five yards to a touchdown. A few minutes later he kicked out on the nine and scored from midfield on the punt return.

In the second period he corkscrewed through tackle for thirty yards and another touchdown. At the start of the second half, following our plan of concentrating our strength on the enemy's weakest point, White returned the kickoff ninety yards for a touchdown.

That game taught Byron a valuable lesson in self-control. He missed four out of five attempts at conversion because he was too tense with excitement and failed to keep his eye on the ball. Thereafter he learned to relax, to forget the score and the grandstands and concentrate on the kick. Last season he kicked twenty-three points after touchdown out of twenty-eight attempts.

BYRON hates to lose—hates it clear down to his heels. "Sportsmanship," he says, "isn't the 'you first, old pal,' stuff the public believes. This makes a player too passive. Sportsmanship is giving everything you've got to win the game. What I mean, everything, so long as you stay within the rules. If you take a licking, don't squawk, even to yourself. Don't make excuses to yourself for your own shortcomings. Keep your mouth shut and figure out how to overcome 'em in the next game."

He applies this philosophy to his work in the classroom. His professors say he likes to do things the hard way just to prove to his own satisfaction that he can whip any problem he tackles.

"Any student," he says, "can make a straight-A record in his studies if he works hard enough. The important thing is to make use of what you've gained in the classroom to learn how to think things out for yourself."

Early last season Byron announced he would not turn pro when his college career was finished. He was majoring in economics and expected to enter law as a career.

Shortly after Byron passed his examination for a Rhodes scholarship last year, the Pittsburgh Pirates offered him $15,000 for a single season—the largest salary in the pro game today. Besides the salary, he could count on thousands of dollars "side money" for endorsements.

Against this . . . Oxford. The furtherance of his ambition. For six months he weighed all the arguments and all the answers. Then he announced he was rejecting the pro offer in favor of attending Oxford. He said:

"I like football, but I like Oxford more. There they teach you how to think. If I'm a bum, Oxford will show me up. If I've got something, Oxford will bring it out."

Meanwhile he had communicated with the authorities at Oxford and learned he could enter in midyear. No longer was it necessary to choose between pro football and his Rhodes scholarship. He accepted the Pirates' offer.

And now all the fans are asking, "Can White deliver as sensationally in the pro game as he did in college football?"

It's true the teams he'll face in the National Professional League are much tougher than college competition. But it's true, too, that he'll be playing with a team of correspondingly higher caliber. Unquestionably, he can get along in the fastest company.

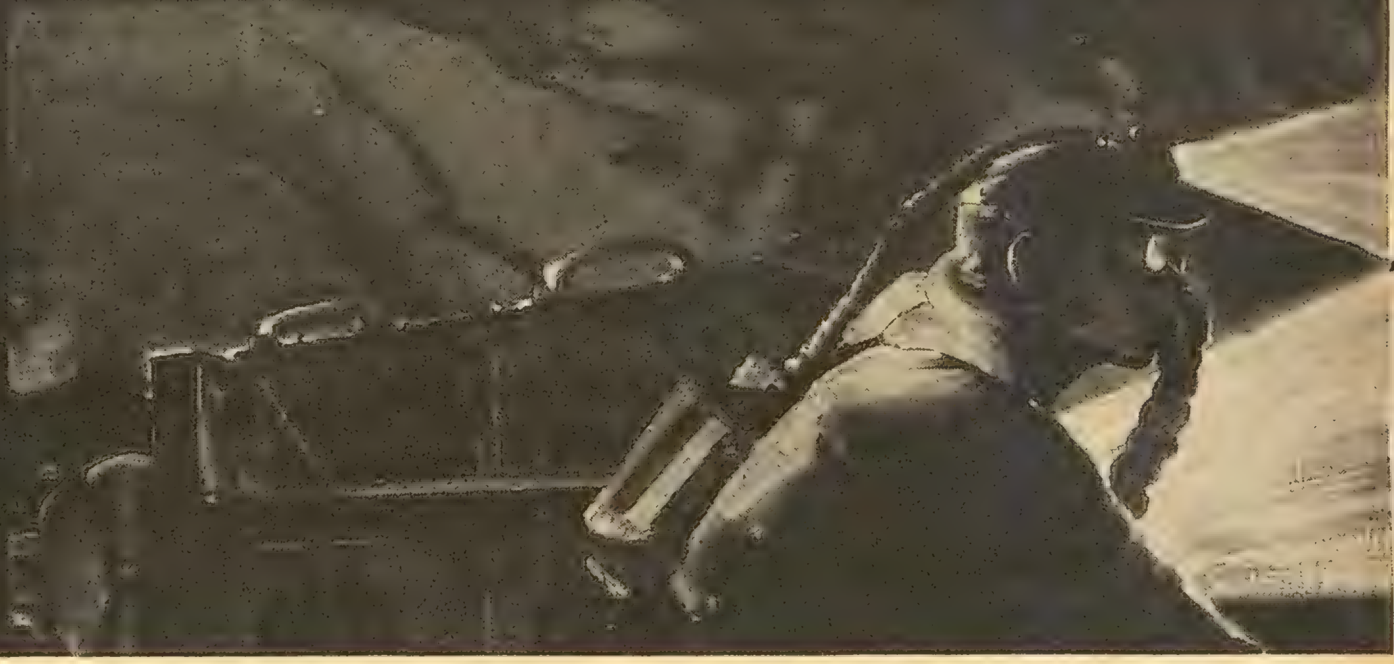
THE END

BY BAYNARD KENDRICK

BILLIE MAGEE and

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN CLYMER

A poignant, gripping tale of peril under the earth, and the shining valor in a man's lonely heart



Clutching dynamite, he stepped in front of the lights. The white

READING TIME • 29 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

I'VE always said some men are better than machines. No matter how efficient it is, a machine can't think. If conditions get too tough for it, it quits—just stops running and lays down on the job.

In case you don't believe me, I'll tell you about Palo Palowski and a man trip. I make two man trips a day—hauling the crew to work two and a half miles into Forty-two every morning, and bringing them out again in the evening. In between I run the motor on the main heading, taking in empty pit cars and bringing out full ones.

That makes a lot of man trips in a few years. But Palo made one the motor couldn't make, or you wouldn't be hearing this from Billie Magee.

Blackburn, the foreman, put him to work on one of those dirty mornings when the ground looks like it's been raining ink around Flintville. Blackie has a pet room in Forty-two—Fifth Right—where he likes to start miners who have loading muscles in their jaws instead of their arms. He also has alive today, thanks to Palowski's muscles, a motherless twelve-year-old bunch of devilment named Tommy.

"Palowski, Billie," said Blackburn, cutting the dirt on his face with a grin. "Palo Palowski—if you want the whole mouthful. He's come all the way down here from Pennsylvania to show us soft-coal diggers how to load. Ain't that it, Palowski?"

"You said it, boss. I'm good. I'm the best!" His round face became pleasant with a slow smile which made his big ears move slightly.

I looked around for a hoisting crane to get him on board. He was baled up so tight in a suit of overalls I thought of putting a time fuse on him to see what would happen.

He didn't look like a miner to me. I've seen his type, in half a tiger skin, tossing cannon balls from bicep to bicep in front of a side show.

"The trouble is, Billie, he's too good." Blackburn dropped a coal-covered eyelid. "That's why he's looking for a job. He loads so fast he's never found a motorman who could keep him supplied with empties. I told him you were the guy! The best in the country—like him. Let him off at Fifth Right."

That much I knew before he told me. But I felt sorry for Palowski. Poles are just great big kids. A man's a fool who takes a bragging kid too seriously.

Blackie found there wasn't much difference between his own son and Palo Palowski. Both were show-offs. Both caused plenty of trouble before they were through. It wasn't piking trouble, either. It went high enough to take in the president of the company and his only boy.

Forty-two's an old-timer and a drift mine—which, in case you don't know, is tunneled straight into the side of a mountain. The main heading—or tunnel—dips in on the south side of Black Peter and comes out again nearly three miles farther along on the north side. In between it goes crazy.

Get the backbones out of fifty herrings, lay twenty of them along head to tail in a straight line, and stick the other thirty along both sides like fern leaves. You'll get a faint idea of what Forty-two looks like underground. Think of the bones as tunnels—which we call "headings."

It sounds complicated, and it's worse than that. A trolley track with a live wire overhead runs through the main heading, with a switch into each of the butt headings. When you've been around the mines as long as I have, you learn to watch that wire without thinking. A touch of it spells sudden death, and in lots of places in the headings the roof isn't over four feet high.

Stumble while you're walking bent double, clutch at that wire to save yourself a fall, and you're headed for the undertaker's office in a pit car.

Fifth Right is about a mile inside. I heard the snicker run through the train as I stopped to let Palowski out. It's the only room on the main heading with any coal left in it, and every man on board knew the reason.

"Your room's straight ahead, Palo," I told him, "and there're three empties on the siding. You want one of the men to go in with you and start you off?"

"I'll start myself off," he said, with his foolish grin. "I always work alone."

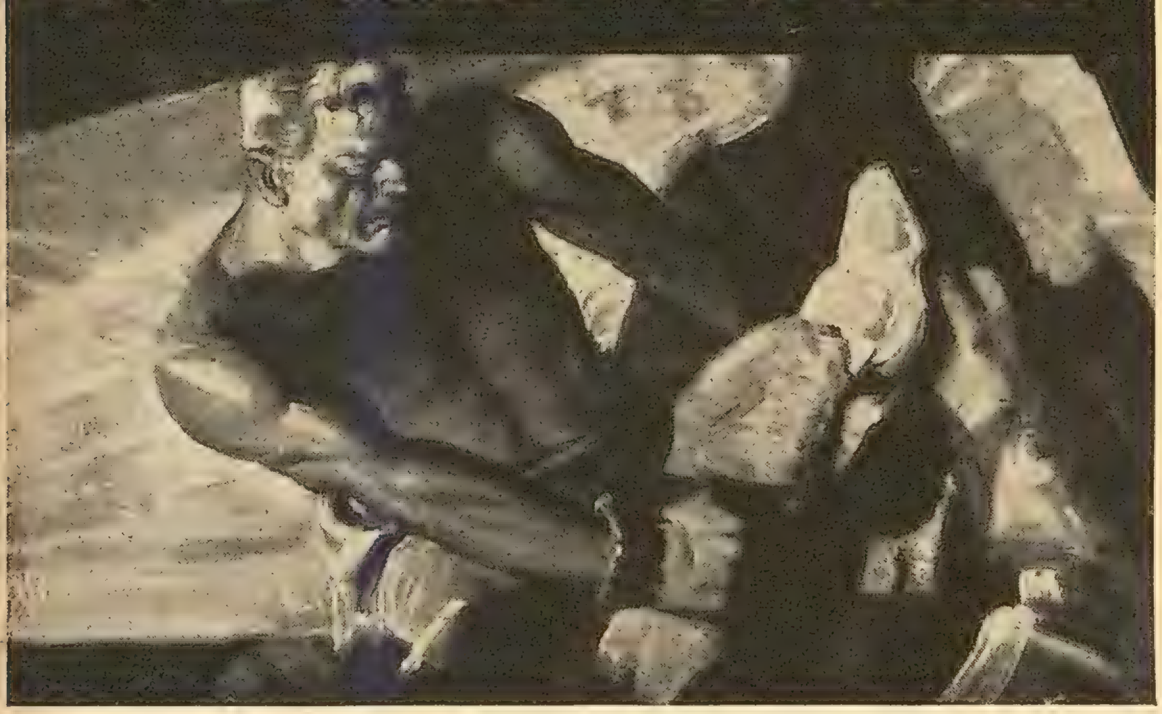
"O. K." I notched the motor, watching his doubled-over bulk lugging dynamite and drill into Blackburn's house of fun. There was something likable about the big goop. I guess it was his grin, and the smile that wiggled his ears. I found myself yelling, "Good luck! I'll stop on the way back and see how you're making out."

I guess I know too much about Forty-two—its horsebacks, its pot bottoms, and all its other types of rotten roofing. For four years I ran into every hole and corner of it, riding on a Mary motor and crawling through wet tunnels three feet high to repair pumps and check wiring.

Two thirds of it is mined out, and it's pretty bad—a crumbling mystic maze of rooms and caved-in headings where a man without a light could stay lost for days. I suppose that's what made it so attractive to young Tommy Blackburn. All kids like to explore caves. But those in the mountains don't have Death squatting on its heels back of every rock, like the ones in Forty-two. Blackburn had worn out four razor strops trying to keep Tommy aboveground. It took something worse than razor strops to turn the trick.

It was Florence Taylor who finally made me take the job on the main-heading trolley when Crosby quit. I'm pretty butt-headed, even for an Irishman, but I've never been able to stand up against Florence. She's had her way in everything—from my drinking too much beer to studying at night and saving my money for a four-year course in the School of Mines. We were seven hundred dollars short of the course and our marriage the morning Palo started in Fifth Right.

the Dumb Gorilla



ness of his back showed deep grooves and furrows as he moved.

As I jerked the string of cars into motion for the run back to B Dip, she and the seven hundred and my cough were very much on my mind. I'd been lying to her about the cough; but it was hard work, for I boarded at the house with her and Mrs. Taylor, her mother. I needed only one look at her frank gray eyes in the morning to know when she'd heard me at night.

I laughed about the thing and told her that all miners have coughs; but she knew as well as I did that I had a chest full of gas scars from the war, and even a mine dry as Forty-two wasn't doing me any good.

It's funny how things work out. Florence got me out of the mined-out tunnels of Forty-two to the main heading, where it was drier; but it took a goop like Palo Palowski to get me to the doctor—a trip which I dodged for years because I was afraid of the news.

I was certain I'd find empty cars and a hard-luck story when I got back to Palowski, for Fifth Right is a joke in Forty-two. The coal is full of sulphur balls. They're about the size of footballs, thicker than raisins in a mince pie and harder than a hunky's head.

It made drilling for shots worse than a crap game. Hit one of those sulphur balls, and it chewed off a drill point like a boy working on a banana.

I was mad at Blackburn and everybody when I cut loose the motor, pulled down the trolley pole, and hooked the stinger over the trolley wire so I could run up the side track to Palowski's room. The stinger cable plays off and winds up from a drum in back of the motorcar, so you can run up side tracks where there's no live wire overhead.

I saw Palo's light wasn't moving before I got in to where the cars were spotted. Just as I figured, he was seated on a rock, having a smoke. It's against the rules, but so are lots of things in a mine. His shovel was leaning against the wall beside him. I'd seen the same expression in the faces of other men in Fifth Right. A morning of trying to drill between sulphur balls will break any man's heart along with his drills.

"What's the matter?" I asked as I climbed off the motor. "Did you find the going tough?"

"By Judas, she's always tough, hey?" He shook his round head at me. "This Blackburn say I get plenty cars, no? Now I think you never come. I wait forty minutes, nothing to do."

"What's the matter with those?" I asked sarcastically, turning my light toward the three pit cars on the track.

I saw quick enough what the matter was. The cars held three thousand pounds each and they were heaping full.

Now, a good miner will shoot, pick, and load five or six such cars a day; but, unless I was pit-blind, this baby-faced Polack had loaded three in less than an hour and a half. There was coal on the floor, too, from another shot, waiting to be loaded.

"You've finished these three since I left this morning?"

"Sure," he said soberly. "Then I run out of cars, like I do in every mine. Ten of 'em I've tried, no, and here I wait like the rest."

Suddenly I knew he'd done it. There was no lying, no deceitfulness, back of that big round face.

"Listen, Palowski," I said earnestly. "Let's see you make a shot. I believe you, all right, but I'd like to see you drill through those sulphur balls. There's been a lot of good miners kicked off in this room."

"Me make a shot?" He shook his big head slowly again. "No, I think not, hey. I work the mines all my life, see, but I work alone. All the time they say I'm good. How you drill, Palowski? How you shoot? How you get so much coal into cars so queek? Then they slap my back and joke. But I never let them see."

I took another look around the room. Way down inside of me a laugh started. I'd keep my mouth shut and let Blackburn stub his own toe. He'd hired the best miner who ever stuck his cap into Forty-two or any other mine, and he didn't know it.

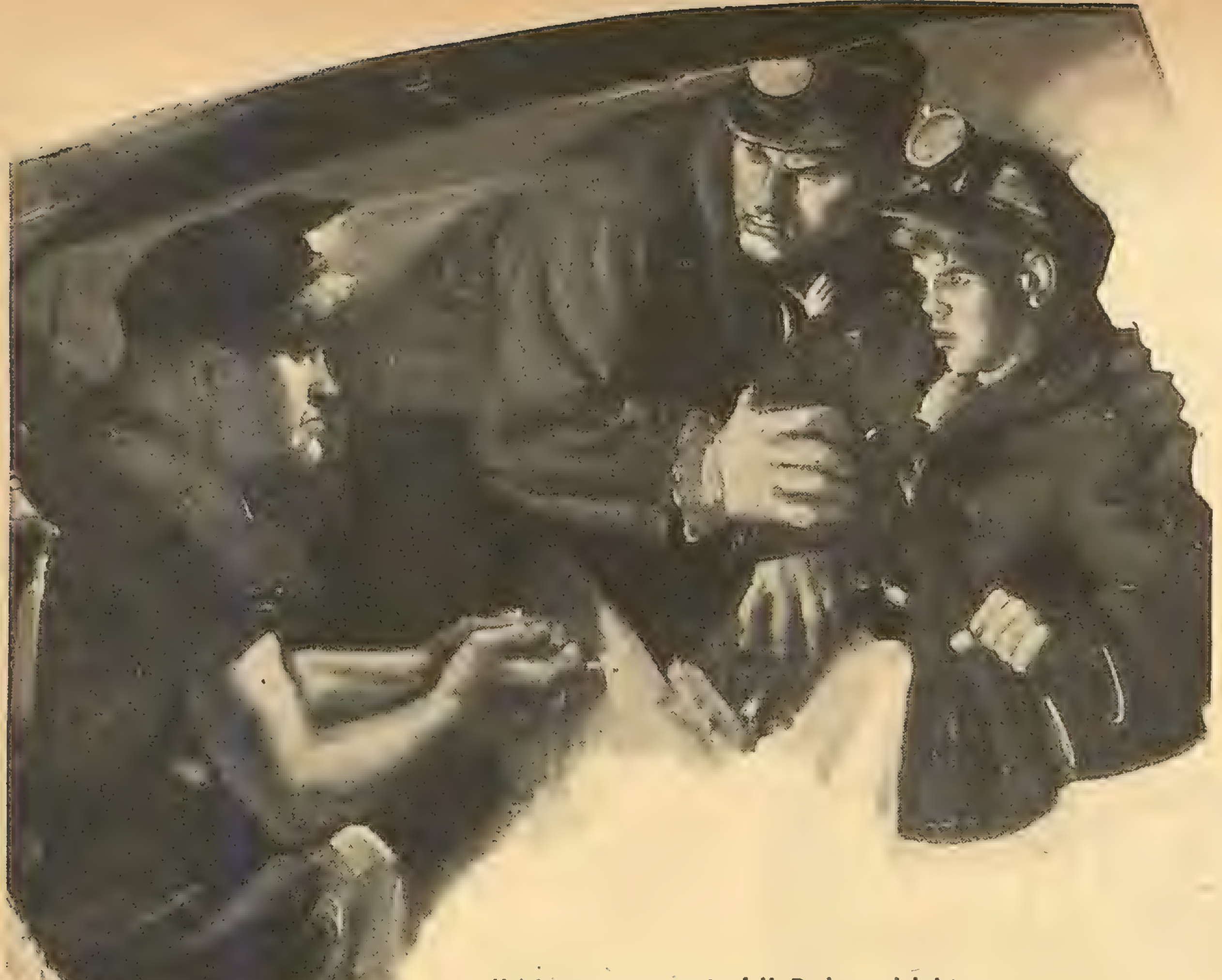
"You must have a couple of other fellows hiding in your pants!" I said after a moment. "I'll get you cars, Palowski—all the cars you can fill up in a day. But I'm telling you now, if you've loaded these three since I left you here this morning, you're not a miner. You're a machine!"

"Me?" said Palowski. "I'm better'n a machine. A machine she don't know where the sulphur balls are—but I do. A machine she don't know how to place her shots—but I do. I'm better'n any machine, Billie Magee. I'm Palo Palowski."

I was about to pull out when I saw a shadow move by the edge of the tracks. I made it in one jump from the motor, and captured a couple of fistfuls of squirming kid.

"Aw, gee, Billie!" he pleaded. "Let me stay, will you? He don't mind my being here. He said so."

"Get on that motor," I told him, "or I'll have something to say with a pick handle. If you come quietly I'll



"Never you mind," Palo told him. "Some Sunday we'll come down, no? I'll show you how to drill."

keep my mouth shut." I turned on the grinning Palo. "Did you know he was here?"

"Sure! He's a good keed, no? He keeps me company."

"I thought you never let any one watch you work," I shot at him.

"He's-a no man. He's a good keed. Bring me luck, maybe. I learn him plenty."

"He'll learn you plenty," I warned him. "He's Blackburn's boy. You'll be trying a new mine again if he finds you working with Tommy around."

"Never you mind," Palo told him kindly. "Some Sunday when she's closed we'll come down, no? I'll show you how to drill."

"O. K., pal," said Tommy, brightening.

"It's your funeral," I flung back, leaving. "You'll do better to jump down a shaft."

He loaded eleven cars that first day in Forty-two, and dug them out of Fifth Right, where four cars had been tops before. In a month he was loading eighteen; and it got to be a game with me, placing the empties and jerking them out full every time I made a trip. If I had as good a system for making money with my arms as Palo Palowski, I wouldn't let anybody watch me, either.

Somehow he took to me and Florence, and because I felt sorry for him I moved him into a vacant room at Mrs. Taylor's. Florence and her mother liked him from the first—after they got over the shock of seeing him eat. His food doubled their grocery bills, but he made a lot of money and spent it all over the place.

At first he annoyed us. Outside of a mine he was dumb as a mushroom, sitting hour on end, while we talked or read, without saying a word, and following us all over the place. I felt like I'd been adopted by a pet elephant with a big heart. But Florence understood him better than I did.

"He's lonely, Billie," she told me one night, "and for some unknown reason he's crazy about you. The men don't like him, except for the money he spends, and they resent his work—but you're really fond of him, and he knows it."

"Fond of him!" I exploded. "Why—" I stopped, grinning sheepishly, then added lamely: "I guess I am." I never could put anything over on Florence.

If he wasn't so popular among the men, he rated high as a tipple tower with the kids. Tommy Blackburn was a grand advertiser, and he built Palo until you'd have thought no other miner in the country ever swung a pick. It's a shame that being kind to kids could lose a man his job.

I put on quite a show the morning the slate fell in Fifth Right. It wasn't a big fall—which is just another way of saying it was a killer. It isn't the big falls that are dangerous; it's the little ones, like the "pot bottoms," where a whirlpool twisted around a few million years ago and left a nice smooth fault in the rock, ready to drop on a miner's head.

Did I say Palowski was a good miner? He was seated on his rock pile, smoking as usual, when I placed the three cars in Fifth Right. He saw that slight crack widen over my head when I didn't even know it was there. I didn't know much after that, either, for he hit me. There was no time to yell, and I don't even remember his moving. He just socked me one on the point of the jaw that lifted me nicely off the motor and out of the way.

I went to Doc Nevers without a protest, because I didn't know I was going until I got there. The pot bottom did plenty to the motor. Palo carried me out, and I'm not as light as I used to be, but Doc Nevers told me he wasn't even panting.

I was plenty mad when I woke up and found that dumb gorilla had mentioned my cough; but the doctor was already busy with the headphones and orders for a trip to the hospital in Baltimore.

"So far as I can see, Billie," he said, looking gravely medical, "there's nothing the matter with you now that a friend of mine, named Waite, in Baltimore can't fix. That and a splendid concussion of the jawbone. Of course, if you want to stay around without treatment for a few more months, you can probably get a job waiting on the table in Arizona."

"I doubt if that fall would have hurt a head as thick as mine," I said ruefully, and left for Baltimore the next day.

Two weeks in bed, with a diet of stethoscopes, blood tests, and milk, was apparently all I needed. My lungs were good as Joe Louis' except for constant irritation. I left for home with Dr. Waite's assurance if I used reasonable care I could stick on my job. Naturally, I was riding high when I dropped into Moneta's to tell the town the real worth of Billie Magee.

The place was crowded, and I felt the strain as soon as I walked in. Moneta's grin was gone and his oily face was sympathetic. I sat down and started to take on beer, wondering what had slipped. Before the fourth bottle the story was dished up to me with gravy and potatoes.

Palo was through, fired, kicked out without a comeback.

I heard half a dozen versions before I got the straight one from Blackburn. He slid into the seat opposite me, and his face showed all the lines of ten years' bossing when he said: "We're all glad you're home, Billie."

"Why did you can him?" I asked, wiping my mouth with the back of my hand. "He was the best you ever had, by three, and the best you'll ever get. Do you know who dug up the money to air out my lungs in Baltimore?"

"Florence told me that, Billie, but I had to let him go." He stopped speaking and answered the rest by the set of his lips.

"Tommy, huh?" I blurted out. "I was afraid of that. I warned Palo to keep that dratted kid out of the mine." I was so mad, I went storming on about Blackie's own boy. "Why don't you keep him at home where he belongs? It's not much of a play to have a kid costing good men their living!"

I wished I hadn't said it when I saw him sag.

"You're right, Billie." He sort of mumbled. "I can't feel much worse about it than I do—but I found out he'd been takin' the kid through the mines on Sunday without permission—"

"What permission?" I put in disgustedly. "Where would he ever get permission to take any kid into Forty-two?"

Blackburn shook his head. "He couldn't, and he knew it, which makes it that much worse. On top of that, he was lettin' him stay in Fifth Right sometimes while he worked. The office had it, too. You know what that means—my job or his. It's hard to look after a mine and a kid like Tommy. You need a woman to help."

"Yes," I said, thinking of Florence, "I guess you do. Let's forget it! Palo can hang his disk on any checkboard in the country and make good—if he doesn't take a baby in with him in his lunch can!"

IT was gospel what I said about Palo holding a job anywhere around a vein of coal, but I missed out on one thing. I didn't know how much stubborn fat there was in his Polish head. He wouldn't leave Flintville. When I went up to the house, I found him sitting in the corner of the Taylor's sitting room. He looked like somebody had injected his face full of paraffin and wiped out his grin. I was empty inside as an inbound car, but I really tried to be cheerful.

For ten days Florence and I worked on him, turn and turn about; but all we got was: "I like it here, Billie, no? They don't make so many like you and Florence. I think I stay. Maybe they see I'm good, hey—and give me back my job?"

I got sick of it at last, and cussed him out; so he started hanging around Moneta's, half soggy with beer. The room on Fifth Right was vacant, making me swear every time I passed and slowed down to place unneeded cars. I never expected to see Billie Magee go soft over two hundred and forty pounds of round-faced Pole with muscles in his ears.

Two Sundays later young Tommy Blackburn, the boy wonder, took matters into his own hands and staged a demonstration of blasting in back of B Dip. It didn't do much except bring down a fault in front of B Dip—along with three hundred feet of main-heading roofing—and open up a gas feeder which nearly fried me and Palo Palowski to death.

Once a year, on Sunday, Mr. Claude Kissinger descended on Flintville from the heights of New York City and took a trolley ride through the mine. Since Mr. Kissinger was president of the Flintville Coal & Coke Company, the trip was more important than it sounds.

Kissinger was an engineer, and a

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS' TRAILER TRIP
GLAD YOU'RE FEELING BETTER, CHUBBINS --- BUT I'D LIKE YOU TO SEE THE DOCTOR JUST ONCE MORE BEFORE WE GO ON
AT MT. MANSFIELD, VERMONT
I'M GLAD YOU FIND ME O.K. TOO, DOC! NOW FOR THAT TRIP UP MT. MANSFIELD. I HOPE YOU'VE GOT TIME TO GO WITH US
DELIGHTED, JUDGE! WHY NOT LEAVE YOUR TRAILER HERE AND DRIVE UP IN MY CAR?
YOU'VE CERTAINLY MADE US FEEL AT HOME, HERE, DOCTOR
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU FOR ALL YOUR HOSPITALITY
TUT, TUT, JUDGE ---- HOW ABOUT THE FAVOR YOU DID IN INTRODUCING ME TO PRINCE ALBERT?
NOW YOU CAN SEE THAT MT. MANSFIELD LOOKS LIKE A MAN'S FACE LOOKING UP AT THE SKY. THERE'S HIS FOREHEAD, NOSE, LIPS, CHIN, AND-----
EVEN HIS ADAM'S APPLE!
NOW, WE'RE AT THE BASE OF THE NOSE. THE ROAD ENDS HERE; SO LET'S WALK TO THE SUMMIT, UP ON THE CHIN!
WE'LL SOON BE ON THE HIGHEST PEAK IN VERMONT, CHUBBINS
ISN'T THIS PEAK A LONELY SPOT?
WELL---LOOK AT THE EMPTY P.A. TIN. SOME UNFORTUNATE FELLOW RAN OUT OF PRINCE ALBERT 'WAY UP HERE
I'M ALWAYS READY FOR THAT EMERGENCY, JUDGE. I GET STUCK IN PRETTY REMOTE PLACES MYSELF; SO I ALWAYS CARRY AN EXTRA TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT
A WISE PRECAUTION, DOCTOR. THE MAN WHO SMOKES PRINCE ALBERT IS GETTING EXTRA SMOKING JOY---ALL THE MORE REASON WHY HE DOESN'T WANT TO MISS A SINGLE PIPE-LOAD
PRINCE ALBERT

BETWEEN YOU AND SMOKING JOY

Copr., 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

PRINCE ALBERT
GET NEXT TO REAL PIPE-PLEASURE, MEN. PRINCE ALBERT IS EXTRA MILD, YET RICHER TASTING
THAT GOES FOR P.A. 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES, TOO. THEY ROLL UP EASIER, FASTER, AND I GET AROUND 70 TO A TIN
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

THIS OFFER GOOD ANYWHERE IN U. S. A.

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

coal miner from shoes to cap lamp. The only thing I had against him was a couple of extra vice-presidents he always brought along. They knew enough to nod wisely and make knowing comments about the darkness.

I suppose we all make slips, but the worst I ever heard of was Claude Kissinger leaving his thirteen-year-old son Howard and his nine-year-old daughter Marge to be entertained by Blackie's boy.

I'd been inside for two hours with five of them—Kissinger and his two V.-P.s; Curtis, the G. M.; and Blackburn. We'd finished our tour of inspection and weren't more than a hundred yards from the trap on our way out when I heard the shot.

Noises inside a mine stick cockleburs in you, even when they're expected. That one, rumbling dully from behind us, started my heart on the double.

I glanced back quickly at Blackie; but he'd turned his head and was already looking back toward the sound.

Curtis' cap lamp shed light on white cheeks. "Somebody shooting, Blackburn," he said calmly. "Who's below today?"

Blackburn's head came around on a pivot. "Not a man."

I shoved the motor wide and scooted them out into daylight, braking down close beside the curly-haired form of Kissinger's daughter. She was standing alone by the tracks.

I think we knew the story before she raised her dainty hand and pointed to the mine mouth. Kissinger, his face gray as his clipped mustache, climbed from the car behind me and took her in his arms.

"Howard," he said gently. "Where is he, Marge?"

"He and Tommy went in there to play miner. They took lights on their hats and brown sticks and a piece of iron with them." Tears came to her brown eyes. "They wouldn't let me go along."

Blackburn tucked in his underlip and took charge. He forgot all about presidents and G. M.s and just ordered flatly: "You stay here. Billie Magee knows more about Forty-two than I do. We'll find them—if—"

BAYNARD KENDRICK

served with the Canadians during the World War and has been, since then, an editor, a dishwasher, a pianist in a motion-picture theater, a real-estate broker, a motor assembler, a hotel manager. He started his writing in 1932.

He jumped in the car behind me, and I gunned her off without waiting.

"Where, Billie?" he asked as we ran in. "For the Lord's sake, where?"

"The old heading back of B Dip. It's bratticed off, but there's a passage big enough to get through if you know your way. There's a room in there with red moss all over the roof. Tommy's told me about it."

"That shot—" he began.

"It came from somewhere beyond B Dip—in the mined-out headings, I think."

Neither of us said more, for both of us knew too well that a fall might start from a shot in the old part of the mine. The rumble came as we reached the trap, apologetic at first, saying, "This is a bad time, I know. But sooner or later I had to come down." Easy as that. Shoving its noise ahead through the main heading, to tell the world the horseback in front of B Dip had caved.

Everything was quiet while Blackburn and I sat there and waited. Everything was quiet in Flintville, with the sudden hush which can close its fist around the throat of a coal-mine town.

Three forty-five on a Sunday afternoon, and everything holding its breath. Trains not moving, kids not playing, and not a bird with a chirp in its throat.

We heard the hissing back of the trap before I opened it. An old sound, that, to a lot of miners. A gas feeder—cracked through by the fall.

Then it *bopped,* and blew the trap out wide in our faces, showing us the long green ribbon blocking the heading with flame. I stood there looking at it, holding my hand in front of my face and thinking how pretty it was. You do that for a time when the world turns over on its back like a turtle. There we stood, helpless as fools, until the door swung slowly closed, shutting it off from view.

Blackburn didn't wait for the train but ran for the engine house. I cut the breaker switch right outside of the trap, killing the live wire in the mine. The *whoo-eee* of the fire siren brought me back to life. When I backed the empties out, some of the women were already there, their feet heavy with black coaly mud from running across the railroad tracks and up the hill.

The rescue squad came swarming down from the engine room, adjusting their long-hosed masks; but a look at the checkboard stopped them, and one of the men said, "God, what a break! There's no one below!"

"Except my son," said Kissinger, clinging tightly to the sobbing girl in his arms, "and Mr. Blackburn's boy."

"There's no chance at this end!" Blackburn yelled, and waved them back. "There's fire here, and we can't get through. Get the nearest automobiles! Our only hope is to drive over Black Peter and get in the other end of the shaft!"

I watched them run, and watched the women follow, all but one. Trim and neat in her Sunday dress, she stood and looked at me. Lights were shining in her eyes—but I wasn't thinking of eyes. My mind was on the round-faced Pole standing beside her, bulging out of his cheap store clothes.

I left the motor and ran for the emergency hut by the engine room. Back at the train, I lopped off all but one of the pit cars and threw in dynamite and masks. They were still standing there motionless, the mud above their shoes.

"Billie!" I'd never heard her voice like that before. There was warmth in it, and love, but no fear. It kept me going. I couldn't have stood her fear just then, for I had too much of my own.

"What are you going to do?" she added softly.

"There're a couple of kids in there." I tried to grin. "Blackie's son and the Kissinger boy."

Both of us turned toward Palo. The sogginess of too much beer was melting away from his face as I spoke.

He'd been kicked out by Blackburn, and it wasn't my place to ask him back into Forty-two on the trip I figured making. I found my breath had stopped, waiting for him to speak. I was on a job I couldn't do alone.

"What you figure, Billie, hey? Blackburn he say there's fire there, no? You runnin' through?"

"I'm trying it, Palo. Tommy made a shot somewhere back of B Dip heading and started a fall. If the fall didn't kill them, there's a chance they're still alive."

"That shot no kill him." His blue eyes opened wide and clear. "Me, Palo Palowski, I teach that Tommy plenty! He shoot powder near good as me!"

"I hope so, Palo." I notched the motor, starting slowly. "I'm makin' a man trip—to see if you're right."

"By gar, Billie!"—he vaulted into the moving car—"if you're makin' a man trip, you better take a *man* along!" The moon grin was back on his big wide face.

Without warning, Florence threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. Then, running by the creeping train, she did the same for me.

"Will you watch him, Palo?"

"Don't you worry, hey!" He waved a giant hand. "Me, I'm better'n a machine! I'm too tough, by gar, to burn!"

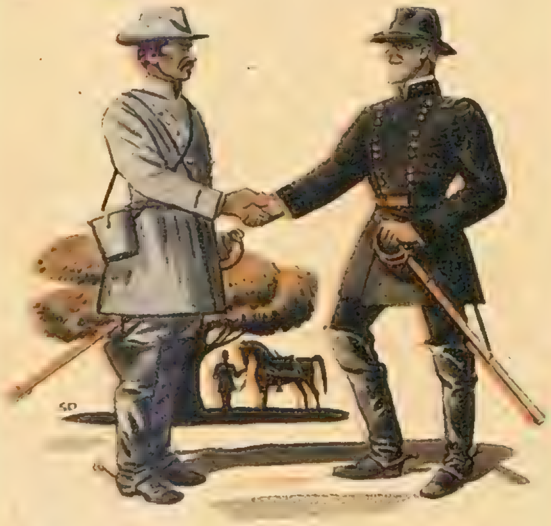
It wasn't rescue work I was engaged in. It was suicide, murder, and a dead man's medal for Billie Magee. I knew it, Florence knew it, and Palo knew it. Knowing it, he'd come along with a grin on his face and a smile in his Polish heart, and once on the way there was no turning back.

I hopped off and threw in the breaker switch, feeding juice back into the mine, while Palo opened the trap. The wire was still up. I knew by that the gas feeder was open close to the ground. If the flames were hitting the copper wire direct, it would already be melted through. I wasn't worried about the return trip, for I doubted if we'd make one.

With gas masks keeping us both silent, I opened the motor up full and drove into the wall of flame. I didn't know how wide it was, and don't know now. I felt it licking at my hands. If the *(Continued on page 28)*

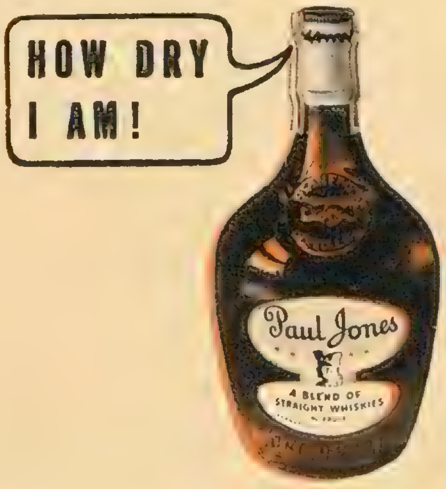
Whiskey Exam for Men

1. **Q:** What year is famous because it marked the end of a war and the birth of an illustrious whiskey?



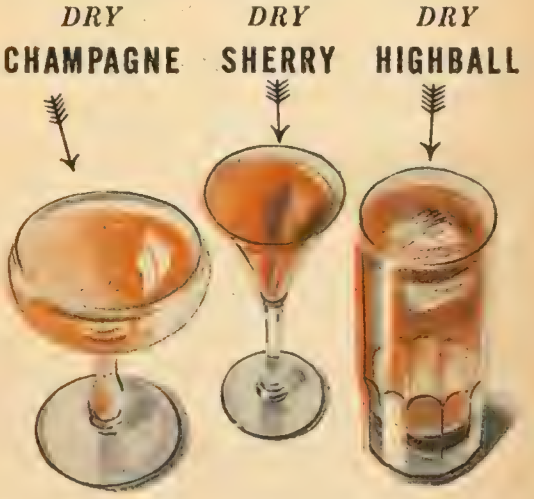
A: 1865—for in that year the Civil War ended and Paul Jones Whiskey was brought forth—and quickly became known the country over as "A gentleman's whiskey."

2. **Q:** What quality is this whiskey especially noted for today?


HOW DRY I AM!
Paul Jones
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES

A: Above all, for its DRYNESS. For Paul Jones is a truly DRY whiskey—hearty and robust, as a man's whiskey should be—yet without even a trace of sweetness in its make-up.

3. **Q:** Why does this quality of DRYNESS appeal to so many discriminating drinkers?



A: Naturally, connoisseurs were quick to acclaim Paul Jones, for it brings them the same quality of DRYNESS they've always sought in their champagne, sherry, and highballs, too.

4. **Q:** What is the best way to try a DRY whiskey?

A: That depends entirely on the drink you prefer. You'll find that Paul Jones, because of its brisk, keen-flavored DRYNESS, is very much on the special side, whether you try it straight, in a cocktail, or in a highball.

5. **Q:** When is the best time to try it?

A: We can't think of any better time than right now! So we suggest that you try Paul Jones at your favorite bar—or buy a bottle at the nearest package store *today*. Once you discover how *grand* DRY whiskey can be, you'll say, "It's Paul Jones for *me*—from now on!"

Paul Jones

IT'S DRY*

and every drop is straight WHISKEY!

*DRY means not sweet.

A blend of straight whiskies—
100% straight whiskies—90 proof
Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated,
Louisville and Baltimore

I GOT A SMILE OUT OF THE BOSS!
BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM
BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM
GOOD FOR DIGESTION

Say, who said the boss wasn't human? Right in the middle of a Board meeting he wanted a stick of Beeman's. And with every Director casting hopeful glances in my direction I opened an extra pack in my purse and passed it around.

"Have a treat on Miss Street," said the boss. "You never tasted a tangier flavor. Relax and rejoice with Beeman's. Even our new budget will be easier to take. You will find that flavor as fresh as an ocean breeze."

BEEMAN'S AIDS DIGESTION

(Continued from page 26)

dynamite in the car got temperamental, it wouldn't matter anyhow; but somehow it went through.

The headlights brightened as we passed the second breaker switch a quarter of a mile inside. I knew somewhere the wire was shorted, throwing too much juice back on to the main line; but I kept her wide open, clattering over the switches at a dangerous speed. Once I looked back, but after that I kept my eyes straight ahead. The tunnel made a camera, with the fire for a lens. I didn't want a picture of Flintville's streets and Florence. It made the going too hard.

The opening at Fifth Right yawned blackly. I shut off the juice and touched my head. Straight ahead, black as the bottom of a tar barrel, was the fall. The motor lights reached out and touched it dully through shimmering dust. For an instant both of us just sat still and looked. A hundred yards of roofing was down, blocking the air shaft which ran parallel to B Dip.

Back of me, Palo asked, "How far, Billie, how far?"—and I knew the fool had lifted his mask. "The breathing—she's all right, Billie. I'm going through."

I raised my own mask to reply. The air was hot, smoky and acrid.

"The opening to the air shaft's ten feet beyond the edge of the fall."

"We can get into B Dip from that air shaft, no?"

"If we stay alive, yes. But we can't get in at this end, Palo. Not for hours. It'll take a crew."

"I'm better'n a crew, no?" said Palo. "You drop back, Billie, with the cars. I'm blasting through."

CLUTCHING dynamite, he stepped in front of the lights. Somewhere along the line he'd shed the top of his ugly clothes, and the whiteness of his back showed deep grooves and furrows as he moved. His face had lost its roundness. The grin showed over a rock-square jaw.

I'm the only living man who ever saw him work. He never stopped to touch a drill, but swung his big head from side to side, placing and capping his shots so fast I couldn't watch. Never a false rock did he touch, but picked the key ones with a pair of eyes and an instinct that could see sulphur balls through coal. He threaded his fuse like a woman at her tatting, and snubbed it so short I caught my breath, fearing we'd never get away. We were scarcely safe when the shots banged loose. Before their noise had died he was back into the pile.

On his knees, he went after the biggest boulders, quartering them with short-arm swings that drove the pick out of sight, straightening up with a four-man load until the bunched-up strength in his back was as hard as the rocks in his hands. It killed me to sit there idle, but I'd sense enough to know I couldn't help.

Twice more he shot and dove into the pile before he tapped the air shaft with an opening big enough to let me through.

I wasted no breath talking or calling. I tried to keep from coughing as the valve in my mask began to click from my breathing.

The air course was hardly four feet high, and the dust so thick it squeezed around my safety light in a ball. It was quiet, too—just a trickle of water running away into the mountain from a tiny underground stream. Stinging sweat was blinding me before I reached the end of the course.

The airway sloped under a low roof where it connected with B Dip, and I made it on hands and knees. In B Dip part of the roof was down between me and the main-heading fall. It doesn't take much to start a roof going if it's already made up its mind to flop. I got an idea then of what had really happened.

It wasn't a big explosion, for the brattice at the end was still intact, but I knew what speed I had to make if I found those kids alive. Carbon monoxide from the dust explosion was creeping up on them.

THE mask valve clicked faster when I found the passage clear around the brattice. At the end I sort of popped out into the room hung with the red-moss whiskers. Some old rotten props were piled knee-deep to one side, and on them was a coal auger. Beyond, on the floor, was rock and coal from a fresh-made shot. Way back a couple of lights burned needle sharp.

I thought they were dead until Tommy grinned, waved his hand weakly, and went to sleep on the shoulder of Kissinger's kid sitting beside him.

It's hard to move one unconscious body through a narrow tunnel four feet high. But I dragged the two of them on a single trip. A hundred yards down below is farther than a mile aboveground. The bad air gets you, and the darkness.

I was halfway along the air course when I went down, and lay quiet between the two of them, my arms across their shoulders, until Palo dragged me through the widened hole into the main heading and cuffed me back to life.

He dumped the boys into the car like crossties, and, walking in my sleep, I got them under way. In sight of the fire, I stopped. We'd never get them through!

Our gas masks had saved us coming in, but you couldn't tell unconscious kids to hold their breath, or bite down on the mouthpiece of a mask. There was just one chance. It meant lost time, but I had to take it.

"Brattice cloth!" I told Palo. "There's some in the shack we just passed."

He got it without my having to draw a picture.

Brattice cloth is the heavy fireproofed canvas used for shut-off curtains in the air shafts to control the ventilation. Palo ripped it loose like rotten linen. A small drainage stream ran beside the tracks. We soaked it well, saved a piece to cover ourselves, and wrapped each of the kids.

The heat from the fire was strong there, drying the sweat on my hands.

I climbed back on to the motor, and shoved her wide to climb the grade. Thirty feet from the roaring feeder I saw the live wire melt in two—spitting death as it fell.

I've always said some men were better than machines. Palo Palowski didn't melt in two and leave us to broil alive in a mine fire. There was juice beyond the breaker switch right outside the trap. He knew how to get it in to that train. He had the stinger cable paying off the drum before I could speak! Brattice cloth waving from his shoulders, he vanished into the fire.

Half groggy, I watched the black cable snake along the track, judging Palo's progress by each turn of the drum. I doubted we could make the trip in pit cars—and they offered some protection from that natural blowtorch flaming out of the ground. Yet, somehow, he was keeping on the move. I found myself counting aloud—urging him along with futile words. When the flame billowed toward me, I knew the trap was open and he was through. Ten feet beyond the trap was the breaker switch—and the trolley wire still up and alive. With the stinger hook hooked over that wire, my train would move again.

I WAS too far gone to think clearly when the cable snagged under the end of a crosstie. Leadenly I pulled myself from the motor, stumbled ahead to release it, and left my control full on.

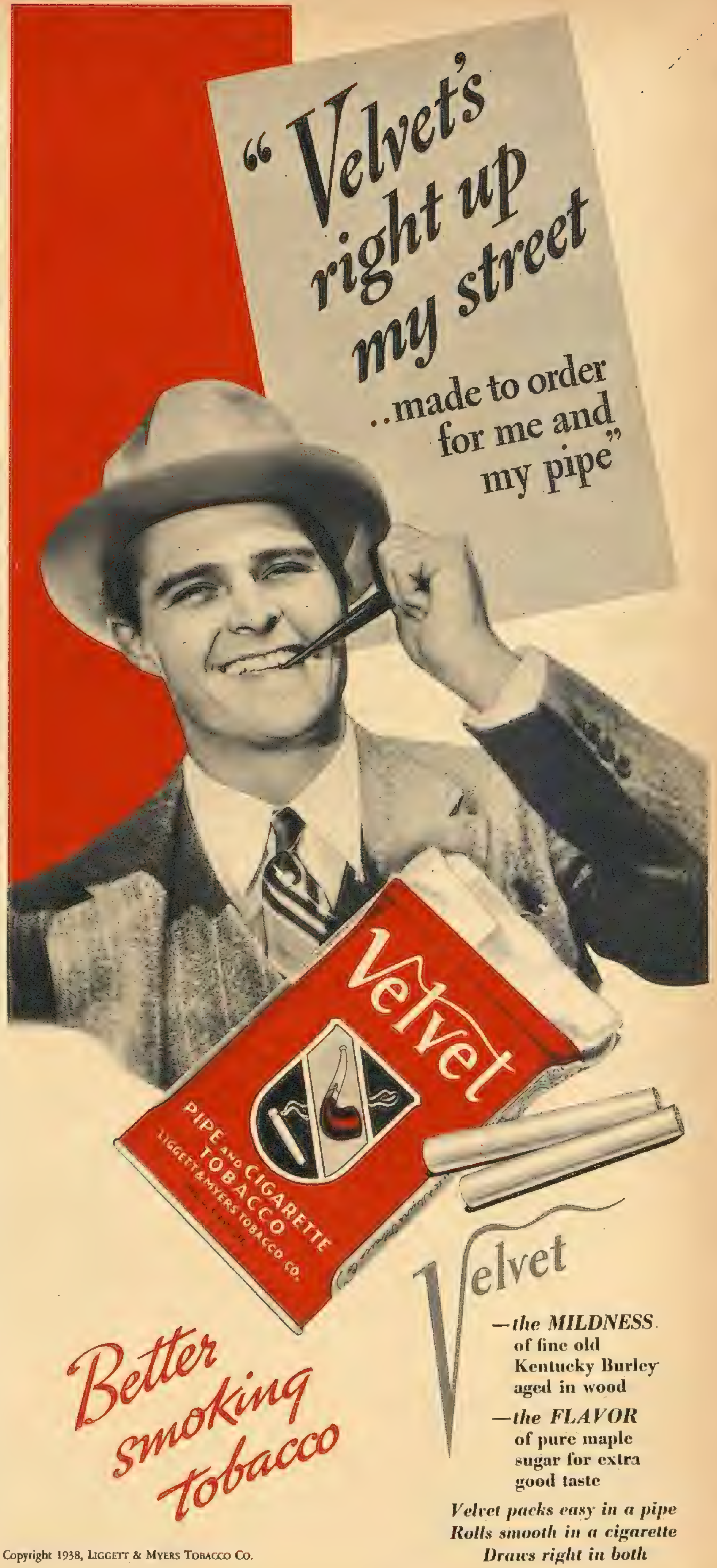
The lights came up as he made contact, but I just stood dumbly watching the car wheels spin. Then I jumped for my own train going by me, and missed it. I lay down full length in the shallow running water and hoped I could stay there forever.

The big dope didn't even wait to get the motor as it came out the mouth minus a motorman. He left it to others to stop the train and revive the unconscious boys. With half the skin fried off him, he ran back and carried me through. Two more trips through a blast of searing gas to get an Irish motorman named Billie Magee. And why? I wondered.

He gave me the answer from the cot next to mine in the hospital. Looking bulkier than a snow man in his bandages, he turned one big round eye to where Florence, Blackburn, and Kissinger stood between our beds. He passed them by to look at me. I couldn't see his ears, but I knew they were trying to wiggle.

"That Tommy's a good miner, hey, Billie? We make a man trip for a fella like him any day! And you, Billie—she say to watch you, no? By gar, she know I can't leave you to die. I'm working here again and I love you very much. Ten different mines I try in twenty years—and you're the only man who ever gets me cars!"

THE END



"Velvet's right up my street
..made to order for me and my pipe"
Velvet
PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
Better smoking tobacco
Velvet

—the MILDNESS of fine old Kentucky Burley aged in wood

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Velvet packs easy in a pipe
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Draws right in both

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Music, madness, mystery—A daring, colorful novel of love, marriage, and sinister revenge plunges swiftly on

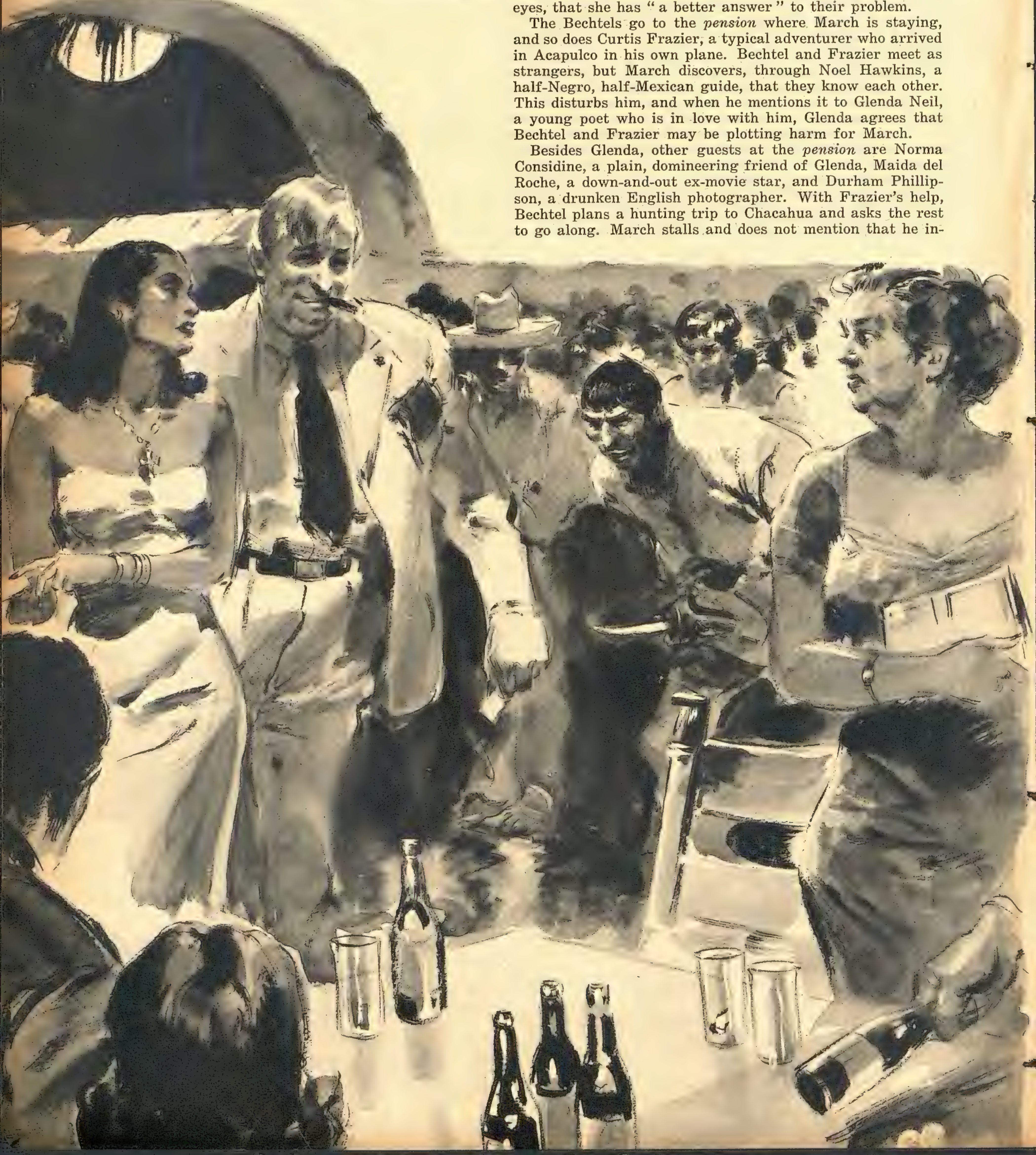
ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENTINI

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

WHEN Trudie Bechtel and her husband arrive in Acapulco on a tourist ship, Lawrence March scents trouble and decides to leave. March, a not too successful author, has had an affair with Trudie in the States and has come to the little Mexican town to try to forget. To all appearances, Bechtel is unaware that his wife and March have ever met, but March is suspicious of the man's motives for coming to Acapulco. He asks Trudie to leave with him, but she refuses. Although she loves him, she says she is afraid to face poverty, and then she adds, with a hard glint in her eyes, that she has "a better answer" to their problem.

The Bechtels go to the *pension* where March is staying, and so does Curtis Frazier, a typical adventurer who arrived in Acapulco in his own plane. Bechtel and Frazier meet as strangers, but March discovers, through Noel Hawkins, a half-Negro, half-Mexican guide, that they know each other. This disturbs him, and when he mentions it to Glenda Neil, a young poet who is in love with him, Glenda agrees that Bechtel and Frazier may be plotting harm for March.

Besides Glenda, other guests at the *pension* are Norma Considine, a plain, domineering friend of Glenda, Maida del Roche, a down-and-out ex-movie star, and Durham Phillipson, a drunken English photographer. With Frazier's help, Bechtel plans a hunting trip to Chacahua and asks the rest to go along. March stalls and does not mention that he in-



LOSE THE WOMAN!

BY WHITMAN CHAMBERS

tends quitting Acapulco that night. But he doesn't leave, after all. For when he looks for his car keys, he finds they are missing. Have they been stolen to prevent his going?

He is determined that the lack of keys shan't keep him and when the crowd goes to Los Cocos, a rowdy dance hall, he goes with them and tells Noel Hawkins to wire to the makers of his car in Detroit, asking for duplicate keys.

PART FOUR—BLOOD AT LOS COCOS

DURING the intermission Phillipson leaned across the table and remarked: " I say, Larry. That friend of yours, that black boy, is going to get into trouble."

" I don't doubt it." I had enough troubles of my own without worrying about Noel Hawkins'. " What's he done now? "

" He took a girl away from one of those Mexicans. Walked right up on the dance floor and took her away. They're out at the bar."

" You ought to do something, Larry," said Maida del Roche. " He's really a nice boy. I'd hate to see him get knifed by one of these Indios."

" He's pretty drunk, too," Glenda said.

I rose reluctantly. " I'd like to know what this makes me," I growled. " Here I've been warning you people to mind your own business, and now— Oh, all right. I'll see what I can do."

I went out and found Noel and his girl at the bar.

" Hello, Noel," I said.

He came over beside me, lowered his voice. " Look, Mr. March. I think you an' your friends ought to go. That big guy with the red face is drunk and he's been makin' cracks about these spigs. Some of the men here are gettin' cockeyed, and they might start something."

I didn't realize until then how utterly absurd it was for me to give any advice to Noel. After all, the kid lived in this town. These Mexicans, even if he was technically an American citizen, were his people. Who was I to tell him to leave?

" Thanks, Noel. I'll see if I can get them to go."

I ordered a drink for him and his girl and went back to the table and sat down.

We sat around for a while, drinking beer and watching the dancers. It was after midnight by this time and the crowd was getting rowdy. Most of the men carried bottles of tequila in their hip pockets, and nearly all of them, I knew, carried knives concealed somewhere in their shabby clothes.

Norma and Glenda, and Phillipson too, were growing restive. Trudie seemed to be coasting along, not paying much attention to anything, a very tired young woman. Frazier sat like a rock and drank beer after beer. Only Maida and Ben Bechtel, talking away about nothing, seemed to be enjoying themselves.

Even Maida, after a while, appeared to run down, and Bechtel sat up and took an interest in the motley crowd of girls that milled around the floor between dances. I knew by the look in his bleary eyes that he was getting ready to play the part of the *loco Americano.* He finally got up and, without a word to any one, left the table. He crossed the floor, swaying a little, and went up to a tall, voluptuous, Oriental-looking Indian girl who stood talking to a Mexican. Her name, Noel told us, was Serafina, and more men had been knifed over her than over any other woman in Acapulco.

When the music started Bechtel danced away with her.

A squat Indian leaped out of the stag line. I saw the glint of steel in his hand as he lunged.

Phillipson laughed unsteadily. " That is what you call—how do you say it, old chap?—sticking your neck out."

" That's how we say it," Maida retorted testily, " and that's what he's doing. That Mexican he took her away from is not only looking daggers—he's getting ready to throw one. Let's get him out of here, Larry."

" I'm through trying to get people out of here. Let him have his fun."

Maida looked at Frazier. He was very busily filling his beer glass; if he had heard our remarks, he gave no sign.

Norma Considine said, half rising: " I think we'd better go." Her voice was getting whiny; it rasped on my raw nerves like the screech of a dull file on steel.

" Sit down! " I snapped. " We'll leave when Mr. Bechtel is ready. This is his party."

" It may well be his funeral," Maida sighed.

And I knew there were at least two of us who hoped it would be.

When the dance ended we saw Bechtel give the girl a bill. It had to be five pesos or better, because there's nothing smaller. Serafina, accustomed to dancing for ten centavos a dance, was tickled pink.

Bechtel left her beside her boy friend and came back to the table. He was grinning fatuously.

" Boy, when I pick 'em, I *pick* 'em. How about it, folks? "

Only Phillipson tried to rise to his mood. " How was she, Mr. Bechtel? "

" She was, my English friend, a very warm mama." He fanned his face with a tan silk handkerchief. " Does anybody mind if I bring her over to the table after the next dance? "

" I mind," said Maida sulkily.

" And I most certainly mind," Norma Considine chimed in virtuously.

Bechtel gave them a hearty insulting laugh. " Anybody else object? "

" Old chap, you're riding for a fall." Phillipson, tugging nervously at his small blond mustache, appeared most amazingly sober. " Personally, I'd rather not fall with you. How do you feel about it, Frazier? . . . March? "

We didn't answer him.

" Nonsense, nonsense! " Bechtel blustered. " I'm not afraid of these stinking little spigs."

The music started just then and Bechtel stomped off, dodging couples already on the floor. Serafina, by the time he had reached her, was dancing with her Mexican. Bechtel shoved between them, grabbed the girl and swung her away.

For a minute or two they were lost in the crowd. Noel Hawkins, doing a rumba with his trim little Indian girl, came into my line of vision. As they came by, Noel bent toward me and whispered hoarsely:

" Git . . . him . . . out! "

They went on without missing a step.

I realized abruptly that Curtis Frazier had snapped out of it. He was carefully wiping the necks of two beer bottles with his handkerchief. After a moment he passed one across the table.

" Wipe the sweat off your hand before you take this," he said tersely. " A wet beer bottle is a pretty slippery thing. The second time you use it it'll be broken. Shove it in their faces and twist it. Twist it, see? "

I took the bottle. None of the others at our table saw the byplay; they were too absorbed in watching Bechtel.

When the dance finally ended and the lights went on we were all breathless with waiting. The stag line had moved farther on to the floor and it was humming with a low-pitched growling murmur.

Ben Bechtel, grinning, his arm around the tall Indian girl, started toward our table.

Norma Considine stood up abruptly. "I am going. I refuse to sit at the same table with that woman."

Hardly any one heard Norma; no one, certainly, paid any attention to her. For at that instant a squat swarthy Indian leaped out of the stag line. I saw the glint of steel in his hand as he lunged toward the smirking, completely oblivious Bechtel. The thought ran through my head: A man's prayer sometimes *is* answered!

And then Noel Hawkins' hard lithe form shot out of the crowd. He must have brought that fist up from somewhere around his ankles. I never even saw it. But I heard, above the tense silence that now gripped the place, the crushing smack as it struck the Indian's jaw.

The man's legs buckled under him and he went down, his momentum skidding him fully ten feet across the floor.

Ben Bechtel, trying to talk to the Indian girl in Spanish, didn't tumble that anything was up until he heard the ominous mutter of the stag line as it slowly shuffled toward our table.

Then he turned and half faced it. His jaw dropped and he started to sputter in bewilderment. Drunk as he was, he couldn't mistake the menace in the faces of those dark-skinned shabby men.

Noel Hawkins caught Bechtel's arm and shoved him toward our table.

"You git out, mister!" he cried breathlessly. "You git out quick! The back door. You run, mister!"

Bechtel went white around the lips. "What the hell!" he blustered. "I'm not afraid of—"

No, he wasn't afraid! He was shaking like a malaria victim in the grip of a hard chill.

Frazier was on his feet now, starting around the table. Hardly realizing what I was doing, I got up and swung around the opposite side of the table.

"Mr. March, you git him out!" Noel pleaded. The kid, in his excitement and anxiety, was almost in tears. "I don't want to see no American killed in this joint. I'm an American myself, Mr. March. You git him out."

The line of surly muttering Mexicans was almost at our table. Bechtel was facing them, cringing, edging backward. Noel, pleading with me to get Bechtel out of there, had his back to them.

And all at once a man leaped out of the crowd and for the second time that night I saw the gleam of steel.

"Noel! Look out!" I screamed.

Noel spun on his toes, threw up an arm to ward off the knife thrust and at the same time leaped sidewise.

I was only dimly conscious of Frazier's yell: "Keep out of that, March!"

The neck of the beer bottle was dry and secure in my hand. I swung it with all my strength, felt a shock at the end of my arm, and then the man with the knife was on the floor. Blood was streaming out of a cut that ran clear across his forehead and I had only half a beer bottle in my hand.

Phillipson by this time was rushing the girls toward the rear of the dance floor. Noel shouted something in Spanish to his little Indian girl and she ran after them.

Frazier stepped out; his arms hung limply at his sides; he had a beer bottle in each hand. He barked a few Spanish words. The tight line of Mexicans wavered, fell back a few steps. In the cleared space thus formed the two Indians lay crumpled and motionless.

"Noel! Get Bechtel out of here," Frazier ordered coolly, without turning his head for an instant from the Mexicans. "Snappy, boy! If he doesn't want to go, crack him in the jaw and drag him."

Bechtel wanted to go. He turned and ran toward the rear door, with Noel hot on his heels.

After a moment Frazier snapped: "O. K., March! Let's scram!"

We turned and followed Bechtel and Noel, and we didn't waste any time. Out in the back we overtook the others; Noel's Indian girl was guiding Phillipson and the women down the alley to a cross street. We turned right, circled around the block, and reached our cars. Just as we piled in, the front door of the dance hall burst open and all the Mexicans in the world streamed out.

I WAS KIND OF BOTHERED TILL THE BOSS SAID, "YOU KNOW GOOD BOURBON, DICK"
WE'VE STILL AN HOUR BEFORE WE TAKE THE TRAIN, AND WE COULD LOOK OVER THOSE COST SHEETS YOU'VE BEEN WORKING ON.
FINE, MR. BLAINE. HOW ABOUT GOING OVER TO MY APARTMENT? IT'S RIGHT CLOSE TO THE STATION.
YOU HAVE A NICE COZY PLACE HERE, DICK.
THANKS. AND I'D LIKE TO MIX YOU A HIGHBALL IF YOU CARE FOR ONE.
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THIS IS AN EXCELLENT HIGHBALL, DICK. CRAB ORCHARD, I'LL BET! I SEE YOU NOT ONLY KNOW GOOD KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY BUT A REAL VALUE WHEN YOU SEE IT.
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WHISKEY

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON

90 PROOF

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Our drivers, miraculously, were awake. They got under way and in a few seconds the crowd of shouting men was obscured by the clouds of our dust.

Bechtel, in the first car, leaned out and called: "Hey, March! I gotta have a drink. Where can we get it?"

I didn't doubt in the least that he needed a drink; I needed one myself. I told our driver to take us around the square, and we finally pulled up in front of a combination cantina and poolroom which stayed open all night. Everybody got out and went inside. The place was deserted except for a sleepy-eyed fat Chinese behind the bar.

And there, in front of the bar, Bechtel turned on me. "I've seen a lot of fools in my life, March, but you're certainly tops. After warning us to keep out of trouble, you have to risk all our necks by butting into a fight this nigger started." He whirled on Noel and barked: "Take that Indian wench and get out of here!"

I stared in amazement. The man was pretty well oiled, but I thought surely by this time he must have realized that Noel had saved his life.

NOEL'S lips drew into a thin line and a faintly greenish tinge came over his face. You could see he was fighting to keep his temper in check as he said steadily:

"That ain't no way to talk to me, Mr. Bechtel. I got as much right in this cantina as you have. Mr. March is my friend and he told me to come in and have a drink, and I ain't leavin' till Mr. March tells me to."

Bechtel's red face got redder. "Listen, you! I'm not taking any back talk from a nigger."

"I ain't talkin' back, Mr. Bechtel," Noel said quietly. "I'm just tellin' you that—"

Noel broke off as Bechtel swung around and jerked a billiard cue out of the rack on the wall. The kid never moved, but I could see his muscles tensing and I knew that if Bechtel ever made a pass at him with that cue, Noel would knock him cold.

"Better put it down, Mr. Bechtel."

There was cool authority in Frazier's voice, a faintly amused smile on his lips.

"There's been enough trouble for one night," Frazier went on. "I think we'd be wise to go back to the *pension*. I have a bottle in my room, if you need a drink."

It was obvious that Frazier's was the voice of authority, and yet it was hard for me to reconcile Bechtel as a person who took orders from anybody. Now, however, he stood the cue against the wall, turned, and stalked from the cantina. Trudie looked at me, shrugged helplessly, and followed.

"Well, I guess the party is over," I said. "We might as well get home to bed. Thanks, Noel, for being there when we needed you. You're all right, kid."

"I never done nothin', Mr. March."

No, not much. You've just handed me the job of killing Ben Bechtel

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when a drunken Indian was about to save me the trouble. But you didn't know the score, Noel, and you're all right.

I tossed a couple of pesos on the bar and told the Chinese to give Noel and his girl a drink.

"Are we likely to hear anything more of this trouble?" I asked.

Noel shrugged. "It all depends on what happens to that guy you hit with the beer bottle."

"Suppose he dies?"

Noel shrugged again, sighing; he didn't look very happy. "If he dies, Mr. March, I'd say that Acapulco wouldn't be no safe place for you to stay."

"What about the police?" I asked.

"Aw, the police won't bother you, no matter what happens. The police don't care nothin' about them dance-hall fights. But that guy you hit has got lots of friends and they might make you trouble if he dies."

And the next morning, when I met Noel at the Seven Seas, he told me the Mexican I had slugged with the beer bottle was dead.

"You ought to get out of here for a while, Mr. March," he said. "You wouldn't have to stay long. In a few days somethin' else'll come up and those guys'll forget all about that fight. I guess I ought to get out too, only I ain't got no place to go."

"I can't go until I get the keys to my car. And if I wire the factory this morning, it will still take three or four days to get them down here air mail. Let's send that telegram."

We walked over to the post office and I wired my engine number to the factory and asked them to send keys immediately by air mail. Noel tipped the chief operator and assured me the telegram would go out at once.

AS we were walking out, the operator called us back. He went to his desk, picked up a sheet of white paper, and he and Noel went into a long confab in staccato Spanish. After what seemed ten minutes of palavering, Noel handed me the paper. "He says somebody filed this message about half an hour ago."

The telegram was addressed to the factory in Detroit where my car is made. It read: "Please disregard all telegraphic requests for keys to my car engine number A56219. Mexican auto thieves using this method to steal cars." It was signed with my name, Lawrence March.

Well, that answered one question anyway. My keys had been stolen, not lost, and whoever had stolen them was doing his best to see that I got no duplicates.

"Ask him if he knows who sent it, Noel. See if you can get a description of the party."

They palavered a while longer, and then the operator went out to the telegraph window and talked to the girl on duty there. He came back and told Noel that the telegram was filed by a Mexican whom the girl didn't know.

"That's what I thought," I said. "Whoever sent it picked up some street loafer, gave him the telegram and the money, and watched from a distance while he filed it. . . . Look here, Noel. Ask him if this message has been sent yet."

No, there was a lot of government stuff ahead of it. I slipped a five-peso note under the message and handed it back to the operator.

"Tell your friend, Noel, that if this wire doesn't go out for a couple of days we will be deeply indebted to him."

Noel told him, and with a formal handshake and a *mil gracias* we bowed ourselves out.

"Somebody," Noel remarked, "sure wants you to stay in Acapulco."

"I'm not leaving Acapulco till I'm good and ready."

Noel shook his head. "I don't know nothing about this key business, Mr. March, but I'm givin' it to you straight. You ought to get out on account of that killing."

"We'll talk about that later. Here comes Frazier."

THE pilot had just stepped out of Cooper's Express office. He came across the plaza to meet us.

"How are you this morning, March? Hello, Noel." He seemed in a good humor and very friendly. "You're just the people I've been looking for. Come over to the Seven Seas and we'll have a talk."

We followed him across the street and sat down and ordered drinks.

"I met Bechtel on the beach when I went for a swim at six," Frazier said. "He was feeling pretty awful."

"That nearly breaks my heart."

"Mine too," Frazier grinned, "although really he isn't a bad sort. Anyway, Mrs. Bechtel evidently straightened him out on what happened last night and he feels pretty sunk about it. Remorse and a hang-over are a tough combination. I'm sure when he sees you—and Noel—he'll apologize for those nasty cracks he made."

Frazier finished his drink, edged his chair closer to the table, and went on:

"Here's the low-down on the hunting trip, March. I've been making inquiries around and I find that I'd be a sucker to risk my ship trying to land it at Chacahua when I've never been there. There's a landing field of sorts up the river a mile or two, but everybody tells me I'd never find it because it's not marked off.

"Now, there's a Mexican freighter called the Merida leaving at six tonight for Chacahua and Salina Cruz. She has accommodations for seven or eight passengers.

"My idea is this: You and the Bechtels and whoever else is going will take the Merida to Chacahua. You'll be there at nine tomorrow morning. You can find out from the natives where this dry field is and stake it out roughly with a few flags. I'll fly down tomorrow afternoon. I'll follow the coast until I hit Chacahua, then I'll turn upriver, spot your flags, and land. We can hire some native guides, do our hunting, and when we're ready to leave I'll fly the whole party out in two trips. How does it sound?"

"It sounds like going to a lot of trouble to kill a few undersized deer," I said.

Frazier shrugged. "Don't you want to go?"

"Sure I want to go." I had to get out of Acapulco some way for a few days, didn't I? "What will it cost?"

"Your passage on the Merida—twenty pesos—and your share of the grub. Nothing more."

"That's cheaper than staying at Caleta. What does Bechtel think of it?"

"He's for it. He's at Casa Hudson now, reserving the accommodations on the Merida. . . . One thing more. Noel, can you cook?"

"My father was a cook in the United States army for twenty years," Noel declared proudly. "He's taught me all he knows."

"You're hired, boy. Well, what do you say, March?"

I thought: *You're strangely eager to drag me on this trip, aren't you, Frazier? Why? What is there about my company that's so desirable?*

AND yet, as far as I was concerned, the question was really this: *Shall I stay in Acapulco until my keys get down from Detroit, and maybe get rubbed out by that gang from the taxi dance; or do I go to Chacahua with Frazier and Bechtel, and maybe come to the same sad end?*

"I'm for it, Frazier. What can I do toward the preparations?"

"Not a thing. Bechtel is making the reservations and I'm tending to the grub and supplies."

"O. K. If you want me for anything, I'll be at Caleta. And don't forget to take plenty of mosquito netting."

"Glad you reminded me. Be seeing you at lunch, then."

He went off across the square, walking with the arrogant driving stride of a salesman who has just closed a big deal and wants to get away before his customer has a change of heart.

"That fellow Frazier," Noel said thoughtfully—"it seemed to me like he wanted you to go on this trip awful bad."

Nobody's fool, this Noel.

"Maybe that's why I'm going," I said.

"Look, Mr. March. You got a gun?" demanded Noel.

"No."

"Well—I think maybe I'd get one if I was you."

"Mr. Bechtel," I said, "is just bristling with guns."

"That won't do you no good, Mr. March."

"It may do me a lot of good, Noel."

"Aw right. You know what's best, I guess—but I don't like the looks of this trip."

"But you're going, aren't you?"

"Me? You bet I'm goin'. That Mr. Frazier must have been sent from heaven to get me out of this town."

Noel went home to keep out of sight until six o'clock, and I took a taxi

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back to Caleta. I found Trudie, Maida, and Phillipson having breakfast on the terrace, and sat down for a cup of coffee with them.

"How's everything this morning?" I asked, trying to be a ray of sunshine when I felt like a thundercloud.

"So far as I've seen," said Phillipson, sighing, "everybody feels lousy except Frazier. Have you heard anything about that fellow you conked last night?"

"I've heard everything about him. He's dead."

"That's not so good," Maida said gravely.

"It's rather awful, what?" said Phillipson.

Trudie looked at me and did not speak. Her eyes were shadowed, haggard-looking. I suspected she'd had very little sleep and perhaps had taken a beating into the bargain—where it wouldn't show, of course.

I met her gaze, said quietly: "Now that the ice is broken, the second one shouldn't be so hard."

Trudie got what I meant all right; the others laughed humorlessly, doubtless thinking I was exercising my writer's prerogative of being cryptic.

"Won't you have to get out of town?" Maida asked.

"I'm getting out of town tonight. We're all getting out together on the Merida; except Frazier, who is flying down tomorrow."

"Did you see my husband downtown?" Trudie asked.

"No, but I saw Frazier, and the arrangements are all made."

"Ben wanted to see you, to apologize. He realizes now that that trouble last night was all his fault."

"On the contrary, Mrs. Bechtel, it was my fault for taking you there. So let's say no more about it."

I left them at the table, put on my trunks, and went down to the beach. It was still early for the usual morning crowd of bathers to be out from town, and the two shining crescents of coral sand were almost deserted. The bay was jade green inshore and deep blue out in the channel; not a single whitecap marred the satin-smooth surface of the water. The sunlight, in that clear clean motionless air, was like a slap in the face when you stepped out of the shade.

Down the beach a way I found Glenda Neil lying face down under a straw hat nearly four feet across. Norma was floating on her back in the shallow water. She didn't see me as I dropped on to the sand beside Glenda.

"Still mad at me, kid?"

"Hello, Larry. No, I'm not mad at you."

She didn't move the hat nor raise her face from her cradled arms.

"Last night you were pretty sore because I wouldn't dance with Norma."

"Was I?"

"'*Was* I?' Listen. Don't you remember anything about last night? Don't you remember quarreling with me? Don't you remember Mr. March turning killer?"

"I wouldn't joke about it, Larry. Suppose you really had killed that Mexican."

No, it wasn't anything to joke about. Sitting there with my arms clasped around my legs, staring out across the bright bay, I felt pretty sick about the whole business. And whenever I thought of that Indian lying there with his head cracked open, and blood running all over the floor, I wished I'd had foresight enough to keep Bechtel away from Los Cocos.

Glenda still hadn't moved. "How would you feel if he'd died?"

"Just as I'm feeling now."

She must have noticed the bitterness in my voice, because she tossed aside the big hat and sat up, squinting a little as she stared at me in the white glare.

"Oh, Larry!"

"Well, there's no use moaning about it and feeling sorry for what might have been. It was Noel or that Indian. Noel, I happen to know, never carries a knife—considers it beneath his dignity as an American citizen. If I hadn't cracked the Indian, he or some of his friends would have stabbed Noel to death. So there you are. Let's talk about something else. My keys, for instance."

She lowered her gray eyes, became very busy patting a mound of sand.

"What's wrong, Glenda? Don't you want to hear

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about my keys? I'll admit there are more interesting—"

"I want to hear *all* about your keys. I'm *particularly* interested in your keys."

"Is that sarcasm?"

"No, darling. I mean it. What were you going to tell me?"

"That somebody is certainly going to a lot of trouble to keep me in Acapulco. They not only steal my keys but they telegraph the factory not to send me any duplicates. As Phil would say, that seems to be rubbing it in a bit, what?"

I TOLD her about the telegram which had been filed before I got to town.

She didn't look up.

"Whom do you suspect, Larry?"

"Frazier. Who else?"

"And his motive?"

"Why, he's taking orders from Bechtel, and Bechtel wants to keep me here."

"Why? If he knows about you and his wife, why should he go to all this trouble to keep the two of you together?"

"We'd have to get a look into his warped, liquor-sodden mind to answer that question. It's no easy job. No matter how drunk he is, he's always on guard."

"I noticed that. Never once last night, as far as I could see, did he betray in any way that he suspected you."

"He doesn't suspect us, Glenda. He either *knows*—or he *doesn't* know. And, with my keys stolen, and that telegram filed, I'm pretty sure he *knows*."

Glenda rubbed out the little mountain she had been building. She sat up, took a deep breath, and with evident reluctance looked me straight in the eye.

"Neither Mr. Frazier nor Mr. Bechtel stole your keys, Larry. They are in that bag right there."

I glanced at the bag she indicated, a gaudy thing of straw, larger than a woman's purse but not as large as a peach basket. I recognized it as Norma's!

Did Norma steal the keys—or were they planted in her bag? And why is the mysterious Frazier so eager for Larry to go to Chacahua? Dramatic events crowd next week's installment of this colorful novel of love and sinister intrigue.

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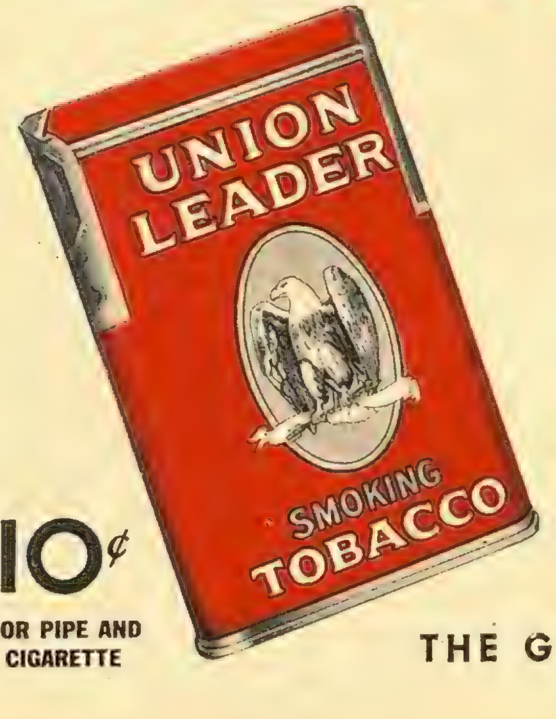

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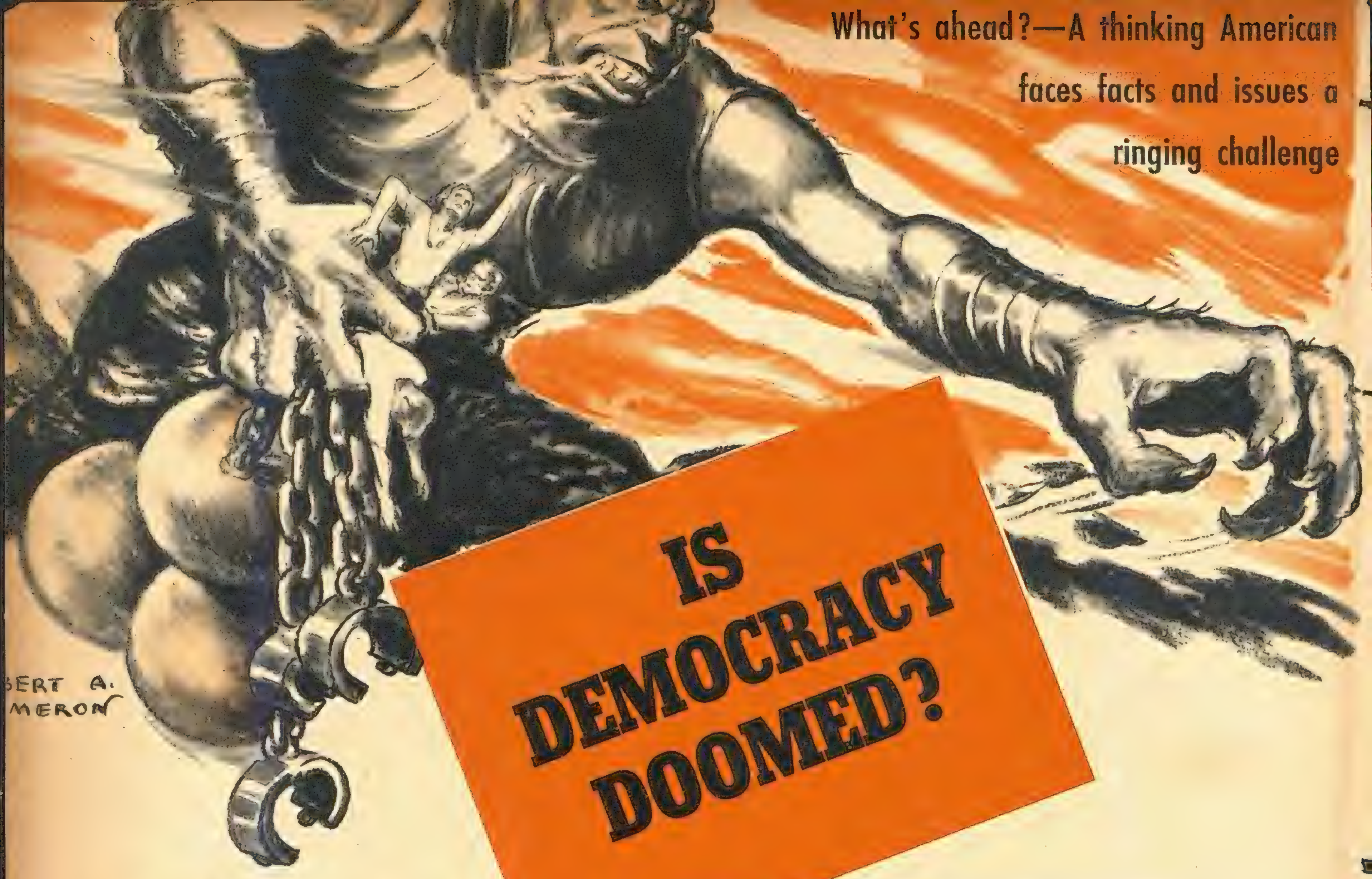


What's ahead?—A thinking American faces facts and issues a ringing challenge

IS DEMOCRACY DOOMED?

BY FATHER IGNATIUS W. COX, S. J.

Professor of Ethics, Fordham University

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

WHAT shall it profit us to master the Depression, if we lose our Democracy? Yet thousands, if not millions, in our midst avowedly plot to make the United States a part of the Communist Internationale. Others, terrified by Communist intrigues, sit-down strikes, and vicious sabotage, call for an “ American Hitler.” They look upon Fascism as the lesser evil. Fascism (sometimes in its perverted form) is either a logical or a psychological reaction to Communism. Fortunately, we can eliminate both “ isms ” at one blow by rooting out Communism. We might start with New York where the shock troops of Communism assemble, for New York is rapidly becoming the Barcelona of the United States.

The rise of dictators in many lands implanted the fear in many hearts that Democracy might be doomed. This fear is now intensified by tendencies destructive to individual initiative in our government and the penetration of our institutions by the doctrines and disciples of Moscow. It is a unique and challenging phenomenon in American Democracy when a President feels called upon to deny publicly his aspiration to be a dictator. I am not one of those who despair of American Democracy, but I am certain that it cannot survive unless we maintain and defend the basic ideas of human dignity upon which our forefathers reared their philosophy of government.

Wherever in the history of the world Democracy flourished, it presupposed free will, personal responsibility, a conscience, and a soul. True Democracy is unthinkable except upon the basis of moral obligations, freely admitted and freely pursued. It is governed, ultimately, not by force but by man's own conscience; it thrives upon fiery differences of opinion and upon discussions between freemen within the framework of a decent regard for the rights of others.

These fundamental aspects of Democracy have been obscured by propaganda and by the attempt to trick us into the acceptance, under the trappings of American Democracy, of a so-called Democracy alien to our soil and inconsistent with the American spirit. When Earl Browder gently purrs that Communism is merely “ streamlined Americanism ” in terms of the twentieth century, he is either misguided or misguiding.

If Communism is Democracy, which it cannot be, it is most assuredly not American Democracy. Communism paints the mirage of a classless society in which all alike are workers, all alike producers, all alike sharers. Theoretically it is the collaboration of many human units for economic production the fruits of which are destined for equitable distribution. But this so-called Democracy is unworthy of freemen; it libels freedom itself.

The so-called Democracy of Communism is the Democracy of the beehive and the anthill. In a genuine Democracy the machine of the state exists for the benefit of the individuals who compose it. In the ant and the bee state the individual has no end except the service of the state and the perpetuation of the species. Blind instinct takes the place of free will and responsible action.

The totalitarian state substitutes “ force ” for blind instinct. The whim of the leader takes the place of free will. This whim propels the multitude of individual cogs toward purposes sheerly materialistic.

There is little difference between Communism and a perverted form of Fascism. Both dehumanize men and turn them into cogs. The totalitarian state has no purpose transcending this life. It denies the fundamental tenets of the Bill of Rights.

Conscience, free will, personality are the pillars of American Democracy. The totalitarian state must be the “ brutalitarian ” state. Men who refuse to be cowed must be “ liquidated.”

There is no room in the absolute state for the freeman who refuses to conform to the party line when the party line conflicts with his conscience. That is why the totalitarian state is necessarily irreligious and atheistic. From its very nature, it must persecute religion and assail God. It must be everything, including the Deity, or nothing. It cannot succeed without brutalizing and mechanizing its citizens.

All this is evident in the state based on a classless society and the dictatorship of the proletariat. It is also evident, to a lesser degree, in the state which permits the myth of blood. Russia is pagan; it is anti-God and anti-Christian. Germany, unless she bethinks herself, drifts in the same direction. State-owned souls and state-owned bodies are irreconcilable with religion or Democracy. Both have the same enemy. Religion is the most formidable ally of Democracy. It is not, as its enemies claim, the ally of capitalism.

Our Stalinites wish to destroy private capitalism. Our Hitlerites insist that they wish to save it. But a logical or an actual drift to a totalitarian state is to a capitalism raised to the *n*th power. It replaces the individual capitalist, who can be controlled, by an uncontrolled and uncontrollable state capitalism.

I hold no brief for the capitalism that exploits the working classes without regard to human dignity, social justice, and the common good. But not all capitalism is thus perverted. In a real Democracy every man is master, within certain limits, of his own property, as he is captain under God—without limits—of his own soul. Private property is one of the guaranties of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Totalitarianism in the United States may not come in the guise of Communism or Fascism. It may present itself in the guise of a benignant Democracy. But, whatever its disguise, it is as anti-Democratic as it is anti-God. Its tyranny begins in the sphere of economics and ends in the sphere of the soul. We have seen the same thing happen in Russia, in Mexico, and in Spain. In every one of these states the totalitarians attacked the last fortress of individualism—the Church.

In the eternal duel between the individual conscience and the mundane state, the Church alone protects the frontiers of conscience from Anschluss. It is the armor of Democracy. It renders to Caesar the things which are Caesar's, but it buries itself in the catacombs rather than render to Caesar the things which are God's. Ultimately the Church comes out of the catacombs victoriously, while Caesar travels the road to Canossa.

In Russia the Church is now in the catacombs. In Germany it would be except for the brave resistance of the Catholic Church and the Protestant clergy. Both Cardinal Faulhaber and the Rev. Niemüller fight for human dignity and freedom of conscience.

In America we may not be led astray, like the Germans, by weird racial doctrines; we may not succumb to the terror like the people of Russia; but we are in danger of yielding to the magic of money—the narcotic influence of doles from the apparently inexhaustible coffers of the state. There are, of course, emergencies where the state must intervene; but emergency measures which become the normal procedure—like the bread and the circuses of the Romans—are dangerous. Nature intends that every normal human being should be, in a certain sense, his own providence.

It is a harder task for a statesman to present every citizen with the opportunity to work than to support millions in idleness on a dole. Nevertheless, Democracy must provide work, if it is to save itself, by regulating distribution and production without destroying individual initiative. The calm acceptance of the dole with its corollaries, the state control of capitalism, of labor, of agriculture and industry, paves the way to the soul-destroying inferno of totalitarianism.

Universal experience teaches us that no nation has ever yet risen from want and poverty to a better and loftier station without the unremitting toil of all its citizens, both employers and employed. Capital cannot do without labor, nor labor without capital. It is flagrantly unjust that either should deny the efficacy of the other, and claim all the profits.

Every effort must be made that, at least in the future, a just share only of the fruits of production be permitted to accumulate in the hands of the wealthy, and that an ample sufficiency be supplied to the workingman.

This program cannot be realized unless the propertyless wage earner be placed in such circumstances that by skill and thrift he can acquire a certain moderate ownership. This can only be done by proper wages.

Nowadays the conditions of social and economic life are such that vast multitudes of men can only with great difficulty pay attention to that one thing necessary—their eternal salvation. Dead matter leaves the factory ennobled and transformed, where men are corrupted and degraded. For the uncertainty of economic conditions and the whole economic regime demands the keenest and the most unceasing straining of energy. And as a result some have become so hardened against the stings of conscience as to hold all means good which enable them to increase their profits and to safeguard wealth.

Easy returns, which an open market offers to any one, lead many to interest themselves in trade and exchange, their one aim being to make clear profits with the least labor. By their unchecked speculation prices are raised and lowered out of mere greed for gain, making void all the prudent calculations of the manufacturers. The regulations legally enacted for corporations with their limited liability and divided responsibility have given occasion to abominable abuses. The worst injustices and frauds take place beneath the obscurity of the common name of a corporative firm. Boards of directors proceed in their unconscionable methods, even to the violation of their trust in regard to those whose savings they administer.

I am not a Leftist. I recapitulate neither the doctrines of Marx nor of Norman Thomas. My words are not echoes of speeches by radical exponents of the New Deal. The passages above, beginning with "Universal experience" and ending with "savings they administer," are literal excerpts from the Encyclical of the Holy Father on the Reconstruction of the Social Order. The Pope blasts both bureaucracy engendered by government meddling in all individual enterprises, and the totalitarian state. Returning from the very jaws of death after his sickness, the Holy Father said: "Whoever exalts race or the people, or the state, or a particular form of the state, or the depositaries of power, . . . whoever raises these functions above their standard value and divinizes them to an idolatrous level, distorts and perverts an order of the world planned and created by God."

Belief in God is a guaranty of earthly values as well as heavenly ones. It is our protector against economic, political, ideological tyranny.

"Belief in God," says Pius XI, "is the unshaken foundation of all social order and of all responsible action on earth, and therefore all those who do not want anarchy and terrorism ought to bestir themselves with a will in order that the enemies of religion may not attain the goal they so loudly proclaim to the world."

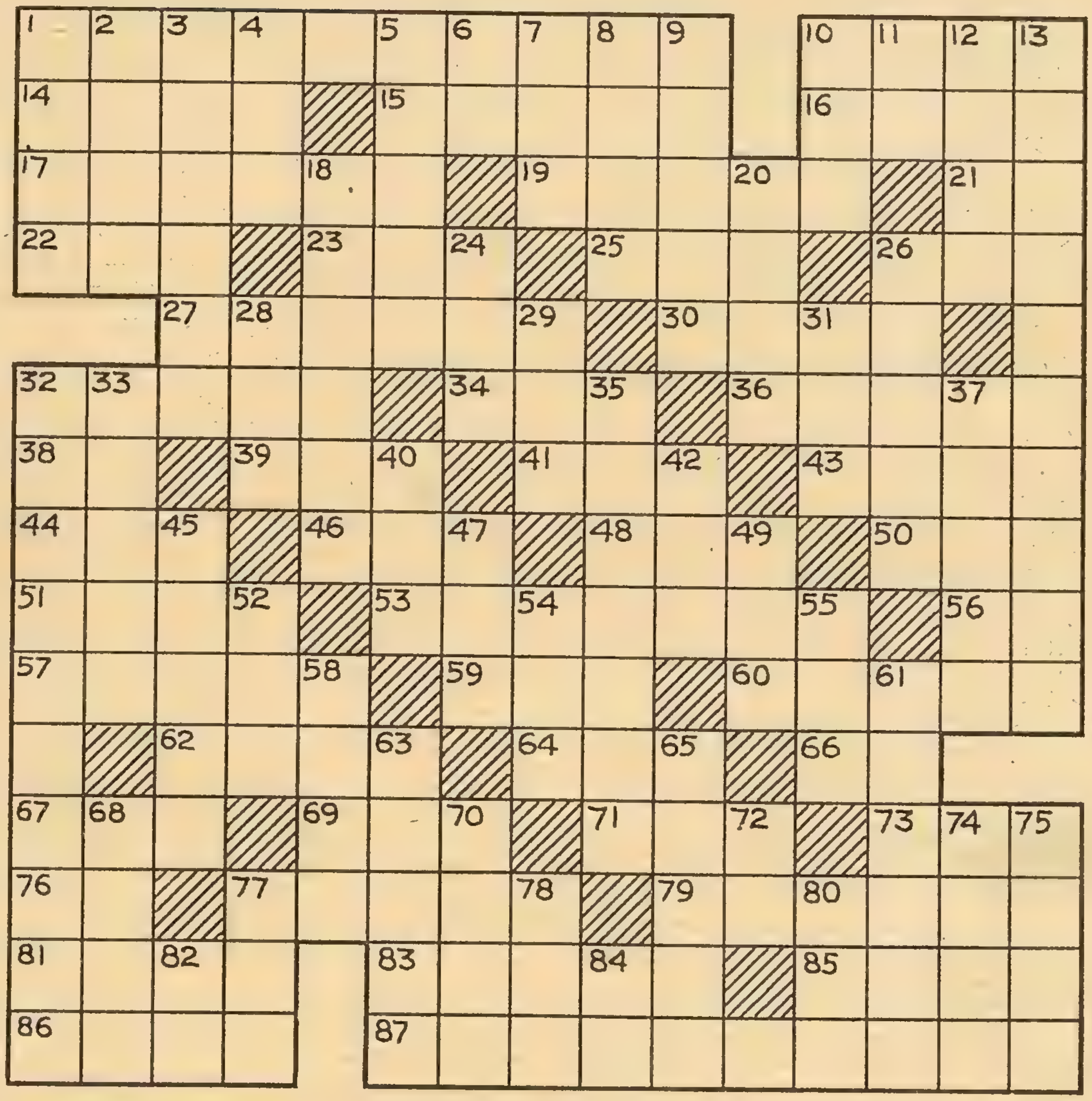
The salvation of our American way of life from Communism, perverted Fascism, or economic slavery depends upon the restoration in the souls of Americans of belief in the personal God of our fathers.

THE END

Treet Topics
IN THE SPOTLIGHT~
YOU'RE HIRED!
OR IN THE MOONLIGHT~
YOU CAN WIN BY A CLOSE SHAVE!
SO DO THIS:-
TREET BLADES!
YESSIR 4 FOR 10¢
-AND TREET YOURSELF TO A PACK OF PERFECT SHAVES!
Treet
4 FOR 10¢
Treet
SINGLE-EDGE BLADES
FOR GEM AND EVER-READY RAZORS
Treet Safety Razor Corporation, Newark, New Jersey

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 He wouldn't give three bucks for the Watch on the Rhine
10 Give a quick kick in the breaches of promise
14 The palooka continent
15 Temper, temper!
16 Bracelet-shaped nothings
17 Time to go fast
19 Drunk at night, crusty in the morning
21 A last word from Caesar
22 Become disengaged from one's rocker
23 Briefly, big sins
25 Among the New Deal's discards (abbr.)
26 Stein song
27 Beastly skinny things, these
30 Nom de plum
32 Umph
34 Spare tire for the Normandie
36 Tribulated
38 Kind of sea daisy
39 Word used in a pinch
41 That's all there is, there is no ——!
43 Female of the bass
44 Short Eddie
46 Banked the bones
48 Flighty fellow
50 Wisecrack with moss
51 Gearshift used to attain higher horsepower
53 Chalk eater
56 Entrance and exit of Princeton
57 Cuts up sophomoronically
59 Pot, can, or Tabula
60 Little squirts
62 Vulgar vittles
64 Oh, foot!
66 This has the biggest stamp collection in the world (abbr.)
67 Fast-selling ink
69 You'll always find this in elephants
71 Baconian Institute
73 Fat tires have six
76 This starts off urgently
77 Mushy thing about old men
79 Never-never land (Russian)
81 Miami abroad
83 Blonde head stuffing
85 Frau's pal
86 Grammaw's wit
87 Floogee's stance

VERTICAL

1 Itchiest place on a bellboy
2 What Europe's present politics are
3 Is a glass eye a soul's this?
4 Hawthorne, to his pals
5 It's a washout
6 Connectifier
7 He's the kraziest thing
8 Silk hat institution
9 Spanking good places
10 The least little bit
11 Duped by Jupe, she was cowed by Juno
12 Pierre, a sailor of parts
13 Pushovers for Notre Dame
18 Hotel bill boosters
20 One of the Philadelphia Shakers
24 Full house! (abbr.)
26 Hi boys (German)
28 A large dog for a woman to carry around
29 Young Weller
31 Pray (Latin)
32 Slaphappy
33 Dressy affair, with screaming
35 Kitchen attendants
37 Russia's gift to Xwords
40 Baby silencer
42 Oi! (German)
45 Enjoyed the after-dinner speaking
47 Chin oil
49 Scotch electric plant, illuminating lampreys
52 Greenhouse dweller
54 Wirulent wiggle-waggle
55 An embarrassing opening (isn't it tearable?)
58 His movements are followed carefully in dark places
61 Rag doll
63 Gramper used it to blow his brains out
65 Pack things away under the equator; eat, then bicarbonate
68 Home of the harpers
70 Blab
72 Old-fashioned " it "
74 Obsolete brawn
75 He hung out on this arm for Kidding around
77 Business man's motto
78 Loquacious Underwear Adorners (abbr.)
80 A villainous discovery
82 If you owe this you have labor trouble
84 A little dog (abbr.)

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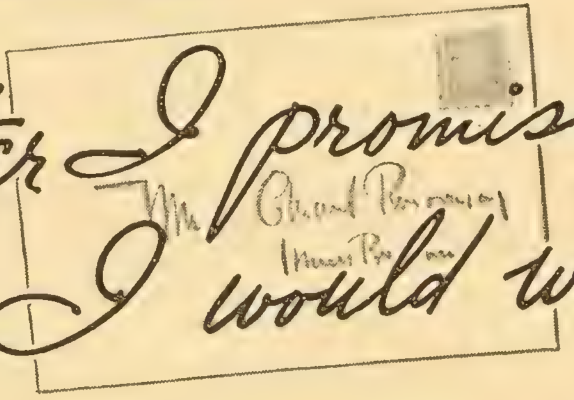
Answer to last week's puzzle

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

A letter I promised I would write



Liberty's SHORT SHORT

BY WILLIAM C. LENGEL

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 58 SECONDS

DEAR TERRY:

I'm writing you this letter because I promised you I would. You promised to write to me, too, but I really didn't believe you. You have to tell that to all the boys. You're a smart girl, and that's the easiest way out.

You probably thought I wouldn't remember your name. I saw it on the little card just as I got into the plane—Terry Wood, R. N., Stewardess.

I suppose a lot of people who take a cross-country plane—or any plane, for that matter—for the first time are as scared as I was. But all the way from Hollywood to Glendale I fed my soul on the beauty of the mountains and the flowers and the sunshine, and I kept telling myself I wasn't scared; how wonderful it was that I wasn't scared; and how keen my perception was.

But when you saw me coming up the gangplank I'll bet you knew, because it wasn't my imagination that made your smile so friendly and so sweet and so reassuring—and so different from the smile you smiled at the others. And you called me by name. " Mr. Danton—No. 12 lower," you said—the last berth in the ship.

Artists paint all angels blonde, Terry, and you are not blonde. But the way those little reddish-brown curls of yours curled around that little pillbox hat, and the soft understanding in your blue eyes, and that heavenly smile—well, you looked like an angel to me.

I guess that's when I fell in love with you. Really in love, I mean. Not just because my resistance was low and I was scared. I could have died happily if it could have been with you in my arms, but I wanted to live and have you to live for and with.

You were up and down the aisle, asking the passengers if they were comfortable and would they like something to read. But you didn't seem to smile at any of them the way you smiled at me. Even though you knew nearly all of them were big shots in the pictures. And every darn one of them was ready to tell you that you should be in pictures and they would arrange for you to have a test.

I never told you that, did I? I never even told you that I had anything to do with the pictures. I told you I was in the paper business. That is true. I use paper to put words on, and in some way those words become a story and that story becomes a picture.

Well, I knew from the rules of your job that you had to be over twenty-one and had to weigh less than 125 pounds. But you didn't look more than nineteen and my guess at your weight was 105. Just slim enough and trim enough to have the right amount of curves.

When you sat down in the seat facing me and smiled at me, I pulled one out of the air and said, " I'll bet you're from Kansas," and you said, " How did you know that? " It wasn't altogether a guess, because I'm pretty good at that. It just comes to me, and I'm generally right. And I took a chance and named the town and told you where you went to school and where you took up nursing.

Then you told me how you had lived on a farm and watched the planes going east and west and how you dreamed of being an air-line stewardess and how your dream came true.

Then I said, " And all of these great workings of fate were for one single purpose," and you asked me what that was. And I said, " Just so that on the very day I would have to fly East this would be the plane I'd take."

Then you laughed. If I could only describe in words the sound of that laugh! But it would take music to describe it. As Puccini does it in the entrance music to Butterfly. But I guess you thought the conversation was getting a little serious, so you jumped up and asked me if you couldn't bring me some supper.

I wasn't hungry, but I said yes, because I made myself believe as you went into the little galley that you were going into the kitchenette of our flat. When you went to serve the others, it was as if they were our guests.

▲

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1938; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

▲

ON THE AIR

Liberty Short Shorts are on the air. You can hear three dramatizations each week over the following stations: WMCA, New York; WCAU, Philadelphia, WLW, Cincinnati; WLS, Chicago; WHB, Kansas City; KFWB, Los Angeles; KFBK, Sacramento; KMJ, Fresno; KWG, Stockton; KERN, Bakersfield. Please consult local papers for broadcast time.

TUNE IN!

It was pretty dark when we reached Dallas, but the dusty field was brilliant under the big flood lights. Every one of those Hollywood big shots got out to stretch his legs or send telegrams. The pilot and mechanic were busy with the ship. By this time I think you pretty much understood that I was serious. Your face showed it. You looked at me with a sort of helpless look. The way my mother used to look at me when she didn't quite know whether to tell my father I had been a bad boy or just to give me up as a hopeless problem.

And then, when you really got the idea that I loved you as much as I said I did, tears came into your eyes and I felt like such a dog that I couldn't do anything else but kiss those tears away.

And then, before I knew it, your arms were around me and you raised your lips. No, I didn't kiss you. The kiss was yours as much as mine.

Well, you got everybody safely tucked in their berths, and then we sat together, just holding hands and looking out into the night. The sky was such a deep, deep blue, and the stars, never so bright, seemed to be suspended in space. And the earth below was so close. But hardly closer than the sky, and the horizon was hardly more than an arm's length away. " That inverted bowl we call the sky," is the way Omar Khayyám put it. And we in that plane were a part of that infinity.

Then you told me that of course I knew your part of the journey as stewardess ended at Nashville. And you laughed and said I would have a beautiful blonde the rest of the way. Then you promised that you would write to me. And you made me promise to write to you.

I AM keeping my promise, Terry. Terry Wood. I want to put into words the record of that journey into space—of those breathless moments—and to tell you so that you will know, forever and ever, of my love for you.

Can it be that it was only this morning I read:

" Also among those . . . was Terry Wood, twenty-two, stewardess of the plane."

So how shall I address this letter? What winged messenger can deliver it to you? Or are you with me as I write? How lovely your new halo must be, with those red-brown curls lighted with truly celestial fire!

THE END

THE INSCRUTABLE MADAM SECRETARY

A penetrating study of a remarkable woman's rise and the things that have made her a storm center of criticism

BY WALTER KARIG

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

"She is the most left-ish member of the Roosevelt Cabinet," said Mr. Karig in Liberty last week. "Her preference for the C. I. O. is sometimes boldly revealed in her official conduct." He gave an amazing instance: When the new battleship program was authorized, a high-ranking naval officer went to ask Madam Secretary to be reasonable in fixing wages and hours for the industries concerned. After listening to him, she reached for a telephone, called John L. Lewis, and asked Lewis' advice!

In private life Madam Secretary is Mrs. Paul C. Wilson. The whispers that she is foreign-born and her real name is Wutzki are totally untrue; she was born in Boston and is a blue-blooded New Englander. In her senior year at Mount Holyoke College, a lecture by Florence Finch Kelly, newspaperwoman, awoke her to the claims of social service. She taught briefly in a girls' school in Lake Forest, Illinois, and thus came within the influence of Jane Addams and other notable social uplifters in Chicago. After that, despite her family's stern disapproval, she quit teaching. Her first job was as executive secretary of a Philadelphia organization for the protection of immigrant girls. She was in New York when, in March, 1911, the Triangle factory fire took the lives of nearly 150 girl workers. She saw that unspeakable horror with her own eyes, and straightway began a crusade. Her efforts took her to Albany, and thus into politics. Al Smith got her appointed to the State Factory Commission. Working unremittingly for fire laws, also for a fifty-four-hour week for women, she acquired a contemptuous hatred of nearly all politicians—Al and young State Senator Franklin D. Roosevelt being among the very few exceptions.

PART TWO—THE GIRL WHO WAS BORN TO BOSS

TAKE three parts of Joan of Arc and three parts of New England Puritan, being careful not to discard the witch-burning core; add one part of Sphinx; season with sugar, red pepper, and vinegar, and pour the mixture into a plain black dress. Chill, garnish with plenty of authority and a small string of pearls. That's Frances Perkins, a dish usually served with hot tongue or cold turkey.

This woman who has gone farther in political office than any other invites few confidences and gives none. Even women reporters who have been in almost daily contact with her for years find her as communicative as the marble lady perched in the pediment of the Labor Building. The statue, in fact, is a lot more revealing, because it hasn't any clothes on and Miss Perkins even wears her hat in her office.

She is a small woman, brown-eyed and brown of hair, her coiffure a knot at the nape of her neck. Her dresses are dark, prissy-prim in cut, dowdily worn, and selected from a batch sent to her office on approval from season to season. She uses no cosmetics, and her only ornamentation is a small string of pearls or an old-fashioned heavy brooch of gold. She is crisp in speech but can be garrulous, especially at Cabinet meetings, where she is reputed to air her opinions on how the other nine Departments should be run. Her friends say she has changed very little in appearance since 1912, when she was given her first political job. Her pictures prove it. The change has been internal, mental, emotional.

Still looking at her, you would not believe this prim, dictatorial woman to be the leftmost of the left-wing New Dealers. And that anybody would dare to make her the butt of a practical joke is incredible.

It has happened. In September, 1913, Miss Perkins married Paul C. Wilson, a statistician who was secretary to Mayor Mitchel of New York City. She had decided to retain her maiden name. As intimates tell the story, the newly married couple went quietly to a small town outside of New York City late on the night of the church ceremony, roused the proprietor of the village hotel, and engaged a room. Each signed the register separately—Paul C. Wilson and Miss Frances Perkins.

They explained to the aghast hotelkeeper that they were really husband and wife. The virtuous and suspicious old gentleman wouldn't believe them, so they suggested he telephone the minister who had just married them. Clutching his bathrobe closer around his nightshirt, the hotelkeeper said he would call their bluff and the clergyman at the same time.

The minister had a most unclerical sense of humor. "Wilson? Perkins?" he repeated over the wires. "Never heard of them."

"I *knew* it!" screamed the shocked and irate innkeeper. "Get out of my house!"

The blushing couple fled, angry and ashamed, to the next nearest hostelry, where they meekly signed the register "Mr. and Mrs. Paul Wilson." Except when her baby was born, two years later, and again when the baby grew to womanhood and her marriage was formally announced, Miss Perkins' married name has been discarded by her since the honeymoon episode. Her mother, however, never introduced her to any one after the marriage except as "my daughter, Mrs. Wilson."

As far as the records go to indicate, Miss Perkins took romance, marriage, and maternity in her stride. She remained "Miss Perkins" not out of fanatical feminism but because she intended to keep her private life entirely apart from her own and her husband's careers. She is a woman in a man's job, working in a masculine field, but she does not believe in careers for women after marriage. "No woman has a right to a job unless she can pay some one who is trained and educated to manage her home," she once said. Her philosophy on wifehood stems straight from New England. If a woman marries, her first job is to be a wife and homemaker, a devoted mother. If she must follow a career, then her first duty is to employ somebody—not a servant but a domestic scientist—to run the machinery of the home.

Paul Wilson has long been an invalid now, requiring almost continuous hospitalization. In another of her rare confidences Miss Perkins once said: "I have had a happy personal life. I have the friendship of a chivalrous and unselfish husband who has lent a brilliant mind to some of my knotty problems and he let me have praise. I have had a good daughter, who grew to girlhood without being a troublesome child."

Psychologists can read volumes in that paragraph.

Once Miss Perkins felt called upon to defend her deputization of household tasks. She said it was usually a fact that children were more affectionate and intimate with their fathers, whom they did not see all day long nor hear constantly commanding them to wash behind the ears and stop playing with matches. She said she believed from personal experience that a woman engaged upon a professional career enjoyed that closer relationship with her children which most fathers monopolized.

Susannah, the daughter, was not reared as a proletarian child, even if her treats used to be ferryboat rides to Staten Island with her mother. The daughter went to exclusive private schools. She left college after a year and went to work as a salesclerk for an art dealer, with the explanation that she didn't want to be anything that a college degree led to. Susannah was married last March to David Meredith Hare of New York, a commercial color photographer.

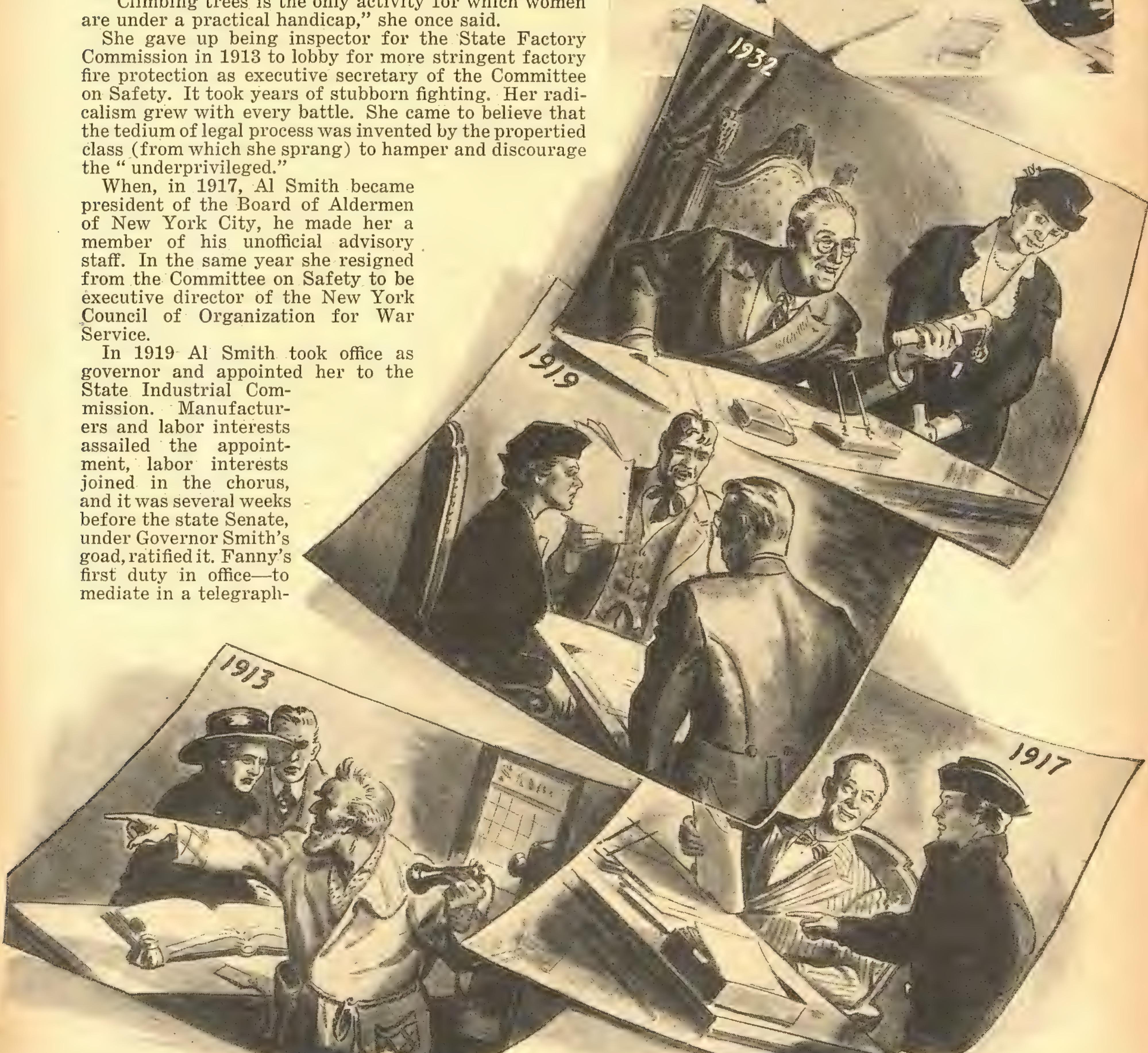
But if Miss Perkins does not believe much in business careers for women—other women—she still has the suspicion that the male sex has made a mess of civilization and that competent women can manage the world's affairs better. That's just another Perkins contradiction.

"Climbing trees is the only activity for which women are under a practical handicap," she once said.

She gave up being inspector for the State Factory Commission in 1913 to lobby for more stringent factory fire protection as executive secretary of the Committee on Safety. It took years of stubborn fighting. Her radicalism grew with every battle. She came to believe that the tedium of legal process was invented by the propertied class (from which she sprang) to hamper and discourage the "underprivileged."

When, in 1917, Al Smith became president of the Board of Aldermen of New York City, he made her a member of his unofficial advisory staff. In the same year she resigned from the Committee on Safety to be executive director of the New York Council of Organization for War Service.

In 1919 Al Smith took office as governor and appointed her to the State Industrial Commission. Manufacturers and labor interests assailed the appointment, labor interests joined in the chorus, and it was several weeks before the state Senate, under Governor Smith's goad, ratified it. Fanny's first duty in office—to mediate in a telegraph-



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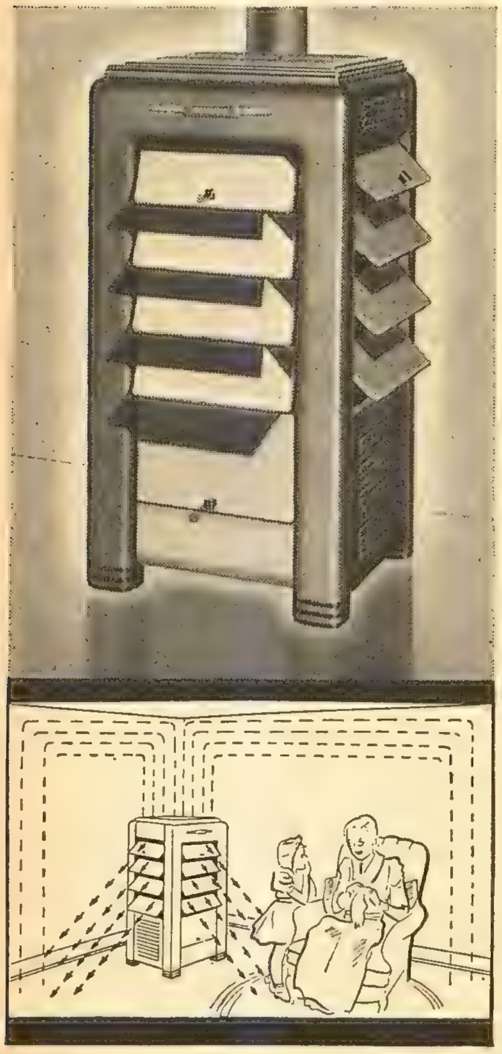

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company strike—was creditably performed, but the whole furor had engraved deeper upon her mind the conviction that Big Business was bad medicine and leaders of organized labor were sometimes in cahoots with it, sometimes its stupid stooges.

Smith was not re-elected in 1920, and Miss Perkins found a job as director of the Council on Immigrant Education. Accumulation of experiences was pushing her toward the federal Department of Labor, and yet making her less able to discharge the duties of that office which Fate had in store for her with the requisite objectivity and impersonality. For she was retaining each partisanship which she was hired to promote, and then, when in public administrative office, was burdening both herself and her office with this aggregation of the passions of a crusader.

HER intimate association with immigrants helped shape the opinions she was later to put into practice. She viewed the whole immigration scene as a mass of individual problems, seeing not the forest but the trees. Small wonder that today, as Secretary of Labor, she reacts to the heartthrobs more than to the concrete mass problem of immigration and deportation.

In 1922 Al Smith, re-elected, appointed Miss Perkins to the New York State Industrial Board. She was definitely in politics now, counting herself a nonpartisan, but with a grudge against Republicans; a Republican legislature had delayed adoption of her cherished legislation. She stumped for Smith for governor in 1924 and 1926. In the latter year he made her chairman of the Industrial Board. When he ran for President, she campaigned for him, and his defeat engendered another grudge in her, against the "reactionary" South. Even the election of Franklin D. Roosevelt to New York's governorship was only partial compensation at first. She had known him for years, but her real affection was for his wife, Eleanor. With Mary Harriman Rumsey, Caroline O'Day, and "Molly" Dewson, these two made up a Kaffeeklatsch wherein originated many of the schemes and stunts of the as yet undreamed-of New Deal.

Governor Roosevelt appointed Miss Perkins State Industrial Commissioner. President Hoover appointed her to his National Commission for Vocational Guidance and Children's Welfare, and she accepted. She was a guest at the White House. From Albany to New York to Washington flitted Fanny, always busy, doing embroidery on the train.

She recommended the standardization of women's clothing to stabilize the garment industry. The nation's women took one look at Fanny's costume and decided to keep on worrying about fashions.

Then—crash! The Depression.

She immediately began a running statistical survey of employment trends in New York. Private charity as a mode of relief she scoffed at, and she urged a state public works program upon Governor Roosevelt. In Washington she testified in behalf of Senator Wagner's unemployment relief bill, and she publicly called upon President Hoover to urge its passage. When he vetoed it, the scorn she heaped upon him was monumental.

★ Scoop!

Douglas "Wrong-Way" Corrigan

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Thrilling Autobiography of the Man Who Made the Most Amazing Flight in History

He tells his life story

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For LIBERTY Readers

IN AN EARLY ISSUE

Fanny was all over the map, happy as a centipede on roller skates. Public works, slum clearance, federal subsidies to industries in order to keep up pay rolls—that was her program for combating the depression. But when the Hoover administration began opening free federal employment agencies, she would have none of them in New York because they encroached upon her field of authority.

Came 1932 and the Presidential campaign. Candidate Roosevelt went forth to damn the " money-changers " and proclaim a New Deal which was going to make the United States just the sort of place Fanny had for years thought it ought to be, if once she could get her hands on it. They say she blushed and dropped her eyes like a schoolgirl when the candidate assured her, with that half-mocking, half-jovial smile of his: " Fanny, I'll have you in my Cabinet."

The girl who had been born to boss was now about to reach the zenith of her career.

Many have wondered why, in the country's greatest industrial crisis, a woman was made the Secretary of Labor. That is not said to impugn women's ability to match men in any activity except, to quote Miss Frances Perkins, in climbing trees. Women have had Cabinet status in European governments. Women have made great rulers, great business executives, great financiers.

But in a time of industrial and labor turmoil, when many a nervous person smelled revolution in the air, why did President Roosevelt make Miss Perkins the head of an executive department charged with the management of an administration's labor policy and the supervision of the nation's labor laws? Miss Perkins' stanch supporters will say that the answer is easy: No one in the country was better qualified for the task.

ORGANIZED labor did not think so. President William Green of the American Federation of Labor argued cogently with Roosevelt before the inauguration that 80 per cent of the nation's labor was done by men. The depression had set the unions back a generation. Between the workingman's desperate desire to earn his family's keep and the employers' necessity to make economies, the laws to protect labor threatened to die from disuse. The Labor Department had to be headed by a two-fisted man who knew labor's problems from the inside and who had political and legislative experience. That man, Green assured the President, was Dan Tobin of Indiana, head of the teamsters' union, former treasurer of the A. F. of L.

Green almost had convulsions when he was told the appointment was in the bag for Frances Perkins. Since the creation of the Labor Department it had been the prerogative of the A. F. of L. to select one of its veterans for that Cabinet post. Such a roar of displeasure arose that Miss Perkins assured the labor organization she would not accept the Secretaryship.

Mr. Roosevelt was not divulging to any one that the Department of Labor would soon be the dog wagged by the tail of NIRA, which would pre-empt most of the duties assigned to the Department of Labor and Commerce. That is why the President-elect so complacently accepted Daniel C. Roper of South Carolina as his Secretary of Commerce. Roper knew no more about national and international commerce than he knew about crocheting, but his appointment discharged a political debt. Roosevelt's feelings toward Frances Perkins were not so cynical. He had a real affection for Fanny. She had performed well as his New York State Industrial Commissioner. With NIRA managing industrial and labor problems, Fanny would be busily and honorably occupied with the Bureau of Immigration, Child Welfare, Industrial and Labor Statistics.

ROOSEVELT had determined upon the spectacular and symbolic act of including a woman in his Cabinet even before his election. Fanny Perkins was in his mind for the appointment; but it was Roosevelt's idea to have Congress increase the Cabinet to include Departments of Public Welfare and Education, with Miss Perkins heading either but preferably the former.

Mrs. Roosevelt is credited with having altered this plan by convincing her husband that a woman should be included in his first Cabinet appointments, that no one but Fanny should be considered, and that continuing her as his executive for labor affairs was as natural as a chick hatching from an egg. Some will say the metaphor should be reversed to read: as natural as a chicken laying an egg, with the emphasis on the last three words. Mrs. Roosevelt had influential support from Mrs. Mary Harriman Rumsey, the railroad king's social-minded heiress, from Mrs. Caroline O'Day, Mary W. Dewson, and other women uplift workers who were intimates of the Roosevelt family.

When the Perkins appointment was formally announced, Bill Green called in the reporters and said he was " keenly disappointed." The Secretary of Labor should be, he said, " a representative of labor, one who understands labor, labor's problems, labor's psychology, one who enjoys the confidence of labor. Miss Perkins does not meet those qualifications. Labor can never become reconciled to the selection."

But women everywhere applauded the choice. The League of Women Voters, excepting its die-hard Republican members, was in ecstasies. Miss Perkins told the newspapers that despite Green's fulminations she expected his co-operation, and that he was " entirely within his rights in saying he cannot become reconciled to my appointment. I am very glad he expressed himself openly and frankly. It makes the whole situation more wholesome, and I do not regard it as an expression of ill will."

Take *that*, Mr. Green, and *that!* It was not long, however, before triumph diluted the acid of Miss Perkins' resentment, and she set out to win the A. F. of L. with honeyed words instead of biting sarcasm. She

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...HELPS KEEP INTESTINAL MUSCLES STRONG AND ACTIVE!

"PEOPLE who really feel healthy rarely think about health." But sufferers from constipation do not often enjoy that kind of care-free well-being. They fall into the habit of thinking about themselves. They worry.

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In addition to providing extra bulk, Saráka contains another ingredient of plant origin—a specially treated cortex frangula, which has a valuable tonic action on the intestines. Gently but firmly it urges the intestinal muscles to keep waste products in motion. So you have BULK PLUS MOTILITY.* A combination that gives such pleasant yet thorough results that most people have no sensation of having taken a laxative! They are reminded of healthy childhood when constipation was unknown.

Ask your doctor about Saráka. We are confident he will tell you that it is safe and non-habit forming. Then try Saráka. See for yourself how pleasant it is to take—*and how pleasant after taking.* Save money by buying the new "Hospital Size" from your druggist. Or mail the coupon for the free trial-size tin.

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announced that she hoped to make hers the Department *for* Labor, not the Department *of* Labor. She appointed Green to the Labor Advisory Council of NIRA, and she told the delegates to the A. F. of L. convention at Washington that the hours in the NRA codes were too long, the wages too low. "I am not asking Labor to follow any government program," she asserted. "I want to carry out Labor's program." She drew applause from 577 hostile delegates by demanding a federal unemployment insurance system.

BUT she drew the line at accepting Edward F. McGrady, A. F. of L. veteran and a Boston politician, as Assistant Secretary. She suspected that Patronage Dispenser Jim Farley was trying to put one over on her and to conciliate Green in picking McGrady. Not until Ed had conspicuously demonstrated his phenomenal skill as a peacemaker in the Frick Coke and Pittsburgh Coal strikes did she relent. After NRA was liquidated, McGrady had plenty to do. His name was in the newspapers a dozen times to Miss Perkins' one, and eleven of twelve were items of praise. He settled strikes, prevented strikes, and with it all commanded the trust and respect of boss and wage earner, Walter Chrysler and John L. Lewis. If Miss Perkins went into her room and said: "Mirror, mirror on the wall, who is the works in the Department of Labor?" the mirror replied: "Oh, my lady, it's Ed McGrady."

Pretty soon Miss Perkins made it a rule that no one in her Department could give any information to the newspapers except herself or with her specific permission. Then the announcements began to read that a threatened strike, say of 106,000 anthracite miners, had been averted by the intervention of Secretary Perkins. "Through Edward McGrady, Assistant Secretary, she prevailed upon the miners and operators to extend the expiring wage agreement while negotiations continued." Then McGrady gradually found himself sent off to tackle a new problem just as he had settled an old one to the point where Miss Perkins could say: "Are we in agreement, gentlemen? Call in the press."

Shortly after the 1936 election, McGrady went to the President and told him he was going to resign. "I have other plans," he explained. The President bade him to stay on as Assistant Secretary, telling McGrady very earnestly that *he* had other plans for him, too. McGrady stayed on. The epidemic of sit-down strikes broke out that December, spread like a plague in January, and McGrady, confronted with a situation begging for the application of his special talents, found himself doing minor odd jobs or twiddling his thumbs. Ultimately he resigned to take a fat-salaried job with the Radio Corporation of America.

That display of the less amiable feminine qualities by Miss Perkins is still talked about in Washington, and probably elsewhere.

The Department that Miss Perkins inherited had long been a dumping ground for petty political appointees and "a happy hunting ground for A. F. of L. leaders." The Bureau of Labor Statistics had been throttled during the Hoover administration because its figures did not agree with the President's politically inspired optimism. Miss Perkins lured Dr. Isador Lubin from Brookings Institute to take over the Bureau and instituted a periodic bulletin survey of unemployment and re-employment trends and statistics, such as she had inaugurated in New York. The entire fact-finding operations of the Department were improved.

The Children's Bureau and the Women's Bureau, where twenty of the twenty-four executives are women, have likewise been streamlined under Miss Perkins. Her severest critics will accord her the compliment that the whole Department has been made more efficient, free from corruption. The chief trouble in the organization is Miss Perkins, who can't manage herself.

WHEN she moved into the old Labor Department Building, she threw out the cuspidors, walled off the Secretary's lavatory because it had been used only by men and Lord knows what kind of men. She was a New England housewife, moving into a home which the previous tenants had left "a perfect mess."

She told Labor she was for a five-day week—and then abolished it in her Department! She set out to be amiable toward the Washington correspondents and served ginger ale at her press conferences, pointedly remarking that she paid for it herself. When one reporter facetiously wrote that the paper cups were paid for by the government, however, the ginger ale was cut off and the reporters made to feel distinctly unwelcome. Press conferences were rare, a hardship to the newspapermen and -women because Miss Perkins strictly forbade everybody in the Department to issue news. Public records were sequestered, and the reporters were forbidden to use the Department's telephones to call up their offices, a privilege accorded them in every other Department and Bureau.

If Miss Perkins had deliberately set out to make herself disliked by the public, she could not have worked better. For a long time all the news published about the new Secretary of Labor was comment from other persons she had arrogantly displeased.

How far are resentments provoked by Miss Perkins handicapping the New Deal as a whole? What about her so-called partiality to the radical alien Harry Bridges? Why did she markedly favor the sit-down strike—until it was declared illegal? All this and much more will be discussed fully and frankly by Mr. Karig in his concluding installment next week.

O-O-OH! HE'S GOT A SCRATCH IN SUCH AN AWKWARD PLACE! HOW CAN I EVER BANDAGE THAT?

STICK ON A BAND-AID, THE NEAT, READY-TO-APPLY ADHESIVE BANDAGE!

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GOSH! A CUT ON MY INSTEP HOW CAN I BANDAGE THAT AND STILL GET MY DANCING PUMPS ON?

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Is Your Personal Problem Represented Here?

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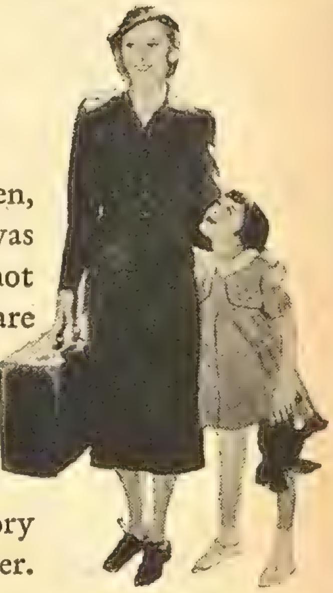
D. S. Campbell, 70, has held the same job for 47 years.

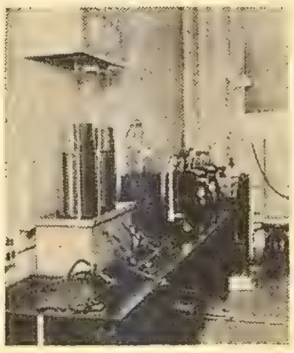
According to Colby Chester, Chairman of the Board of General Foods Corporation, if you quit worrying about the job and do a little thinking about your health you'll be much better off. Mr. Chester is 60 years old and going strong. Read the advice he gives in "Industry Demands Physical Fitness," appearing in the November Physical Culture, follow it—and don't worry.

Why Go On Relief? This Woman Wouldn't!



One woman's plight—four children, a sick husband and no job. Relief was the easy way out but she would not take it. Today she and her family are happy, comfortable and independent. To get this splendid result she performed no miracle. What she did a million others could do as easily. Read her encouraging story in Physical Culture for November.

Are You Fat and Diabetic?

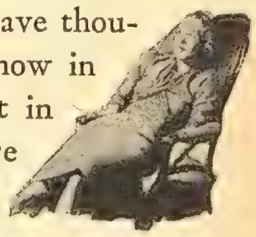


The spirometer which helps distinguish false from real diabetes.

Fat, perhaps, but probably not diabetic in spite of symptoms. According to science's most recent discovery only about one-third of all fat "diabetics" really have it. The rest have false diabetes which can be overcome easily. Physical Culture tells you all the facts. Read them for your own peace of mind.

Having Trouble With Your Husband or Wife?

Divorce is not the answer. The solution lies elsewhere. The detailed story of how one couple retrieved happiness from an almost certain crack-up is an inspiring, heart warming story. It should save thousands of homes now in jeopardy. Read it in Physical Culture for November.



Do Reducing Fads Make Women Sterile?

Decidedly some of them do—others do not. Why some do and others do not is explained clearly and convincingly in Physical Culture for November. Read it for the valuable information it contains.

Do Your Children Have Bad Teeth?

If so, there's a reason. By all means get a copy of Physical Culture for November and read Dr. Mary Halton's searching article on the care of children's teeth and how to feed them so that they will develop strong healthy teeth.

Beware Pneumonia

America's third greatest killer—100,000 victims every year. No telling who will be next but it should not be you if you follow the advice of Dr. Rasmus Alsaker. Read his article in the Nov. Physical Culture and learn how to avoid the dread killer.

Also In the November Issue

Masculine Virility Increases with Age. Editorial by Bernarr Macfadden. Muscles That Think (Men's Exercise Article). American Girls Are Different (International Marriage Problems). Lovely To Look At (Beauty Culture). It Takes Backbone To Be Healthy (Women's Exercises by Helen Macfadden). Little Old Lady (healthy, active and happy at 107). Meet Mr. Gable by Bernarr Macfadden. Allergy—Medicines Latest Enigma. Can America Solve Its Dental Problems—and a score of other helpful articles, features and departments.

The articles described on this page all appear in Physical Culture for November. If one of them deals with your personal problem, a copy will be worth its weight in gold to you. If your specific problem is not covered in this issue it certainly will be in an early issue. Countless thousands of people the world over look upon Physical Culture as the greatest health authority for mind and body procurable anywhere. Why not join this great multitude? Get the good habit of reading Physical Culture every month. Buy your copy of the November issue today at the nearest newsstand and each month thereafter.

Physical Culture

Physical Culture

BIG 40th ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

Casanova's SECRETS

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

PART THREE—CONCLUSION

WHEN he planned to have Faustina meet Monsieur Dubois in the restaurant, Casanova's intention was to get rid of the woman. She had first been unwilling that he should leave her. Awkward but flattering. She had later asked him to go. Not flattering at all. He would now have the satisfaction of seeing Monsieur Dubois tumble into the spider web—not that he wished ill to Monsieur Dubois, but he was acquainted with no one so fitted for the role of helpless fly.

And it was Monsieur Dubois himself who had suggested the solution, with his theory that men and women have in them a balance of the masculine and feminine, and that if the proportion in the woman complements the proportion in the man they will be perfect mates. He wanted to see if Faustina and Monsieur Dubois recognized at sight how nearly they complemented each other. The masculine traits couldn't be much more than seven per cent in Monsieur Dubois. In Faustina they were at least ninety-three per cent.

If only she were as feminine as she looked! Those beautiful eyes! That sweet mouth! Had she not wished to control his goings and his comings, order his diet, recommend the hours of his sleep—nurse him, in short, like a baby—he could have worshiped her forever.

When the Frenchman rose and made his precise little bow, Faustina questioned Casanova with a glance.

"Ah, Monsieur Dubois!" he exclaimed. "Happy coincidence! Are you eating alone?"

He saw the disappointment on Faustina's face; she had understood that this was to be a dinner of reconciliation, a second consecration of their romance.

"I *was* alone," said Monsieur Dubois. "That is, I am."

"Will you give my wife and me," said Casanova, "the very great pleasure—"

Faustina changed from disappointment to astonishment, hearing herself called his wife.

"But the honor would be quite too much!" said Dubois.

They were seated at the round table equal distances apart, in a triangle. When she looked to the right, the little Frenchman's eyes glittered enthusiastically at her beauty. When she turned to the left, there was Casanova, that handsome and exasperating man, pretending deference—you might say reverence.

"Monsieur Dubois, my dear, studies Dante."

"The greatest of poets," said she, getting at least one thing settled.

"He is much interested in the outside of Dante's house."

"I hope you haven't been misled by the guides," said she, pouncing on the chance to remedy an error. "They usually show the wrong building."

"The house I visited," said Dubois, "is the authentic one. I was careful to ask."

She shook her head. "They always show the wrong one."

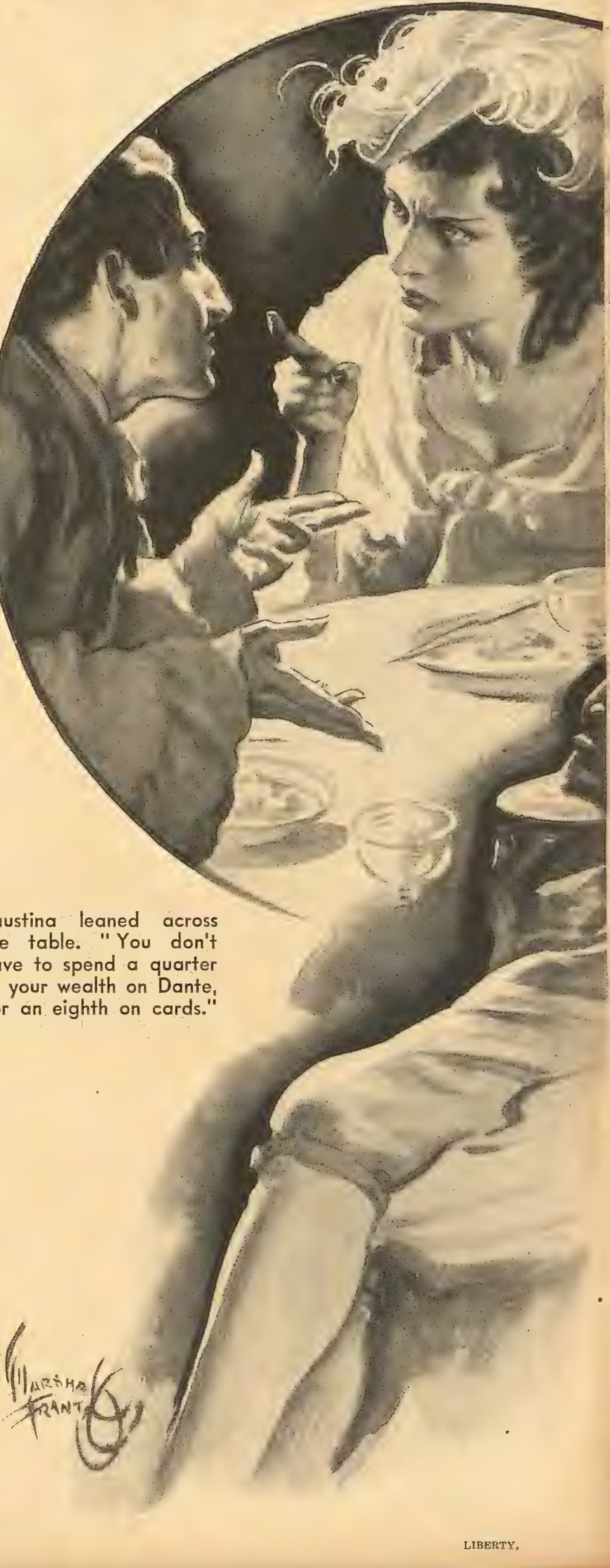
Dubois collapsed. "How fortunate to meet you in time! I was going there again tomorrow."

Faustina looked at him with a new interest.

"If I recall correctly," said Casanova, meditating mischief, "he also likes to gamble."

"That sport I adore!" admitted Dubois.

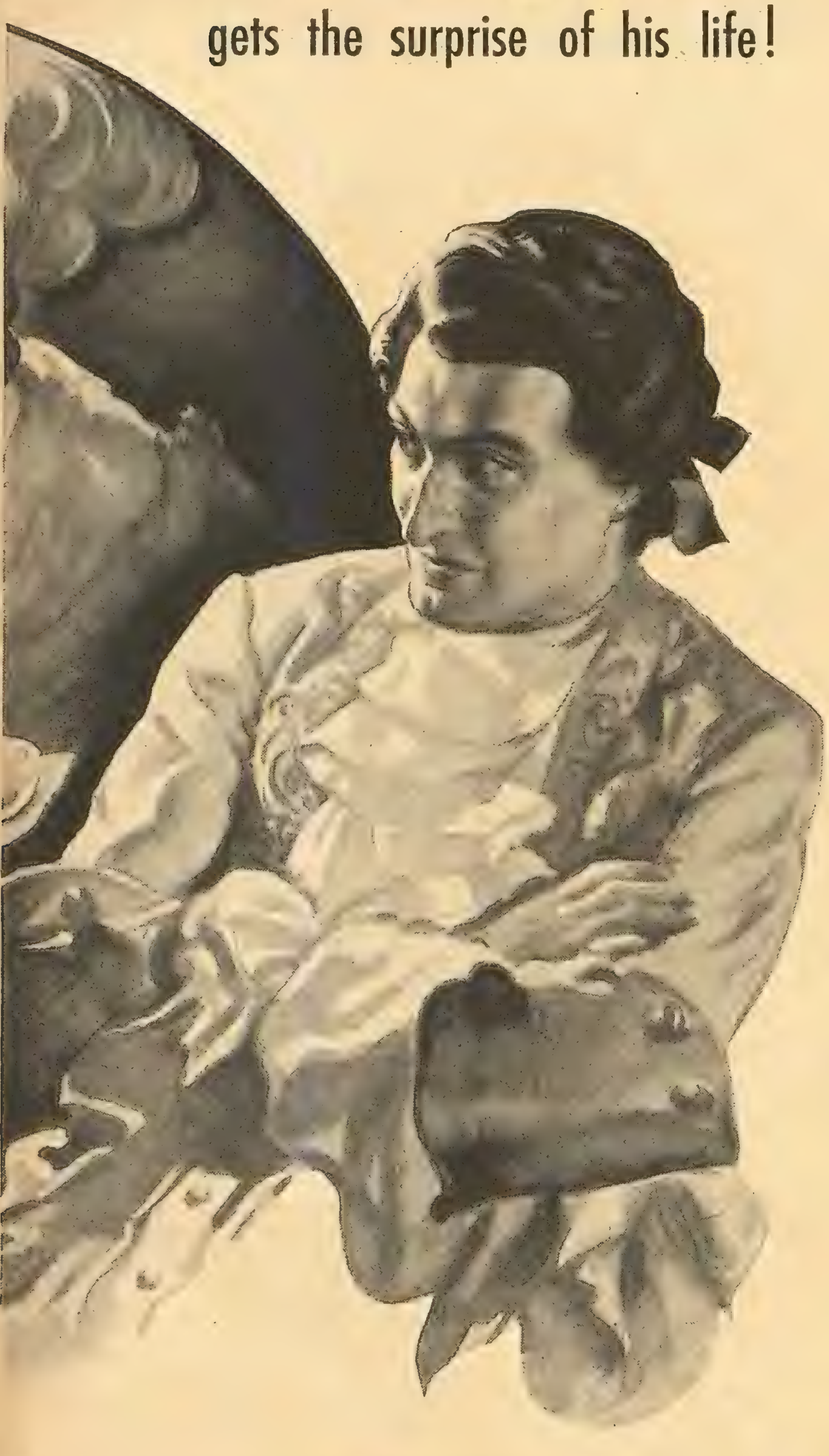
"Would you call it a sport?" asked Faustina. "Isn't it a disease? Don't you find it difficult to stop playing?"



Faustina leaned across the table. "You don't have to spend a quarter of your wealth on Dante, nor an eighth on cards."

Wherein at last a great lover finds his soul awakened—and gets the surprise of his life!

BY JOHN ERSKINE



ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

"Madame," said Dubois, "I have never tried to stop."

"Don't you lose?"

"Always," said he. "But it is my habit to keep strict account of the losses, and I find that in playing for moderate stakes the cost of this pleasure is only eleven and a half per cent of my income. I already allow twenty per cent for a sojourn each year in this historic city, to improve my acquaintance with Dante. Slightly less than a third of my income may well, I think, be allocated to mental and spiritual adventure."

Faustina leaned across the table. "It's too much," she said. "You don't have to spend a quarter of your wealth on Dante, nor an eighth on cards."

The patient waiter, with his eyebrows raised, stood behind Faustina's chair.

"Would you two statisticians," asked Casanova, "be interested in food?"

Faustina did not let the debate die. "Why do you find a pleasure in losing eleven and a half per cent every year?"

"The pleasure, madame, is in gambling. One cheerfully pays for a pleasure. It is the wine which your husband has just ordered, not the price of the bottle, which we shall enjoy."

"You are wrong," she told him kindly. "Terribly wrong. No one enjoys gambling."

Monsieur Dubois wilted. "I always thought I did."

"Gambling deadens the brain, ruins the judgment. You really would be better off if you formed the opium habit."

Casanova filled the glasses. Evidently the evening would not go as he hoped. He had overestimated Dubois. The man couldn't hold up his end of a conversation. Faustina would be bored.

"In France," he said, "you excel in the kitchen. I tremble for my native land whenever a Frenchman visits us."

"It is true," said Dubois, accepting the tribute. "We know how to cook. Also, I may say, we know how to eat."

"Italian food," said Faustina simply, "is better than French. It is richer and there's more of it."

The challenge stimulated Monsieur Dubois. "A thousand pardons, madame, but unfortunately you are quite right. The food *is* too rich, there *is* too much of it."

"Monsieur, I said *richer*, not too rich, and *more*, not too much."

"In the weakness of human nature, madame, the distinction has no force. To those with whom eating or drinking is an art, more is identical with too much. The art consists in eating less. The sensitiveness of the palate should be preserved."

Faustina's eyes transfixed the meager Frenchman.

"Would you care for my opinion, monsieur?"

"Madame, I await it with impatience."

"You are underfed," said she firmly. "I recommend spaghetti or ravioli, plenty of cream, a thick soup."

Monsieur Dubois twisted his mustaches. "I couldn't eat so much, really I couldn't."

"You could if you tried."

She turned to Casanova. "He'll have some spaghetti now."

Dubois looked terrified. "Madame, I beseech you!"

"Spaghetti," said Faustina.

A sweet smile dawned on the Frenchman's face. "How kind you are, madame!"

Through the meal the talk fell in no other pattern, and Casanova brought the evening to an early close, tired of the monotonous cycle—Faustina correcting Dubois, Dubois protesting, Faustina more positive, Dubois surrendering, Faustina looking for something else to correct. As the coach took them home he kissed her hand and drew her close to him.

"Accept my apologies, darling! Had we dined alone, our talk would now be worth remembering."

She said that she too would have preferred dining alone; but she said it charitably, with no reproach.

"That Frenchman," he continued, "has a certain alertness which is amusing, but he is only a wisp of a man."

"I am glad you think he's alert," said she.

"He has at least the merit of all his countrymen, that he likes to exercise his mind—what mind he has."

"He is extremely ignorant," said she.

"Darling, I fear he spoiled your evening."

In the shadow of the coach she offered him a kiss, not a predatory salute but an exquisite, sensitive upreaching of whatever was feminine in her. That kiss, as he recognized at the moment, would change the course of his life. If Faustina sloughed off her commanding ways and adapted her character to her appearance, she would be the most seductive, the most captivating of women—and, mystery of mysteries! the transformation had been caused by contact with Dubois! Could it be that the

Frenchman's exaggerated docility, making control too easy, had destroyed her taste for command?

At breakfast the next morning she greeted him precisely as, in his dreams of perfection, a wife would greet her man.

"Darling," said he, "what do you plan for the day?"

"There's always the marketing," said she, with a smile.

He kissed her again. "I wonder if you'd rather go to market alone?"

"But why?" she asked, surprised.

"Do I not weary you, dogging your footsteps from dawn till dusk?"

She looked deep into his eyes. "Could your love *ever* weary me? I like to know you are by my side."

"I'll stay at home anyway," said he.

"As you will," said she, "but I'll be missing you every minute."

There! The reform in her would doubtless be permanent. She had acceded to a wish of his—although, if you looked at it from every side, she perhaps was glad he abandoned a custom which she in the first place hadn't approved. She once had preferred, perhaps she still preferred, to do her marketing alone. That afternoon he would make an experiment more conclusive.

Meanwhile he remained in the apartment, read a book, and talked with Barbara the maid.

"Barbara," he said, as the girl stirred the dust with her broom that it might settle in another spot, "Barbara, in your thoughts about matrimony, have you ever formed an opinion as to what is desirable in a husband?"

"Signore," said Barbara, "I'd like to know where he was."

"That at least," agreed Casanova.

"So many husbands, signore, forget to come home, and we must look for them in the wineshops or in the jail. And it wounds a man's pride for his friends to see that his wife is tracking him. And on the other hand, it's no comfort for her to say her prayers and sit guessing. Whoever invented marriage, signore, bungled it."

"You're not married yourself?"

"Signore, do you see any lines in my face? I thank Heaven I have so far lived at peace with mankind."

Casanova laughed. "I take it for granted, Barbara, you have picked him out already."

"Who, signore?"

"I don't pry into the name," said he. "I asked what qualities you hope to find in him."

"Of course," said the girl, "I'd like him at home more than his trade permits; but I know his schedule well—just where he is between here and Milan."

"Does he drive the coach?" asked Casanova.

The girl put her hand over her mouth. "There, I've told! And I didn't mean to!"

"Was it with him I started to Piacenza the other day?"

"When the signorina took you off the coach," said the girl. "That's him."

CASANOVA opened his book again, but read little, he had so much to think of. Barbara had learned all about him from the coach driver. Faustina had learned from Barbara. Well, he was glad. In the home, life should be open and aboveboard. He would make one more test, to be sure Faustina had ceased to domineer; after that there would be no secrets between him and her.

Marketing took longer than usual, and when she came in she explained she could have got on faster if he had been there to help. "I have learned," she said, "to depend on you."

He was deeply flattered—so much so that for a moment he wondered if her temperament needed further testing.

"Darling, I am at your service this afternoon."

"Dearest," said she, giving him a kiss, "I am at yours."

"In that case," said he, watching to see how she would bear the shock, "I think I shall excuse myself for an hour or two of gambling."

She did protest, but not seriously: "I thought, dearest, you had enough money."

"More than enough," said he. "Like Monsieur Dubois, I should enjoy losing some of it."

He had to admire the force of character by which she bent herself to his wishes, even smiling as though card-playing were an innocent foible. "It's in your blood, dearest, isn't it?"

He did enjoy the afternoon, but not at the game table. His mood did not need that excitement. Having proved to himself that he was a free man in the home, that she at last had stepped back into woman's proper place, he strolled through the Florentine alleys, admiring the old houses.

He delayed his return. Though he was not gambling, he wanted Faustina to suppose he was. Yet it was a pity to deceive her, even so innocently, now that she was unexpectedly improved. She was a dear woman. To Dubois he had spoken of her as his wife. Even at that moment when he was least in love with her it had been pleasant to name her so. Why not?

WHEN he came back to the apartment he was ready to ask her for her hand. They would be married as quickly as the law could move.

Hastening upstairs on the wings of his happiness, he gave a cheery greeting to the concierge, a jaded old man dried up by too long practice of his profession, having no spark left in him but curiosity.

"They've both gone out," said the concierge, as though the information would be useful.

Casanova stopped midway on the stairs. He had not yet asked Faustina for a key, and she had forgotten to save him the embarrassment of asking. Barbara always let him in.

Casanova considered ways and means. "Can you open the door?"

"I can," said the concierge, "but she didn't tell me to."

"The maid expected to be here," said Casanova with dignity.

The concierge, mumbling incomprehensible syllables, tried his ring of keys till he found one that fitted.

Casanova seated himself and his thoughts in the living room. He had plenty of time to elaborate his plans for marriage.

Barbara returned first. Unlocking the door hastily, she reddened slightly when she saw he was already there.

"Pardon, signore! I didn't mean to be late."

"No matter. Where's the signorina?"

"She went to pay a call. She said your game would keep you till dinner."

Casanova made no answer. He listened to the girl rattling pots and pans in the kitchen, starting the evening meal. "Barbara!"

She stuck her head out.

"Come here, child."

She dragged her feet forward, looking guilty.

"The concierge told me you and the signorina went out together."

"That is true, signore."

"But she didn't need your aid, did she, to call on her friends?"

"Signore, this morning I was careless—I forgot to order bread."

"Ah, yes—I understand. While she paid her call you visited the baker."

"I did, signore."

She went back to her cooking. "Barbara!"

The girl answered less promptly this time.

"Am I right, Barbara, in my recollection that when you returned just now you brought no bread with you?"

The girl stood before him in silent confusion.

"And was the concierge mistaken in saying that you went for the bread more than an hour ago?"

"Signore, I will confess. Neither to the signorina nor to you have I told the truth. Heaven forgive me for a liar! I wished to speak with my lover."

"The coach driver?"

"I knew he would have an idle moment or two while the passengers were gathering. So rarely can I talk with him, signore. And I do enjoy it!"

Casanova smiled. "You are forgiven."

"The angels reward you, signore!"

He strolled to the window and looked out on the declining day. The girl's humble romance warmed his heart. There she was yonder, concocting admirable dishes, doubtless living over again her precious interview with her man. For every one in that little household it was a good world. Or was it? He was puzzled again.

"Barbara!"

The noise in the kitchen stopped. "Signore?"

"Why are you preparing the food tonight? Where's the cook?"

"Signore, the cook is no longer here. The signorina dismissed her."

"Dear me!"

He returned to his window-gazing, but Barbara did not move. He was conscious of her presence.

"What is it, Barbara?"

"Signore, you said the other day it was you who would henceforth pay me my wages. At the same time you remarked that you would take over the rent of the apartment."

"Well?"

"Obviously, signore, you are now the head of the house. Do you wish me to remain?"

"Why not?"

"I feared, signore, there might be other servants you preferred. I ask because I should like to stay."

She was an appealing little figure, standing there, worried about her future. His sympathy went out to the poor of this earth, dependent upon whims of the fortunate like himself.

"Child, there's no reason why you should leave us. You give satisfaction—except when you tell fibs."

"Signore, I shall never do that again."

"Good!"

SHE waited. The interview had not reached its end.

"Signore, I hope that you too will be permanent."

He laughed. "I will take you into my confidence, Barbara. I deeply love your mistress."

"So I have observed, signore."

"Also, I am glad to believe she loves me."

"Signore, how could she help it?"

"Neither she nor I, Barbara, will disobey the command of fate. We are to be married."

For lack of adequate speech, Barbara curtsied.

"You may regard me, therefore, as permanent," said he. "We'll secure another cook—that is, your mistress will. You may attend to the dusting as usual, serve the meals, and whenever the Milan coach is in, you may go out for a loaf of bread."

She curtsied again. He wished she would get on with the dinner.

"Signore, I know the city better than you do. You hired a coach last night. In Florence a coach is an extravagance."

He was not offended by the forwardness of privileged servants. "What would you advise?"

"Signore, it is cheaper to buy horses and a little carriage. Hay and oats cost little. You then can ride out when you please and see the country."

"I'll think of it," he said.

"Signore, if you could think quickly, a pair of horses can be bought

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Men used the straight blade
1898
—then came the guarded blade
1938
—and now the improved Schick Shaver (no blades—no lather)
SHAVER
$12.50
AC and DC

Why men, inevitably, will come to SCHICK Shavers

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Schick patents, with eight more years to go, embody the vital principles of dry shaving—the absence of sharp cutting edges, cutting *underneath* a thin guard plate, a combing edge to pick up close-lying hairs and guide them into the cutting slots and shaving *without any possible injury to the skin.*

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The standard Schick Shaver is now $12.50

When the first Schick Shavers were sold, the price was $25. Later, this price was changed to $15. Now it is $12.50—all these steps being part of a plan made by Colonel Schick years ago. Look to Schick for new developments in dry shaving—for constantly improved mechanism—maintaining and increasing leadership through keen competitive conditions and many conflicting claims on dry shaving. **For "Schick was first, Schick *is* first."**

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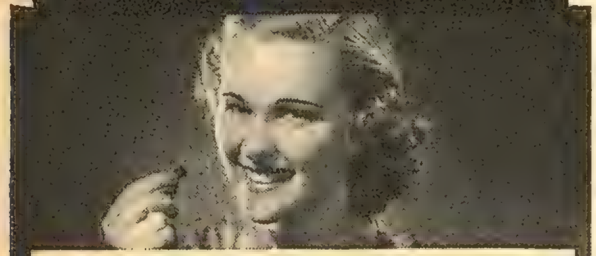
Schick Dry Shaver, Inc., has no connection with the Magazine Repeating Razor Co., which manufactures and sells the Schick Injector Razor

BOTHERED BY CONSTIPATION?

Get relief this simple, pleasant way!



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now for a song. The carriage goes with them."

"I'll look into it tomorrow," said he.

"Shall I tell them, signore, you wish to inspect the equipage? They'll gladly bring it around."

"Tell them that," said he. "Tomorrow morning."

He thought he had dismissed her, but she lingered. "Do these suggestions offend you, signore?"

"Not in the least. What else have you on your mind?"

"Signore, you will need a coachman. He earns very little driving to Milan."

Casanova laughed heartily. "You're a masterful woman, I can see that!"

"If he were fixed in one place," said the girl, "I could marry him. And, though he is out of practice, he knows how to press a coat and clean shoes."

"Agreed!" said Casanova. "When the coach returns from Milan, tell him he's engaged. Does he know he's to be married also?"

"Thanks to you, signore."

Her gratitude was touching. If he hadn't discouraged her, she would have kissed his hand.

"Let's have an unforgettable meal!" said he. "I believe there's still a bottle of that wine I bought. Give us extra candles tonight. We celebrate two weddings!"

He stood looking from the window, not because the world outside attracted him, but because he waited for Faustina, and his eagerness took him as near as possible to the door through which she would enter. He was thinking of days to come, with only such backward glances at his wayward record as by contrast gave more glamour to his hopes. At that moment he could not understand why he had wasted his years on transitory pleasures which afterward were not pleasures at all, nor why he had collected with painful industry so much knowledge of men and women which until now he had never put to profitable use. Could it be that kind destiny had prevented him from settling down until he had Faustina to settle with?

If regret were ever worth while, he could be sorry for the selfish pride which had gloried in escapades at the expense of helpless women. How shabby it seemed now! How much Faustina had taught him! Also, how amusing was Monsieur Dubois and every other overconfident male who imagined the mystery of love could be solved by science! Poor Dubois, with his percentages!

No; the happy life, too rarely found, consisted in this—that a man and woman should love each other, and love always, each seeking the other's good, by way not of self-sacrifice but of self-fulfillment. Formerly he had smiled at this virtuous recipe. Now that his soul was awakened, he grasped at it.

Barbara was setting the table behind him. He turned to watch. She had brought in a dozen candles. The best linen was spread. The silver gleamed. There was but one plate.

"Barbara! Does love make you absent-minded?"

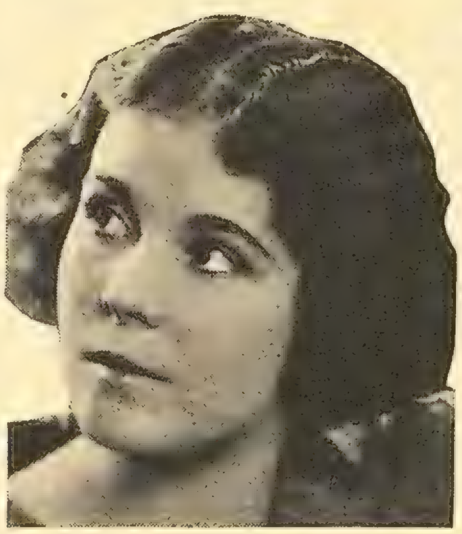
"Signore?"

"Have you forgotten your mistress, or don't you expect me to eat?"

The girl faced him with a sudden effort. "Signore, she told me to say she has met her match, and she didn't mean you. She took the Milan coach this afternoon with Monsieur Dubois."

THE END

☆ TWENTY QUESTIONS ☆



1—With her late husband she shared a dangerous life, lens-hunting big game in the jungles. The photo (at right) is also off the beaten path, for the lady isn't grinning. Who, please?

2—What kind of leaves do silkworms prefer?

3—A regulation piano has how many keys?

4—Dick and Bill were brothers, born within a few minutes of each other while their mother was at the Community Hospital, yet they were not twins. How can that be?

5—Before 1928 Peiping was called what?

6—Does the FHA lend money for building?

7—Which cape is named after a fish?

8—According to mythology, who were the Three Fates?

9—In vaudeville, who were the Two Black Crows?

10—Did General Bramwell Booth, Evangeline Booth, William Booth, or Edwin Booth found the Salvation Army?

11—What is the second largest state in the Union?

12—According to the Bible, whose drinking vessels were all of gold?

13—Dr. Earl Craig (who also asks questions) is better known as whom?

14—What was the drink of pirates?

15—Is Johann, Richard, or Joseph Strauss called the Waltz King?

16—What was the job of Will Hays before he became movie mentor?

17—The recently concluded Liberty serial, Paradise Kate, was written by which 4-A authors?

18—When the game is Rugby, how many players are on a team?

19—What five words follow "Water, water, everywhere"?

20—Which comedian, once a juggler, claims the nose grows?

(Answers will be found on page 58)

The Kirby and the Vanderhof-Sycamore clan get together. A scene from You Can't Take It with You.

Whimsey Marches On

Far from being dead in the movies, it proves to be much alive in the joyous, four-star doings of one mad family

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU

4 stars—and that's after seeing the picture. Another Frank Capra triumph, with a lot of credit to the authors of the Broadway stage hit, George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart. Has the human touch.

WHEN they were making You Can't Take It with You, the company gave a birthday party for Lionel Barrymore. The cake had sixty candles. The company crowded around and made the veteran actor talk a little about himself, way back to the days when Lionel, Ethel, and John lived with their grandmother, Mrs. John Drew, Sr., on Staten Island and gave a performance of Camille for a penny a person.

You Can't Take It with You, a Pulitzer prize winner, cost Columbia Pictures a record price, $200,000. The whole production runs well over a million dollars. One set stood Columbia $100,000. This reveals an urban New York neighborhood, with thirty-two houses and stores, a parkway in the center, some 60,000 square feet of paving, a glimpse of the elevated (500 feet long) in the distance. Then, too, Director Capra is a fanatic for detail. He built Pop Vanderhof's residence in elaborate detail from cellar to garret.

The story: What happens to a family that has adopted Pop Vanderhof's creed: never let earning a living interfere with living itself; that accumulation of money beyond actual needs is silly. Thirty-five years before, Pop suddenly had quit his job—on the way up in his office elevator—to devote himself to collecting stamps and friends. About him through the years have gathered his family and chance folks they have adopted. All of them live as they like, making their living at something they delight in doing. The family interests run all the way from manufacturing fireworks, writing plays, and ballet dancing to playing the harmonica and the xylophone.

YOU are the critic! Each week ten dollars will be paid for the best review in 100 words of one of the films previewed by Beverly Hills. Put your own star rating on your review. From these ratings a reader-rating will be averaged. Later you will be able to compare Beverly Hills' prediction, Beverly Hills' final rating, and the reader-rating of each important picture. Send your review of one of this week's films to Beverly Hills, Liberty Magazine, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y., not later than midnight, October 19. The winner will be announced in the issue of November 26.

All goes well until the Vanderhof-Sycamore clan collides with Tycoon Anthony P. Kirby, when the daughter of the mad household falls in love with the millionaire's son.

James Stewart is young Tony Kirby, Jean Arthur is Alice Sycamore. They are pleasant enough, but it is Lionel Barrymore who limps off on crutches with the honors as the sage patriarch, Grandpa Vanderhof, the rebel against grubbing. Grandpa sits back with his harmonica and observes life blandly and serenely. Edward Arnold of the expansive waistline is Stuffed-Shirt Kirby and he steals his share of the honors, too.

Film Adapter Robert Riskin has had to move his story now and then out of the Vanderhof living room, where it centered on the stage. There is, for instance, a magnificent comedy interlude in a magistrate's court, after an unhappy explosion of the Vanderhof fireworks, with Veteran Harry Davenport (he's seventy-two and once was a famous stage star) stealing a personal hit as an understanding old judge. Riskin has created a new character, a whimsical old clerk who would rather make mechanical rabbits than stick to his bookkeeping ledgers.

Hollywood has said that mad whimsey was dead. You Can't Take It with You proves it isn't when it's authentic Grade A whimsey. And the picture is superbly directed by Frank Capra.

Produced by Columbia.

For 24 Years Vicks Advertising has been passed upon by a Board of Physicians

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SERVICE DE LUXE

Probably a 3-star film. Our prediction, because it has Constance Bennett, it offers a new and personable actor named Vincent Price, and it has a strong surrounding cast.

THIS yarn, by Vera Caspary, has been in the Universal file of purchased stories for some time. Universal wanted Constance Bennett for the leading role and couldn't get her until recently. Then Hal Roach, who has her under contract, loaned her for a month. Every day over would cost $5,000. Rest your worries. There were no days over.

Far be it from us to predict anything for Connie but great success. This star protests on the slightest provocation. So . . . she's brilliant, scintillating, and all that. She has the largest personal retinue in the movie colony. The staff: a lawyer, a manager, a business agent, a publicist, a private secretary, a personal maid, and two servants for her Beverly Hills residence. Then, too, she owns and operates a cosmetic business.

Which brings us to Leading Man Vincent Price. This marks his film debut. Price is the lad who captured New York as Prince Albert in Helen Hayes' Victoria Regina. It was a fine performance of Queen Victoria's German husband, a well meaning, serious-minded, gentle chap. Price is six feet four, was born in St. Louis in 1911, was graduated from Yale in 1935, studied in England, Nuremberg, and Frankfort. Then he went on the stage in London. Like a lot of players these days, he has it written in his Hollywood contract that he can play on Broadway six months each year.

In the cast is Joy Hodges, who not so long ago was singing with Ozzie Nelson's orchestra and other jazz outfits.

The story? Revolves around a private-secretary service that takes your phone calls, answers your mail, gets you anything you want.

But, most important of all, watch Price. The Bachelor of Arts from New Haven may be another Gable.

Produced by Universal.

TOUCHDOWN, ARMY

1½ stars. Verdict from personal observation of finished film. This has its moments, but it is too thin to pack much punch. And it lacks strong personalities.

BACK in 1924 Dick Barthelmess made a West Point film called Classmates. Ever since that, Hollywood has been filming the tribulations of the incoming boys—they call them Dumbjohns—who in time become the crack officers of our army. Now, with modern camera tricks and skill in dubbing in scenes, it isn't even necessary to send a company to the military school on the Hudson for local color. In fact, Paramount didn't in this case.

Here the hero throws a football against Navy in Hollywood, it is caught in a stock shot from the Philadelphia stadium of 1937, the touchdown is made in 1936, and next you see the hero, still in Hollywood, getting the plaudits of a stand filled with extras. It's as easy as that on everybody but the film cutter.

This has one of Hollywood's undergraduate casts. Owen Davis, Jr., son of the well known playwright, has a leading role. The cocky lad from the slums who comes to West Point to play star football is played by Charles Robert Cummings. Cummings is one of Hollywood's youthful aviators. He holds a noncommercial pilot's license for an instructor, has over 400 flying hours to his credit.

Cummings hails from Joplin, Missouri, couldn't get a job on the New York stage after being graduated from the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, went to England. Then he cabled the New York theater producers, using the name of Bryce Hutchens, asking for a stage job. More than that, he got one when he came home. It was Cummings who suggested that Margaret Lindsay pull the same hoax.

John Howard (real name Cox) was discovered by a Paramount talent scout while in a campus show at Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio. Mary Carlisle, Boston Back Bay blonde, started some years ago in a Jackie Coogan film. Her work here is so-so. The film itself is slenderly amusing, not a little draggy in places, plain silly in its final gridiron moments.

Produced by Paramount.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Men with Wings, Marie Antoinette.

★★★½—Spawn of the North, Four Daughters, Letter of Introduction, Alexander's Ragtime Band, Crime School, Four Men and a Prayer.

★★★—Room Service, Garden of the Moon, Sing You Sinners, The Crowd Roars, Mother Carey's Chickens, Drums, The Texans, Army Girl, Professor Beware, The Shopworn Angel, Woman Against Woman, Three Blind Mice, The Rage of Paris, The Saint in New York, Yellow Jack, Vivacious Lady, The Adventures of Robin Hood, Test Pilot, There's Always a Woman, The Girl of the Golden West, Joy of Living, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, Bluebeard's Eighth Wife, Condemned Women, Everybody Sing.

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

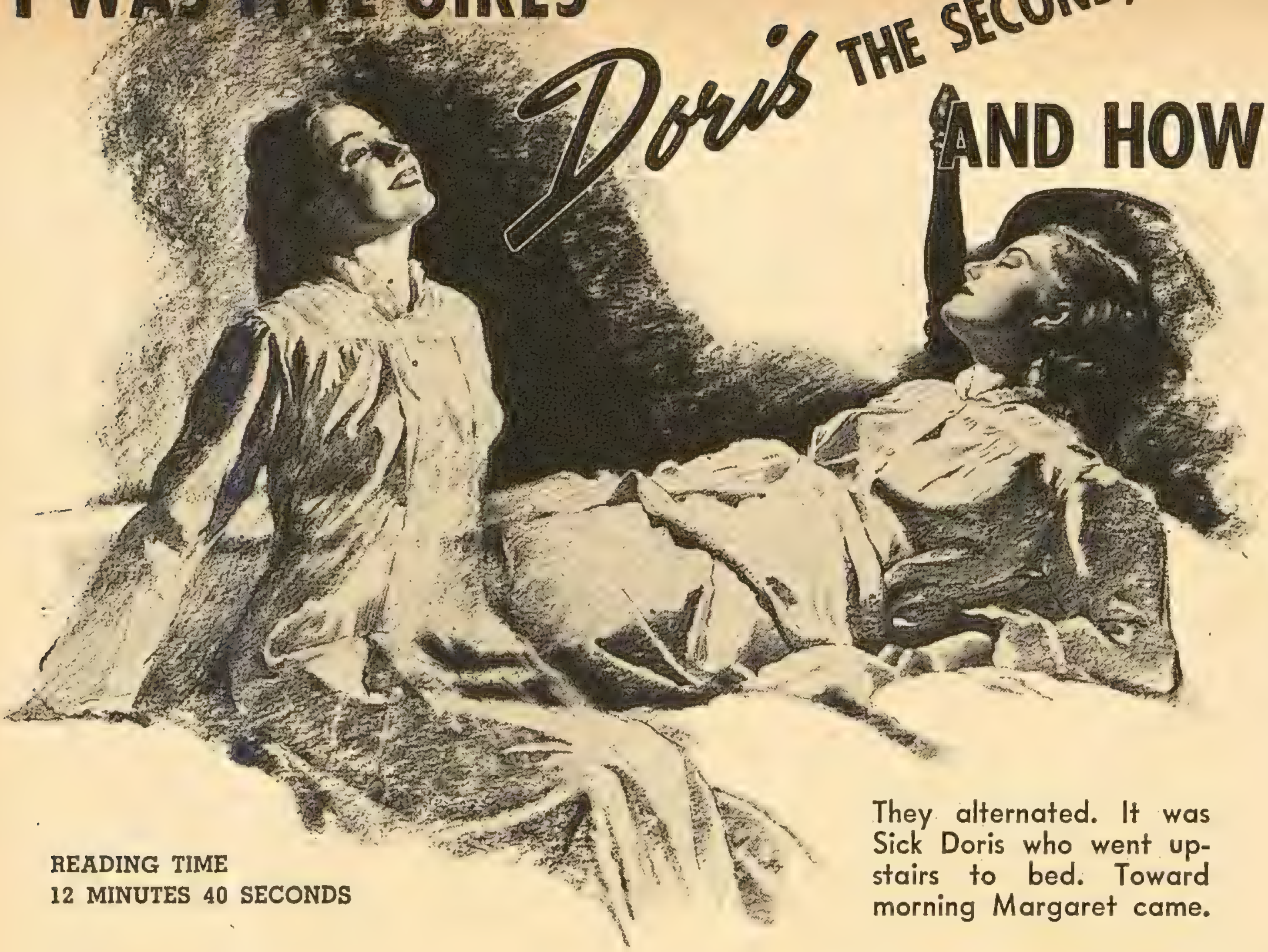
By Oliver Swift

★★★★ **BEATING ABOUT THE BUSH** by Brian O'Brien. Lee Furman, Inc.

The quite amazing and absolutely truthful adventures of a young Irishman in West Africa. It is Trader Horn without the latter's Munchausen quality.

I WAS FIVE GIRLS

Doris THE SECOND, AND HOW SHE GREW



They alternated. It was Sick Doris who went upstairs to bed. Toward morning Margaret came.

READING TIME
12 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

New episodes unfold in one of the strangest stories ever told—every word of it true!

by "DORIS"

in collaboration with

THE REV. DR. CHARLES FRANCIS POTTER

Though it is twenty years since "the Doris case" astounded science, this is Doris' first account to the world at large of her unique and seemingly uncanny experience, which was terminated by Dr. Walter Franklin Prince; he restored to her the sound, unified personality that is hers today at the age of forty-nine. Already in this series she has told of her first split, which occurred in infancy after abuse by a drunken father, and of the tomboy pranks and exploits of her resulting other self who was known to her as Margaret the Imp.

MY second personality split, when I was seventeen, produced Sick Doris. She took my place for five years. Everybody thought she was I, but they couldn't understand why I acted so queerly and why I didn't seem to remember things that I ought to know.

Can you imagine a person with a fully grown body but with the mind of a newborn babe? That was the way Sick Doris was at first. But she learned quickly.

For a while after Dr. Prince cured me I had no memory of that five-year period, but gradually I recovered Sick Doris' memories.

They seemed like a story I had read somewhere or some one had told me.

When I was sixteen and seventeen I was supporting the whole family by sewing. I went to private houses to make dresses. It was rather monotonous at times, and I used to amuse myself by wondering what the mother was doing. Flashes of clairvoyance would come to me and I would see her as if in a photograph.

When I got home at night, I would ask her, "What were you doing at two o'clock?" and more often than not my vision would be right.

Late one afteroon—May 5, 1906—when I was sewing at the home of Mrs. M., I looked in the glass of a door across from where I was sitting, and I saw very clearly the image of my mother lying on the lounge at home. Her face was turned toward the wall.

I was alarmed, for it was the time when she usually would be getting supper. The vision faded and then came again. The third time, her face was toward me and I saw that she was white about the lips. Thoroughly frightened now, I hurried home. Sure enough, there was my mother, just as I had seen her; and Trixie, my invalid sister, said mother had been lying with her face toward the wall until a few minutes before.

She was partly unconscious, and by the time I had half carried her upstairs and got her into bed she was wholly so. The doctor said it was pleuropneumonia and that she would die very soon, and then he left me alone with her. I tried to make mother comfortable, but there wasn't much I could do.

After a long while, father came in. I told him she was dying, but he was stupid drunk and lay down on the same bed with his clothes on and went right to sleep. I shook him and shouted at him, but he was dead to the world. I couldn't lift him, so I had to sit there for hours watching my mother die in the same bed with her drunken husband, my own father! It was terrible!

Midnight passed. About two o'clock, mother opened her eyes, looked at me, and said, "My baby!" And then she died.

Well, I kept control of myself. I washed her body and combed her hair, and pulled the sheet up over her dear face.

Then I "forgot." I had been having a severe headache, which suddenly got worse. Margaret, my secondary personality, came out and felt the headache. Then, so she said later, there was a very sharp pain in the left side of the brain, and she "went in," but remained watching beneath, as she often did when I was "out" in consciousness.

But, contrary to the usual alternation, I did not come out! Instead, a wholly new personality appeared in my body.

This strange girl, later known to psychologists as Sick Doris, or Phase B, was a mental infant.

Imagine her sitting there on the edge of the bed. She saw two figures on the bed, one clothed and the other covered with a sheet. She did not know that they were her father and mother; she did not even know they were man and woman. Nor was she aware that one was alive and the other dead. She wondered why the man had so much on and why the woman had so little.

Downstairs, Trixie was calling, "Doris!" but the name meant nothing to Sick Doris. She kept looking

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The ROSICRUCIANS
SAN JOSE (AMORC) CALIFORNIA

at the two figures on the bed. The man was snoring, and she wondered why the other didn't. I had tied up mother's jaw because it had dropped open when she died. So Sick Doris tried to pull the closed lips open. Trixie kept calling, and then Margaret "came."

Margaret had realized that this new personality was incapable of handling the situation. So she "came out," superseding Sick Doris, attended to the needs of the helpless Trixie, and then cleaned the house from top to bottom, in anticipation of the funeral.

These exertions and the excitement tired Margaret. She had not slept during the night. About the middle of the following forenoon, she "ducked under" from sheer exhaustion, and Sick Doris again arrived on the scene.

She found herself standing among a group of members of the family, all strange to her. She felt lost without the bed, and wanted to go where it was. She followed some one upstairs and found the right room, but the undertaker was there and he put her out.

As he did so, he asked her if she wished to have the body embalmed, thinking, of course, that she was Doris. But she did not know that he was talking to her.

All that day she acted like an automaton. She did what people told her, not because she understood the words they said, but because she interpreted their actions. They all thought that Doris was just dazed by her mother's death. She was puzzled by the fact that many of the people who came in were crying.

When the mother was laid out in the coffin in the downstairs room, Sick Doris wondered simply that one of the persons in the house was lying so still and in so narrow a place, while the rest were all moving, more or less. She touched the woman in the coffin and there was no movement; then she touched Trixie, who was lying in bed, and Trixie jumped and yelled, for Sick Doris' hands were cold. Sick Doris shouted, imitating Trixie, who, of course, was offended.

Sick Doris watched her chance, and tried to lift the mother's body up, so she could walk around like the rest, but they caught her in time. They tried to make her eat, but she didn't know what to do with the food. When they gave her a cup of coffee she didn't even know how to swallow, and it spilled on her dress. The man she had seen on the bed came to her and told her the minister ought to be notified. She just stared at him.

About five o'clock that Sunday afternoon Margaret came out again and remained until about ten, when I, the Real Doris, came through. I told them I would sit up with the body that night, and they finally let me, as I seemed to have recovered from being dazed.

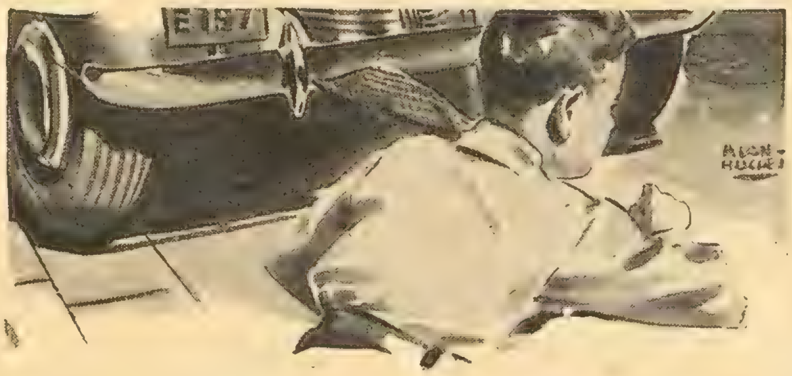
All that night I kept vigil by my dear mother's body. I put my cheek against hers and then I kissed her. When the dawn light came, however, I "forgot," and I was not out in consciousness again for two months.

Margaret and Sick Doris alternated Monday. It was Sick Doris who went upstairs at bedtime, but she didn't even know how to undress, so she sat on the edge of the bed all night. Toward morning she got very tired and Margaret came and put on her nightgown.

Tuesday morning Sick Doris came downstairs. She noticed that the other women had dresses on, so she went up and found one and put it on —over her nightgown! All day she moved about blindly, eating nothing. The others interpreted this as grief and left her alone.

It was Tuesday evening and night that Margaret started the course of instruction that resulted in the gradual education of Sick Doris. There never was a stranger school. My second personality was teaching my third, while I was away altogether; and, deep down underneath, Sleeping Margaret was watching the whole procedure, which she reported years later to Dr. Prince!

AS TOLD BY THE LIVING AND THE DEAD



I watch all of you pass by. Sometimes some of you read me, and sometimes some of you say, "Oh!" and a moment later I am forgotten. I am but a sign!

But within these gates are children forever lost to the world of fame, fortune, and success; forever held here in a world of struggle, torture, and hope.

And they are here because someone somewhere some one for a moment was careless.

I am but a sign nailed here by tears, heartbreaks, and prayers.

Margaret herself also reported it to him, and the two accounts agreed. So did my report when I recovered Sick Doris' memories after she had gone.

To quote Margaret: "What a *dumm* thing the new one was! She didn't know *any*thing. She didn't know how to *do* anything. I said to myself, 'If I've got to live with this dumm critter!' But she did learn fast, and after a while she did pretty well."

When Sick Doris was "out" and Margaret was subconscious but watching, Margaret would use Sick Doris' mouth and say, "You are Doris," and punch her hard on the chest. Then Sick Doris would repeat it, punching herself. After a while she got the idea.

That first night, when it was bedtime, Margaret told Sick Doris to take her clothes off, but the poor thing hadn't the slightest notion what she meant. Now, Margaret could use the hands of our body when she was underneath and another personality was out in consciousness. She was very quick and clever at it. So she just pulled the stockings right off. And was Sick Doris scared! She thought her skin was being peeled off! She sat on her feet to cover them up.

How did the guarded secret of the five girls in one body—the fact that they were five, not one—first become known to an outsider? Through a most tensely, eerily dramatic episode—of which Doris will tell you next week!

When she finally stood there naked, she didn't know what to make of it. She pinched herself, looked herself all over. Margaret had to teach her how to put her nightgown on, get into bed, and pull up the covers.

For days and nights Margaret taught Sick Doris, patiently as a rule. She showed her how to light the fire and get a meal and do the dishes. She communicated with her through her mind, as she had learned to do with me, and by talking with Sick Doris' own lips and, after she had taught her to read, by writing notes. But mostly she made her hands and feet do the right things. It was a great strain on them both.

Money got scarce in the house. The money I had earned by my sewing stopped, of course. But Sick Doris caught on to the sewing and embroidering quicker than anything else. She was soon back at my old job with Mrs. M. The first day or two were terrible, for Mrs. M. naturally didn't understand why she didn't know where things were. But very soon, for some strange reason, Sick Doris was doing much better work than I had done, and doing it very much faster. She really went into a sort of trance when she worked fast. Her eyes never moved from the work, while her fingers fairly flew. Sometimes she would pause, with the needle in the air or in the cloth halfway through a stitch, and stay that way, absolutely motionless, for as

POISON!
No 950
EVEREADY
EXTRA LONG LIFE BATTERY
FOR BEST RESULTS PUT IN SERVICE BEFORE DEC. 1938
NATIONAL CARBON CO.

"I POURED A DEATH POTION FOR MY SICK BABY!"

LONG ISLAND MOTHER LIVES A NIGHTMARE IN DARKENED HOME

❶ "Our year old son was seriously ill with whooping cough, my husband was down with the grippe... and to add to my problems I blew the electric fuses as I was going to bed," writes Mrs. Camille Dearkin of 222-09 135th Ave., Springfield Gardens, L. I.

❷ "I didn't know how to fix the lights and decided not to disturb my husband. He could tell me what to do in the morning. But I failed to think what might happen in the dark hours to come... that, roused from sleep by my baby's terrible choking cough, I would rush into the dark for his medicine.

❸ "I fumbled in the dark medicine chest for the cough syrup and a teaspoon, that ghastly cough frightened me so. It seemed he must be choking to death! My hand shook so in the dark I kept spilling the medicine, and I realized I must have light to measure a proper dose... so, in spite of my panic, I took time to get my husband's flashlight.

❹ "In the rays of that light, I saw in my hand, not my child's cough mixture, *but a bottle of deadly poisonous disinfectant!*

"Is it any wonder that I now write to let you know that my husband and I have fresh DATED 'Eveready' batteries to thank for our baby's life.

(Signed)

Camille Dearkin"

FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER... *Look for the* DATE-LINE

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC., 30 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.
Unit of Union Carbide UCC and Carbon Corporation

NATIONAL SALESMEN'S CRUSADE
SALES MEAN JOBS

You put people to work—not Washington or Wall Street, but you! Every new purchase you make affects hundreds of people in jobs! Every refrigerator sold means 6 men at work for 5 days! So buy that new refrigerator now—and make *your* job and hundreds of others secure!

long as twenty minutes. Then she would go at it again, just as fast as ever.

Sick Doris earned good wages, but Margaret resented the hard work and tried to get even. One night she got so cross about it that she scratched Sick Doris terribly. But Sick Doris was not very sensitive. She didn't feel the scratches much, but she was scared when she saw the bloody marks.

That didn't stop her doing hard work, so Margaret tore out her hair by the roots, good-sized locks of it. Margaret dug out toenails, which today are still missing from my toes! Several times she set her nightgown on fire and then " ducked under " and let Sick Doris come, who was much afraid of fire.

She said, long afterward, that she knew that if Sick Doris didn't put the fire out, she could come herself in plenty of time.

Sick Doris had a set expression on her face, which looked broader than mine, and her eyes were dull. She never looked people right in the face, as Margaret and I did. Her voice was rather hard and monotonous, sort of mechanical. She was bashful and never very demonstrative. She had little sense of humor, and was very literal in the way she interpreted things.

She always seemed to be weary, and she suffered a lot, not outside but inside. She could go around in winter with summer clothes on and not mind it, but she had internal pains. At first she had no sense of taste at all, but gradually she got some.

THE one word that describes Sick Doris best is the one that Margaret always used when she mentioned her " dumm."

Once when she had to tell her what a potato was, Margaret said, " Potato, dumm thing." Sick Doris thought the whole of that was the name of it, and always said it like one word, " potato dummthing."

During these five years I occasionally came out into consciousness for very brief periods. After the night that I sat up with my mother's body, I did not come at all until July. For about a month then I averaged three minutes a day. Once I was out for ten minutes, but that was the longest for many months.

Margaret told Sick Doris about me and the two of them planned together to arrange things so that when I came I would stay longer. The family had moved shortly after the mother died, and the strange surroundings had a tendency to startle me. One time when I came, I found a note from Margaret telling me, if I wanted to stay, not to look around nor look out the window. Paints and brushes had been laid out ready for me with two pictures to be colored, and there was some embroidery besides. Margaret had written that I was to do whichever I liked.

It was nice of them to plan that way, but I couldn't stay long; I was still too weak.

The first Christmas after the mother died, I came out and found a note from Margaret saying it was Christmas, and it made me cry, and I " forgot." I kept coming and going, and then I found a new note from her saying it wasn't Christmas but summer, and " that isn't snow, but it is grass growing, you greaser! "

MARGARET and Sick Doris had separate pocketbooks, and got one for me. And we had separate bureau drawers.

I think the most touching thing was when Margaret told Sick Doris that I would be coming back for good after a while and that they should get me something fine that I would like for a present. So they saved their money and bought me a desk!

It was a little more than a year after the mother died that still another split, or at least a crack, in my personality occurred, and Sleeping Real Doris appeared.

Margaret had a fall. Her head struck and broke an earthen crock. That night was the first time that Sleeping Real Doris came. She was not so much of a person as the rest of us. She used to repeat long half-conversations that had taken place when I was a little girl. If you heard her, you would think you were listening to some one telephoning, for she would say something and then wait as if some one else were talking.

So for several years I was really five girls in one body—(1) myself, the Real Doris, (2) Margaret the Imp, (3) Sick Doris, (4) Sleeping Real Doris, and (5) underneath us all and unknown to us, Sleeping Margaret. And there wasn't a living soul on earth that knew or suspected our secret!

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 52

1—Mrs. Martin Johnson.
2—Mulberry.
3—Eighty-eight.
4—Because they were triplets. (Helen was born a few minutes later!)
5—Peking.
6—No. (The Federal Housing Administration is purely an insuring body.)
7—Cape Cod.
8—Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos.
9—Moran and Mack.
10—William Booth.
11—California.
12—"And all king Solomon's drinking vessels were of gold" (1 Kings 10:21).
13—Professor Quiz.
14—Rum.
15—Johann the Younger.
16—Postmaster General of the U. S.
17—Achmed Abdullah and Anthony Abbot.
18—Fifteen.
19—" Nor any drop to drink."
20— W. C. Fields

MERCOLIZED Wax CREAM
KEEPS YOUR SKIN
Young Looking

Mercolized Wax Cream flakes off the surface skin in tiny, invisible particles. Reveals the clear, soft, smooth, young looking underskin. This simple, all-in-one cleansing, softening and beautifying cream has been a favorite for over a quarter century with lovely women the world over. Bring out the hidden beauty of your skin with Mercolized Wax Cream.

Use Saxolite Astringent Daily

THIS tingling, antiseptic astringent is delightfully refreshing and helpful. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and apply.

Try Phelactine Depilatory

For quickly removing superfluous hair from face.
Sold at cosmetic counters everywhere.

BOYS!!
A
FOOTBALL
FOR YOU-FREE!

What a ball! Pick it up . . . try a couple of passes and watch it sail along like a bullet. It's a beauty and it's free!

And at the same time you're winning this dandy regulation ball, you can be earning pocket money as well.

Don't hesitate. Fill out and mail the coupon today and we'll send you the full details at once.

SEND THIS COUPON TODAY!

Dept. L. 10-15-38
Liberty Magazine, *Boy Sales Division,*
205 East 42nd Street, New York

Please tell me how I can become a Boy Salesman and make money and win prizes.

NAME .... AGE .....
ADDRESS ....
CITY .... STATE ....
Have your parents show approval by signing here:
....

LAST LATE-ENTRY OFFER

$1,000 WISECRACKS CONTEST

HURRY! Hurry! Hurry! Ladies and gentlemen, don't miss this last chance to get into the Wisecracks game and win a handsome cash prize. This week brings the final late-entry offer. If you are not already competing, get into line for a share of the prize money by reading the rules carefully and then writing your wisecrack answer to the question on the entry coupon. The rules explain just how to do it to win. Then lay the coupon aside until the game ends. Coupons sent in individually will not be considered. You'll need the complete set of six in order to win. And don't plan on any fancywork in connection with submitting your entry coupons. Simplicity is best, and the prizes will be awarded on the merit of the wisecracks, not for elaboration and ornamentation. Watch for the fifth official coupon in Liberty next week. In the meantime, here is how to make up lost ground:

FINAL LATE-ENTRY OFFER

Liberty has prepared reprints of the first three official entry coupons. If you need any or all of them in order to bring your entry up to date, enclose five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing and address your request as directed in Rule 3. Orders must be received on or before Wednesday, October 19.

THE RULES

1. Each week for six weeks Liberty will print a contest coupon containing a question and space for a wisecrack answer.

2. Using typewriter, pen and ink, or pencil, write your wisecrack in twenty words or less on the lines provided for this purpose. If you do not use a typewriter, make sure that your writing is legible, or, better yet, print.

3. Save all coupons until your set of six is complete at the end of the contest. Then submit them all at the same time as a unit. Mail your entry to Wisecracks Contest, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., in time to be received on or before Wednesday, November 9, 1938, the closing date of this contest.

4. The judges will be the Liberty Contest Board and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Entries will be judged on the basis of smartness, cleverness, and humor of the answers or wisecracks. For the best entry rated on that basis a First Prize of $250 will be paid. In the order of their excellence other entries will be awarded the following prizes: Second Prize, $100; four Third Prizes, each $25; fifteen Fourth Prizes, each $10; eighty Fifth Prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

5. Because of the mass of work involved in conducting this contest, Liberty cannot enter into correspondence concerning any entry. No entries will be returned. Do not submit elaborately decorated entries. Simplicity is best.

WISECRACKS CONTEST

COUPON NO. 4

Here is the question:

WHY DID THE COW JUMP OVER THE MOON?

Write your wisecrack answer on these lines,
using not more than twenty words

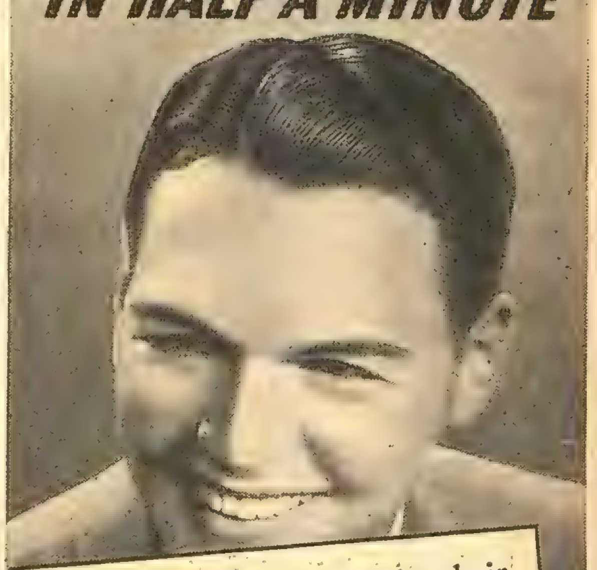
....

....

....

(Write plainly, print, or typewrite)

BETTER LOOKING HAIR
IN HALF A MINUTE



AT LAST! A Three-Action hair tonic. Removes ugly dandruff. Helps check premature baldness. Keeps hair well-groomed without slicked-down look. The famous Wildroot Hair Tonic formula *plus* pure vegetable oil. At all drug counters and barbers.

1¢ SALE

SPECIAL 1¢ OFFER

Limited time only. One full 60¢ size Wildroot-with-Oil for only 1¢ with the purchase of another at regular price. At all American and Canadian drug counters.

WILDROOT WITH OIL
THE 3-ACTION HAIR TONIC

"MORNING-AFTER" EYES

CLEARED IN SECONDS

TIRED, bleary, red-veined eyes are a give-away "the morning after," make you look dissipated, endanger your job. But just a few drops of Eye-Gene clears "morning-after" eyes in seconds . . . makes eyes look alert and rested. Eye-Gene is a new-type eye lotion, perfected by eye specialists. Keep Eye-Gene in your desk and bathroom . . . large bottle at drug stores, pocket size at 10c stores. Get Eye-Gene today.

EYE-GENE

Good Housekeeping Bureau

Vox Pop

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Mr. Bell Challenges Former Ambassador Dodd

GULFPORT, MISS.—Mr. Oursler wrote (August 20 Liberty): " Of course the interview was authentic, held in the presence of witnesses, and Mr. Bell correctly reported the conversation between himself and Adolf Hitler. And of course, further, the article was not propaganda, but a piece of news reporting."

Mr. Oursler never wrote a fairer or truer thing.

And yet the reporter got into several varieties of hot water. Nazis took an awful fall out of him, asserting in the press and on the air that he never had seen Hitler, never had been in Berlin, never had been in Germany even, and had manufactured " a bunch of stupid lies." Anti-Nazis declared the interview was " Fascist propaganda," the inference being that it was bought and paid for by the Nazis.

And the reporter's woes did not end there. He drew the fire of the former Ambassador to Berlin, Mr. Dodd. (August 27 Liberty.) Mr. Dodd agreed with the anti-Nazis: I was playing the game of that very crooked and dangerous man, Hitler. I was " the credulous Mr. Bell," a sort of journalistic Bertie the Lamb. I was " apparently eager to accept Fascist ideology," though the Fascists were calling me not only a liar but a stupid liar.

Funny! I think one might say damned funny! But let us get down to something which counts.

When Hitler rails at Democracy in Mein Kampf, he is not (as he strikes me) railing at democracy. The capital letter and the lower-case make all the difference. He is railing at parliamentarism as he thinks he has seen it working in the world. Democracy (with the capital), in other words, is a concrete system which Hitler (like Mussolini) does *not* like, while democracy is a principle which he claims he *does* like and contends is realized in Germany. We may call him a liar. If I wish to take the risk, I can get on my hind legs and call anybody a liar. But does that make him such? Verily, is anybody necessarily a liar though even an ex-Ambassador affirm it?

Every big guy in world politics swears he is eating his heart out in his passion for peace. I know this to be true, for I myself very recently have interviewed with care every one of them in America, Europe, and Asia (Premiers and Foreign Ministers and lesser Cabinet-rankers) except Stalin: and now we see (September 3 Liberty) that the Man of the Kremlin (while not forgoing the pleasure of shying a few brickbats at Hitler) is vibrating all over with the same emotion. Whom of these toppers are we to call truthful and whom mendacious?

It is water in a desert to note with what exhaustive finality Mr. Dodd has explored the psychology of the Nazi leader. I never knew any one could know so much about another person. However hazy the domain of motive may be to most of us, it is crystal clear to Mr. Dodd. But we must remember that Mr. Dodd is a professor! Seriously, in his Liberty article I wish he had not shed the handsome mantle of the historian for the rather shabby pea jacket of the partisan.

Very dangerous he is in one particular, I think, if any one of decisive power should listen to him. He follows in the footsteps not of prudent and practical men but of peace dreamers like Lord Cecil and Professor Gilbert Murray of England and Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler of America: men who hug the delusion that we can get the forms of government we want, and the world peace we want—*our* peace—at the point of the bayonet. We can *force* the Nazis, Fascists, and Japanese to do as we tell them. So these eminent gentlemen seem to think.

If madness lies not that way, will some one kindly indicate its direction?—*Edward Price Bell.*

PUTS MACFADDEN EDITORIALS ON BULLETIN BOARDS

LOUISVILLE, KY.—I like Mr. Macfadden's editorials each week on the New Deal. It is our plan to put them on our bulletin boards for the workers.

More power to him!—*A. Lee Marcum, Vice-President Shannon Spring Bed Mfg. Co.*

DIZZY HAD HIM IN TEARS

MOBRIDGE, S. D.—Please extend my sympathies to Dizzy Dean. His articles on being a pop-off had me in tears. The poor dear abused boy—every one picks on him. Phooey!—*Dean C. Muckel.*

DOES DEEP-WATER SAILOR KNOW HIS CHINESE JUNKS?

EL PASO, TEX. — Paradise Kate (August 13 Liberty) reads in part as follows: " making ready with sensitive jibs and steady foresail; with the canvas as delicate as bubbles and as reliable as iron; with the bluff topsails, and topgallants like eager hounds, and impertinent skysails, and a jaunty moonraker."

Also, in August 20, the text reads in part as follows: " Moving more slowly, under jibs and mizzen," and, " The ship, as a gust jerked the topmast staysail, sharply tacking to port."

Since when was a Chinese junk rigged as quoted above? Many years ago, in the days of the square-riggers, and more years than I care to remember, I was a " deep-water sailor." In those days I knew something of the China coast.

No junk, not even a " foochow junk," was rigged as described in Messrs. Abdullah and Abbot's story. It just was not and never will be. Why not equip them with auxiliary Diesel engines? Also, did any one ever see ship's canvas that was " as delicate as bubbles " ? If the authors ever, by chance, had to help furl a topsail in bad weather, they would change their minds about the delicacy of the aforesaid canvas!—*R. L. Newcomb.*

[Mr. Newcomb may have been a deep-sea sailor but he apparently has never sailed on a Foochow junk. Although he puts the name in quotes, it is still a proper name. Evidently Mr. Newcomb is familiar only with the Foochow longshore fisher junks with their brown mat sails, some torn to shreds and others full of holes, which are to be seen by the hundred off the river Min. These little sea boats, thirty feet in length, two- and sometimes three-masted, are not the type described in the story, although they often go through a typhoon season miraculously well. Our junk, however, is what is known as a Foochow deep-sea fisher, a boat that is like the Western trawler or drifter. They work out in the open seas, generally in pairs. They are sturdy vessels and can stand almost any weather. They are much larger than the longshore fisher. They are flush-decked, with a high bulwark running the full length of the boat, giving them good freeboard and keeping them fairly clear of the water in heavy weather. Off Matsu during the typhoon season these deep-sea fishing craft may be seen running in under two or three reefs for shelter behind the islands. Mr. Newcomb would be amazed, we think, if he could see the behavior of these vessels in bad storms.

Perhaps Mr. Newcomb does not realize that there are along the China coast and in the rivers more than twenty-five major types of junk and hundreds of variants. As for the technicalities of jibs and foresails, we do not claim to be experts, but, referring to the notable book by Ivan A. Donnelly: " Very often in light winds, one will come across a pole junk with a main staysail set between the fore and mainmast, and a flying topmast staysail aloft. Stunsails are also occasionally carried together with other strange sails that only a Chinese would think of using."—*Achmed Abdullah and Anthony Abbot.*]

SALT WATER FREEZES BECAUSE IT'S FRESH!

NEWPORT NEWS, VA.—It seems that all parties are wrong with reference to Faith Baldwin's statement concerning the freezing of salt water.

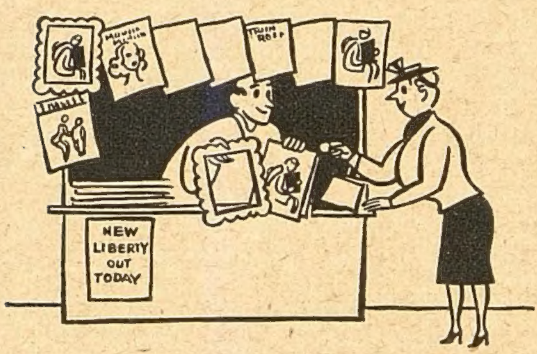
Where E. Jeannette Bradley speaks of salt ice (September 3 Vox Pop), it is a mistaken notion. Salt water will freeze, but, as usual in the process of crystallization of one element, all others and all foreign matter present are forced out through the force of chemical affinity, thus the resulting ice from salt water is itself fresh.

That such water will freeze is demonstrated graphically by the sight of vessels coming from an ocean storm in winter, laden with ice about decks and rigging.—*H. C. Midgett.*

FRAMED

DOWNINGTOWN, PA.—Glancing through August 27 Vox Pop, I noticed a paragraph entitled Covers for a Scrapbook, written by Mrs. Sam Waggoner, in which she requests you to leave all the words off the pictures on the covers of your magazine so she can frame the pictures.

After all, the magazine costs only five cents, and one really can't expect to get gold-tipped pages for that. Perhaps Mrs. Waggoner would also like the frames furnished every week.—*Carl S. March.*



H. M. DAUGHERTY PRAISES MRS. EVALYN WALSH McLEAN

Mr. H. M. Daugherty, former Attorney General of the United States, wrote a letter to Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean in which he said, apropos of her Liberty articles on Why I Am Still Investigating the Lindbergh Case:

COLUMBUS, OHIO—I have read everything you have written, and have now just finished reading your first article in Liberty. Now, you are a very smart woman, and while I am confident I am not quite "as smart as I think I am," I have to a degree a sense of the detective in me. I knew what actuated you in your efforts to restore the Lindbergh baby to his parents, and I have told the reason to not less than a hundred people I could trust who were interested and wondered, as people will, why you interested yourself in the matter. I could have written the story almost as well as you wrote it, and from the first day you started the enterprise I knew and told some of my intimate friends that you were actuated by motherly affection and the terrible tragedy that you suffered in the loss of your beautiful son Vinson. I am glad you are telling the story and I like your manner of telling it. It will clear up a mystery and be a credit to you and your children.

Tempted, She Ate His Cinnamon Bun

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Often I think I am a natural child of misfortune. Doing the wrong thing, getting into scrapes innocently seem to be my fate. Listen to this one.

I went into a cafeteria one morning to get my breakfast. Among other things I selected some cinnamon rolls, which I found delicious. As it was Lent and I was a devout Catholic, I decided that during the period I would refrain from eating cinnamon rolls as my Lenten sacrifice.

Some days later I again went into the same restaurant for breakfast. The thought of those cinnamon rolls made my mouth water. How I longed for some!

One moment I decided to get some and the next moment I concluded it would not be right for me to do so. The battle between conscience and appetite continued until the gentleman who sat opposite me got up and left, and I noticed that he had left a cinnamon roll on his plate.

That put too great a strain on my will power and I reached over and took the roll and was eating it when the man returned to his seat. He had only gone for a second cup of coffee! I hid my burning face behind my newspaper until the man had gone for good.

When I went to the cashier to pay my check, I was told that the man who sat opposite me had paid for my breakfast! —*Blanche K.*

[We invite our readers to tell us of similar experiences. What has been your special trend of bad luck? Does misfortune conspire against you to make you ridiculous, to give you an unexpected jolt? Let us know. Maybe we can form a club!—VOX POP EDITOR.]

HOPES EVERY DOCTOR WILL WORK UNDER C. I. O.

FREDERICK, MD.—The subsidized propaganda mouthpieces of the administration continue their ruthless un-Christian attacks upon the noblest and most unselfish body of men, i. e., the medical profession, and no one seems to have the courage to defy official Washington and come to their defense.

I hope that, if the nation is ever cursed with socialized medicine, every doctor in the United States will organize and work under the C. I. O., on a four-hour day and a five-day week and no nightwork.

And no patients on preferred list.

If some of our lawmakers suffer, it may at least bring them to their senses. —*C. A. Stanley.*

NEW DEAL IS OLD STUFF

HOISINGTON, KAN.—I have read the editorial, Is the Fall of Rome a Warning to Us? (August 27 Liberty.) Go back through history and find all the New Deals there have been. China tried it in or about 1000 A. D. The reign of King George III was marked by an economic system which was an exact parallel to the New Deal. It caused the Revolution. The founding fathers did not write the Constitution in foresight but with hindsight. Let us quit calling this administration the New Deal and call it right: the New Chaos.—*Lee Smith.*

NO RIGHT OR LEFT HALF IN RUGBY

FRESNO, CALIF.—In the review of Drums (August 27 Liberty) Beverly Hills gave a short biographical sketch of Sabu. In this he is described as a right half on one of his school rugby elevens.

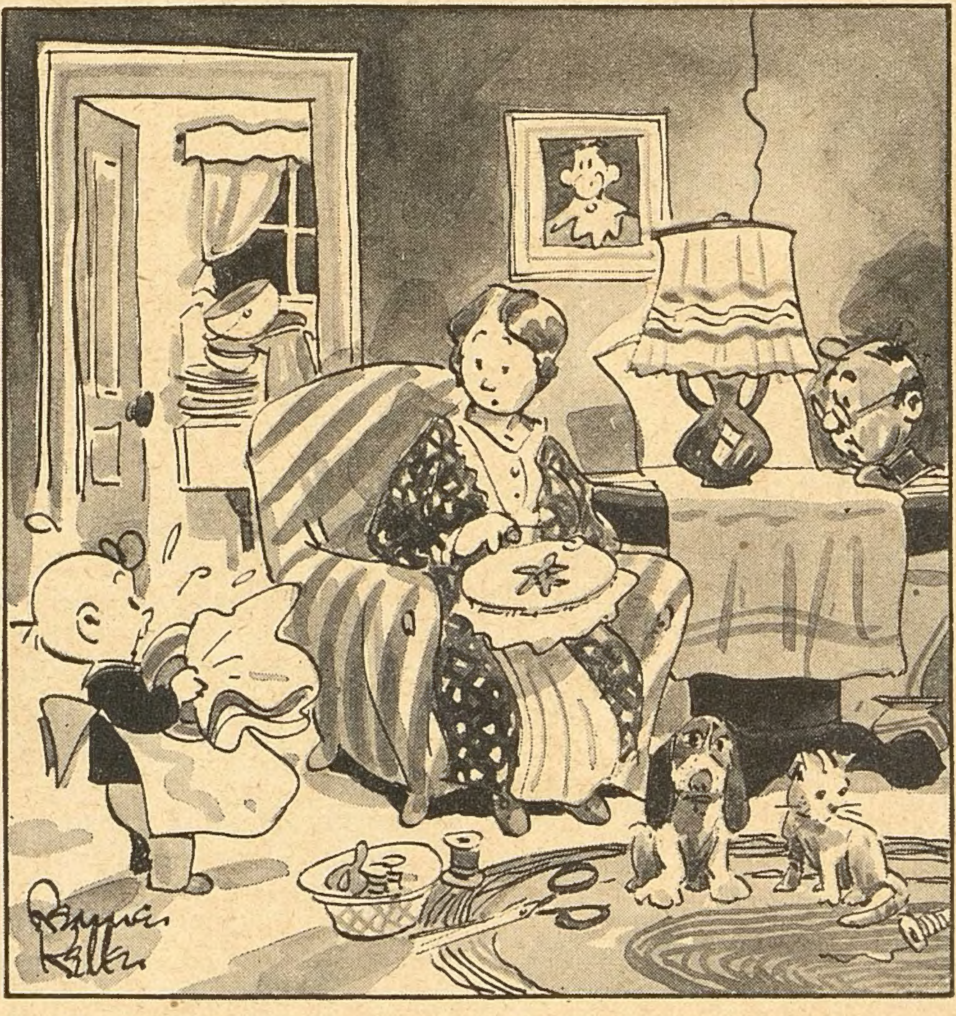
May I respectfully point out that there are—

(1) Fifteen players on a rugby team;

(2) No right or left halfbacks.

There are eight forwards, a scrum half, a halfback, four three-quarters (a left and right wing and a left and right inside), and a fullback. Beverly was probably referring to soccer.—*Erwin Lehmann.*

"HARDTACK"



"I'll have to have a baby sister or something, ma—these dishes are gettin' too much for me!"

$30 Every Thursday—Try and Get It!

THERE IS SOME irony in the authorship of our leading political article next week. . . . Time was when Upton Sinclair was regarded as a radical. . . . Conservatives thought (and rightly so, say we) that the EPIC plan which nearly made Sinclair governor would have bankrupted California. . . . But now Upton Sinclair begins to look like a mossback. . . . A new and much more radical plan than EPIC has caught the happy fancy of the California voters. . . . $30 every Thursday! . . . That's the idea, and such magic is there in it that a veteran promiser of the abundant life, William Gibbs McAdoo, has been kicked downstairs and in his place a $30-Thursday Democrat given the nomination for United States senator. . . . What will California do? . . . Who knows? . . . But Upton Sinclair can make a shrewd guess—and next week you can read, from the pen of a radical put into the shade by today's developments, all about California's new plan of salvation. . . . The whole issue of Liberty next week breathes excitement, timeliness, and truth. . . . To list the more important ones: RHODE ISLAND'S MURDER SYNDICATE, a new crime exposé, by U. S. Marshal (for the State of Massachusetts) John J. Murphy; HOW TO DO THE LAMBETH WALK, by Prince Obolensky; WILL THE HEALTH TRUST BE SMASHED? by Frederick L. Collins; a provocative article on professional football by Sammy Baugh; short stories by Stanley Paul, Edward Stevenson, and others; many features and installments of the serials. . . . We had a telephone call from the Russian Embassy the other day. . . . The occasion was an official denial from the Soviet government of the interview we printed by Princess Radziwill with Stalin. . . . The Embassy declares Radziwill never crossed the border, has never been in Soviet Russia. . . . The Princess has her passport, with the visa stamped at the Finnish border. . . . She has convinced us that the interview was authentic. . . . AND ANOTHER THING. We want to make it perfectly clear to every one that we do like cats. . . . We own one called Rusty, and we are extremely kind to her. . . . Hundreds of letters accused us of being a cruel, inhuman monster of wickedness because in a recent article we told about college boys embalming cats. . . . We don't approve of such a hideous practice; we just were telling what was going on. . . . F. P. A. writes: "Tell Fred Collins that Paul de Kruif is not a regular on Information Please—that he appeared only once." . . . TO ALL AND SUNDRY, let us proclaim that an amateur writer has just turned out a fine and inspiring book. . . . Don't fail to read Speaking from Vermont, by Governor George D. Aiken. . . . IDLE THOUGHTS of a busy man: We had an old baseball coach who used to say: "Life is funny—the longer you live in it, the less you understand it; and the less you understand it, the longer you want to live in it." . . . Life is indeed hard to understand sometimes when one looks at the daily pageant. . . . As, for example, Holy City, California. . . . There they have a hill 1,128 feet high, in the center of a nudist colony, called Elysium. . . . The manager has divided the hill into horizontal zones. . . . At the base, nudists may wear all the clothes they want. . . . As they discard more clothes, they are promoted to higher altitudes, which is one way of answering the ancient question of How high is up? . . . Another thing. All visitors to New York City are shown Grant's Tomb, the famous monument on Riverside Drive, but few know that it will soon be the first scientifically air-conditioned tomb in the world. . . . There was no air conditioning when Grant said, "I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer." . . . AND OUT in Los Angeles, a six-months-trial permit is being granted by the city for the operation of beauty parlors for dogs; while in Conshohocken, Pennsylvania, one hundred residents have petitioned the borough council to pass an ordinance prohibiting whistling by milkmen during early-morning hours. . . . In Cleveland a reptile society has been formed to dispel fear concerning snakes. . . . Six active members keep at least three snakes each in the house. . . . Have the skunks no friends? . . . IN SAN FRANCISCO school children have taken up caterpillar-racing contests in competition with the frog-jumping contests of neighboring counties. . . . Meanwhile, in Colorado, seventy WPA workers are busily compiling a comprehensive record of marriages and divorces in the state's sixty-three counties during the last twenty-five years. What will they do with the figures after they get them? . . . In 1838, just one hundred years ago, there was civil war in Spain and both sides shot all prisoners. . . . Seventy-five years ago Abraham Lincoln, in dedicating the national cemetery at Gettysburg, spoke 267 words which mankind will never forget. . . . Down in Charleston, South Carolina, the giant cypress trees and other tropical vegetation in the gardens there will soon be blooming. . . . Yes, the longer you live in it, the less you understand it.

* * *

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty—*for Liberals with Common Sense.*

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